TROILUS AND ULYSSES IN CALCHAS' TENT.

Troilus and Cressida, Act V., Scene ii.

Edition De Luxe

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME EIGHT

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA
PERICLES
TIMON OF ATHENS
CORIOLANUS

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Preface.

The Early Editions. In 1609 two quarto editions of *Troilus and Cressida* were issued, with the following title-pages:—

(i.) "The | Historie of Troylus | and Cresseida. | *As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties* | seruants at the globe. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | LONDON | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules | Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609."*

(ii.) The | Famous Historie of Troylus *and* Cresseid. | *Excellently expressing the* beginning | of their loues, with the conceited wooing | of *Pandarus* Prince of *Licia.* | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | LONDON | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules | Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609. |

The text is identical in the two quartos, the difference being merely the variation in the title-page, and the addition of a preface to the latter edition. There is no doubt that the leaf with the preface was not in the original issue, and that the first quarto was published with the statement that it had been acted by the King's servants at the Globe. The Cambridge Editors believe that the copies with this title-page were first issued for the theatre, and afterwards those with the new title-page and preface for the general readers, and they are of opinion that in this case the expression "never staled with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palms of the vulgar" must refer to the first appearance of the play in type, unless we suppose

* *Vide* Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles, No. 13.

that the publisher was more careful to say what would recommend his book than to state what was literally true. It seems, however, scarcely plausible that the expression can refer to mere publication, and not to actual performance; it is probable that the quartos differed in some important respects from the version of the play acted by "the King's servants," and the new title-page and preface were perhaps due to some remonstrance on the part of the author or "the grand possessors."

In the First Folio *Troilus and Cressida* is found between the "Histories" and "Tragedies"; it is not mentioned in the Table of Contents, and the editors were evidently doubtful as to its classification. "*Coriolanus,*" "*Titus Andronicus,*" "*Romeo and Juliet,*" "*Troilus and Cressida,*" was the original order of the Tragedies, and the first three pages of the present play were actually paged so as to follow *Romeo and Juliet,** but *Timon of Athens* was subsequently put in its place, and a neutral position assigned to it between the two main divisions. The Folio editors' view that the play was a Tragedy was certainly neither in accordance with the sentiment of the prologue (first found in the Folio and seemingly non-Shakespearian) and the quarto preface, which make it a comedy, nor with the title-page and running title of the quartos, which treat it as a history. *Troilus and Cressida* presents perhaps the most complex problem in the whole range of Shakespeare's work. It has been well described as "a History in which historical verisimilitude is openly set at nought, a Comedy without genuine laughter, a Tragedy without pathos."

There are many points of difference between the Quarto and Folio text of the play, and the Cambridge

* "The editors cancelled the leaf containing the end of *Romeo and Juliet* on one side and the beginning of *Troilus and Cressida* on the other, but retained the other leaf already printed, and then added the prologue to fill up the blank page, which in the original setting of the type had been occupied by the end of *Romeo and Juliet*" (Cambridge Ed.).

editors are probably correct in their conclusions that the discrepancies are to be explained thus:—the Quarto was printed from a transcript of the author's original MS., which was subsequently slightly revised by the author himself; before the First Folio was printed this revised MS. had been tampered with by another hand, perhaps by the writer of the prologue.

Date of Composition. The publication of the quartos in 1609 gives us one limit for the date of *Troilus and Cressida,* but (i.) certain discrepancies in the text, (ii.) differences of style, thought, language, and metrical qualities, and (iii.) important pieces of external evidence, make it almost certain that the play passed through various stages of revision, and was in all probability composed at different times. Under (i.) must be noticed that "in Act I. Sc. ii. Hector goes to the field and fights, in Act I. Sc. iii., after this, we find him grown rusty in the long-continued truce"; again "the rhyming couplet, V. xi. 33, 34, which almost terminates the last scene, is by the Folio editors repeated at the end of Act V. Sc. iii., which fact strongly suggests that Scenes vi.-xi. are a later insertion." As regard (ii.), the general style of those parts of the play dealing with the Love Story contrasts strongly with the parts belonging to the Camp Story; the former bear the impress of Shakespeare's earlier characteristics,* the latter of his later.

(iii.) External evidence points to Shakespeare's connexion with the subject of *Troilus and Cressida* at least as early as 1599, for in the old anonymous play of *Histriomastix* (written by Marston and others about that year) a satirical production called forth by the famous

* Perhaps we should note in this connexion the characteristically early 'echo of Marlowe' to be found in this portion of Act II. Sc. ii. 82, where the reference is to Marlowe's famous lines in *Faustus*:—

> *"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships*
> *And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium?"*

Battle of the Theatres, associated with the quarrels of Marston, Dekker, Jonson, etc.—occurs the following burlesque passage:—

"*Troy.* Come, Cressida, my cresset light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night,
Behold, behold *thy garter blue*
*Thy knight his valiant elbow wears,**
That when he SHAKES his furious SPEARE,
The foe, in shivering fearful sort,
May lay him down in death to snort.
Cress. O knight, with valour in thy face,
Here *take my skreene,* wear it for grace;
Within thy helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thy enemies lame." †

There can be no doubt that we have here a travesty of an incident (cp. Act V. ii.) in a play on the subject of *Troilus and Cressida* and that this play was by Shakespeare.

* The text is obviously corrupt; a line has dropped out ending in a word to rhyme with "*blue*"; "*wears*" should be "wear," rhyming with "*speare.*"

† This passage lends colour to the hypothesis that *Troilus and Cressida* originally had some real or supposed bearing on the theatrical quarrels of the day, Ajax representing Jonson, and Thersites standing for Dekker; "*rank Thersites with his mastic jaws*" has been brought into connexion with Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1601), and Jonson's description of him in *The Poetaster,* "one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome." Mr. Fleay has suggested that the "physic" given "to the great Myrmidon" (I. iii. 378; III. iii. 34) is identical with the "purge" administered by Shakespeare to Jonson in *The Return from Parnassus.* The early *Troilus and Cressida* may have contained topical allusions, but these allusions were intentionally 'overlaid' in the revised form of the play; minute criticism has probably detected fossil remains of theatrical satire. Even the doubtful Prologue with "its prologue armed" seems reminiscent of the armed Prologue, in Jonson's polemical *Poetaster.*

It is worth while noting that the Envy Induction in the latter play imitated the old play *Mucedorus* (1598, 1st ed.); we have a reference to the end of *Mucedorus* in *Troilus and Cressida,* II. iii. 23, "*Devil Envy,* say Amen!"

We know, from Henslowe's *Diary,* that about the same time, during the early part of 1599, Dekker and Chettle were preparing a play which was at first to be called "*Troylles and Cresseda,*" but afterwards *Agamemnon*; and it is just possible that both this and Shakespeare's *Troilus* were based on some older production. Under the date of Feb. 7th, 1603, there is an entry in the Stationers' Register to "the book of *Troilus and Cressida,*" as it is acted by "my Lord Chamberlain's servants"; the book is entered for James Roberts to be printed "when he had gotten sufficient authority for it." This must have been Shakespeare's play. Roberts did not get the necessary authority, and hence the re-entry in the Register (Jan. 28, 1609) before the publication of the Quarto edition. It is impossible to determine how far the play burlesqued in *Histriomastix,* the 1603 play, and the 1609 quarto were identical.*

The safest course is to assign "*circa* 1599" to the play in its first form, "*circa* 1602" to the second and main revision, allowing for subsequent additions between the latter date and its publication in 1609.† This perplexing "comedy of disillusion," with its dark irony, its wistful melancholy, its travesty of the faith of *Romeo and Juliet,* its depreciation of ancient heroism and medieval chivalry, its scoffing worldly wisdom, helps us perhaps to realise, somewhat at least, the deepening changes in Shakespeare's aspect of life, which lead him from farce to comedy, from comedy to sombre tragi-comedy, and thence to soul-racking tragedy.

Source of the Plot. The main sources of *Troilus and Cressida* are:—(i.) Chaucer's *Troilus,* which formed

* The title-page of the first quarto evidently claimed that the version was the same as that acted by the Chamberlain's men in 1603; the second quarto, with the preface, withdrew the statement.

† *Troilus* invites comparison with *Timon of Athens,* which belongs probably to (about) 1606, but its authorship is only Shakespeare's in part (*vide* Preface to *Timon*).

the basis of the love-story;* (ii.) Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye* (translated from Raoul le Fèvre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*),† and Lydgate's *Troy Book* (translated from Guido di Colonna), whence Shakespeare drew his materials for the camp-story; (iii.) from Chapman's *Homer* (Bk. I.-VII., 1597) the character of Thersites was derived (*vide* Book II.)‡

Duration of Action. It is impossible, according to Mr. P. A. Daniel, to assign more than four days to *Troilus and Cressida,* though certain discrepancies in Act II. Sc. iii., and Act III. Sc. i. and iii., rather hamper the distribution of the time:—

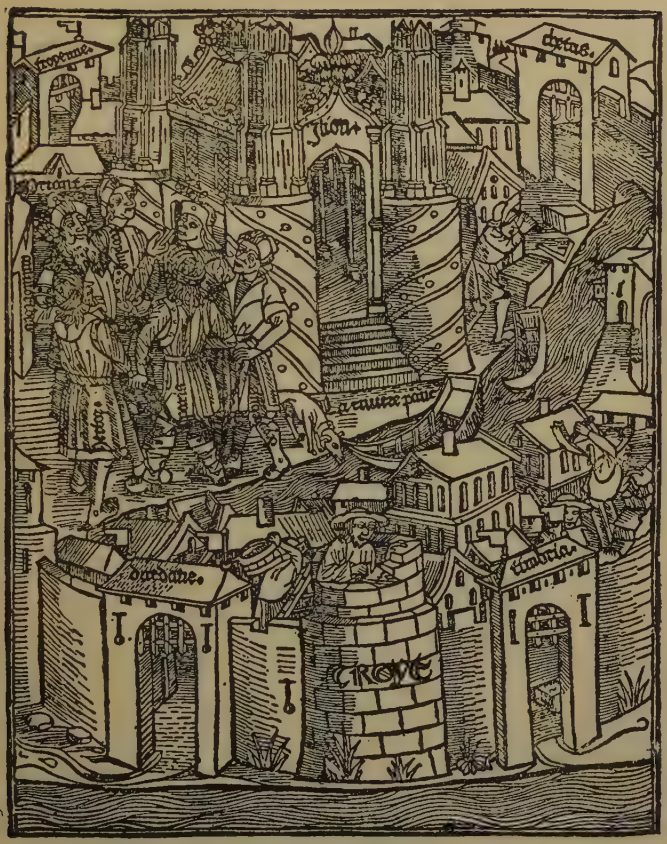
Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. and ii. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iii.; Act II. and Act III. *Day* 3, Act IV.; Act V. Sc. i. and ii. *Day* 4, Act V. Sc. iii.-x.

Dryden's Version. "*Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found Too Late:* A tragedy by John Dryden; acted at the Duke's Theatre"; this improvement on Shakespeare's play was published (4to, 1679) with a prefatory Essay, wherein the writer explains that Shakespeare "began it with some fire," but "the latter part is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms," many of the characters were, he believed, "begun and left unfinished."

* For the literary history of Chaucer's *Troilus, cp.* Skeat's Preface to the poem; Shakespeare's and Chaucer's conceptions are contrasted in Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*; concerning Shakespeare's debt of Chaucer, *cp.* Lloyd's *Essays on Shakespeare*; Hales' *Essays and Notes on Shakespeare*; etc.

† H. O. Sommer's recent reprint of Caxton's *Recuyell* (Nutt, 1894) contains a full bibliography and history of the book. Shakespeare may well have used Creede's 1596 version.

‡ In a valuable and suggestive paper on *Greene's Romances and Shakespeare* ("New Shak. Soc.," 1888) Prof. Herford points out that in *Euphues, His Censure to Philautus* (1587), we have a version of the *Troilus and Cressida* story, which, slight and insignificant as it is, "approaches more nearly than any other version, the manner of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida.*"



The Gates of Troy.
From an engraving in an old French edition of Raoul le Fèvre's *History of Troy*, 1529.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. In the eighth year of the siege of Troy by the Greeks, Troilus, son of King Priam of Troy, becomes enamoured of Cressida, a Trojan maiden, and induces her uncle Pandarus to intercede for him. At this time a truce has been declared between the two armies. While the Greeks are carping at the slowness of the siege, a challenge is sent them by Hector of Troy, directed against any one of their champions who dares meet him in single combat; his evident desire being to cope with Achilles, the Greek's chief warrior.

II. During the truce the Greeks had proposed terms of peace, which included the return of the ravished Helen and the payment of a war indemnity. The terms are rejected and the besieging generals prepare to renew the struggle. They seek an interview with Achilles, who has for some time sulked within his tent. He denies them an interview; whereupon they select Ajax to fight with Hector.

III. In the interim Pandarus prospers as go-between for Troilus with Cressida. He arranges a rendezvous where the lovers plight their troth and, according to custom, resolve to live together. But Cressida's father, who has been traitorously serving the Greeks, requests them to ask his daughter in exchange for a Trojan leader held captive by them.

IV. The Greeks consent, and send Diomedes to effect the exchange. He bears away Cressida on the morning following her nuptial night. The lovers bewail this stern

necessity of war, and part after many protestations of fidelity. Diomedes and Cressida reach the Grecian camp just as Ajax is starting forth to meet Hector. The two warriors fight; but after a passage at arms postpone further conflict on account of kinship. The various Grecian and Trojan leaders make use of this armistice for an interchange of amicable courtesies.

V. Troilus asks the Greek Ulysses to lead him to the tent where Cressida has been confined, and there he is deeply mortified to become a secret witness of her faithlessness, for she has transferred her affections to Diomedes. In battle on the following day, Troilus engages in conflict with Diomedes, but without serious result for either. Meanwhile Hector also has gone forth to battle again, disregarding the ominous predictions of his sister Cassandra. He kills Patroclus, a close friend of Achilles, which deed so enrages that moody warrior, that he shakes off his lethargy, plunges into the fray, and slays Hector, whose dead body he drags at his horse's heels along the field before Troy.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Troilus.

Troilus is the youngest of Priam's numerous sons, and the passion of which he is the victim is the bare instinctive impulse of the teens, the form that first love takes when crossed by an unworthy object, which might have been that of Romeo had Rosalind not overstood her opportunity. It is his age that explains how, notwithstanding his high mental endowments, he is so infatuated as to mistake the planned provocation of Cressida's coyness for stubborn chastity, and to allow himself to be played with and inflamed by her concerted airs of surprise and confusion when at last they are brought together. He is quite as dull in apprehending the character of Pandarus,

and complains of his techiness to be wooed to woo, when in fact he is but holding off in the very spirit of his niece and affecting reluctance in order to excite solicitation. Boccaccio furnished some of the lines of this characterization to Chaucer, but Chaucer gave them great development in handing them down to Shakespeare. Troilus is preserved from the ridiculousness that pursues the dupes of coquettes of so debased a stamp as Cressida, by the allowances that untried youth bespeaks, and by the spirit and gallantry that promises the coming self-recovery, the first process of which appears in the control he imposes on his anger and impatience when he looks on at the scene of her falseness. . . . Still our sympathies are but moderately engaged for him, for what can we say of him but that he is young and a fool—though heroes have been so before and since, fit to be played with and played upon by a jade who only tantalizes him that he may cease to be shy. He is the subjected slave of an intoxication that makes him insensible to the debasement of admitting such a worm as Pandarus into the very presence of what should be the sanctities of love. The ungenuineness of the love that is in question is self-betrayed, when in the first declaration, as in the latest parting, he angles for and invites assurances of faithfulness which it is not in the nature of things should be either convincing or true.
— LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Cressida.

There is nothing in these two poets [Chaucer and Boccaccio] that can compare with the passionate heat and hatred, the boundless bitterness with which Shakespeare delineates and pursues his Cressida. His mood is the more remarkable that he in no wise paints her as unlovable or corrupt; she is merely a shallow, frivolous, sensual, pleasure-loving coquette.

She does little, on the whole, to call for such severity of judgement. She is a mere child and beginner in comparison with Cleopatra, for instance, who, for all that, is not so unmercifully condemned. But Shakespeare has aggravated and pointed every circumstance until Cressida becomes odious, and rouses only aversion. The change from love to treachery, from Troilus to Diomedes, is in no earlier poet effected with such rapidity. Whenever Shakespeare expresses by the mouth of one or another of his characters the estimate in which he intends his audience to hold her, one is astounded by the bitterness of the hatred he discloses. It is especially noticeable in the scene (IV. v.) in which Cressida comes to the Greek camp and is greeted by the kings with a kiss.

At this point Cressida has as yet offended in nothing. She has, out of pure, vehement love for him, passed such a night with Troilus as Juliet did with Romeo, persuaded to it by Pandarus, as Juliet was by her nurse. Now she accepts and returns the kiss wherewith the Greek chieftains bid her welcome. We may remark, in parenthesis, that at that time there was no impropriety in such a greeting. In William Brenchley Rye's "England as seen by Foreigners in the Days of Elizabeth and James the First," are found, under the heading "England and Englishmen," the following notes by Samuel Riechel, a merchant from Ulm: "Item, when a foreigner or an inhabitant goes to a citizen's house on business, or is invited as a guest, and having entered therein, he is received by the master of the house, the lady, or the daughter, and by them welcomed; he has even the right to take them by the arm and kiss them, which is the custom of the country; and if any one does not do so, it is regarded and imputed as ignorance and ill-breeding on his part."

For all that, Ulysses, who sees through her at the first glance, breaks out on occasion of this kiss which Cressida returns. [IV. v. 54-63: *Fie, fie, etc.*] So Shakespeare causes his heroine to be described, and doubtless it is his own last word about her. . . .

Shakespeare deliberately made Cressida sensually attractive, but spiritually repulsive and unclean. She has desire for Troilus, but no love. She is among those who are born experienced; she knows how to inflame, win, and keep men enchained, but the honourable love of a man is useless to her. At the same time she is one of those who easily find their master. Any man who is not imposed upon by her airs, who sees through her mock-prudish rebuffs, subdues her without difficulty. All her sagacity amounted to, after all, was that Troilus would continue ardent so long as she said "No"; that men, in short, value the unattainable and what is won with difficulty—the wisdom of any commonplace coquette. Never has Shakespeare represented coquetry as so void of charming qualities.

Cressida is never modest even when she is most prudish; she understands a jest, even bold and libertine ones, and she will bandy them with enjoyment. With all her kittenish charm she is uninteresting, and, in spite of her hot blood, she betrays the coldest selfishness. She is neither ridiculous nor unlovely, but as little is she beautiful; in no other of Shakespeare's characters is the sensual attraction exercised by a woman so completely shorn of its poetry.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Ulysses.

Ulysses is the real hero of the play; the chief, or, at least, the great purpose of which is the utterance of the Ulyssean view of life; and in this play Shakespeare is Ulysses, or Ulysses Shakespeare. In all his other plays Shakespeare so lost his personal consciousness in the individuality of his own creations that they think and feel, as well as act, like real men and women other than their creator, so that we cannot truly say of the thoughts and

feelings which they express, that Shakespeare says thus or so; for it is not Shakespeare who speaks, but they with his lips. But in Ulysses, Shakespeare, acting upon a mere hint, filling up a mere traditionary outline, drew a man of mature years, of wide observation, of profoundest cogitative power, one who knew all the weakness and all the wiles of human nature, and who yet remained with blood unbittered and soul unsoured—a man who saw through all shams, and fathomed all motives, and who yet was not scornful of his kind, not misanthropic, hardly cynical except in passing moods; and what other man was this than Shakespeare himself? What had he to do when he had passed forty years, but to utter his own thoughts when he would find words for the lips of Ulysses? And thus it is that *Troilus and Cressida* is Shakespeare's wisest play. If we would know what Shakespeare thought of men and their motives after he reached maturity, we have but to read this drama; drama it is; but with what other character, who shall say? For, like the world's pageant, it is neither tragedy nor comedy, but a tragi-comic history, in which the intrigues of amorous men and light-o'-loves and the brokerage of panders are mingled with the deliberations of sages and the strife and the death of heroes.

The thoughtful reader will observe that Ulysses pervades the serious parts of the play, which is all Ulyssean in its thought and language. And this is the reason, or rather the fact, of the play's lack of distinctive characterization. For Ulysses cannot speak all the time that he is on the stage; and, therefore, the other personages, such as may, speak Ulyssean, with, of course, such personal allusion and peculiar trick as a dramatist of Shakespeare's skill could not leave them without for difference.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE: *On Reading Shakespeare.*

V.

Thersites.

Thersites sits with Caliban high among Shakespeare's minor triumphs. He was brought in to please the mob. He is the Fool of the piece, fulfilling the functions of Touchstone, and Launce, and Launcelot, and Costard. As the grave-diggers were brought into *Hamlet* for the sake of the groundlings, so Thersites came into *Troilus and Cressida.* As if that he might leave no form of human utterance ungilded by his genius, Shakespeare in Thersites has given us the apotheosis of blackguardism and billingsgate. Thersites is only a railing rascal. Some low creatures are mere bellies with no brain. Thersites is merely mouth, but this mouth has just enough coarse brain above it to know a wise man and a fool when he sees them. But the railings of this deformed slave are splendid. Thersites is almost as good as Falstaff. He is of course a far lower organization intellectually, and somewhat lower, perhaps, morally. He is coarser in every way; his humour, such as he has, is of the grossest kind; but still his blackguardism is the ideal of vituperation. He is far better than Apemantus in *Timon of Athens,* for there is no hypocrisy in him, no egoism, and, comfortable trait in such a personage, no pretence of gentility. For good downright "sass" in its most splendid and aggressive form, there is in literature nothing equal to the speeches of Thersites.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE: *On Reading Shakespeare.*

VI.

Pandarus.

He has been named a demoralised Polonius, and the epithet is good. He is an old voluptuary, who finds his amusement in playing the spy and go-between, now that

more active pleasures are denied to him. The cynical enjoyment with which Shakespeare (in spite of his contempt for him) has drawn him is very characteristic of this period of his life. Pandarus is clever enough, and often witty, but there is no enjoyment of his wit; he is as comical, base, and shameless as Falstaff himself, but he never calls forth the abstract sympathy we feel for the latter. Nothing makes amends for his vileness, nor for that of Thersites, nor for that of any other character in the whole play. Here, as in other plays, *Timon of Athens* in particular, is shown that deep-seated Anglo-Saxon vein which, according to the popular estimate, Shakespeare entirely lacked—that vein in which flows the life-blood of Swift's, Hogarth's, and even some of Byron's principal works, and it shows how, after all, there was some sympathy between the Merrie England of those days and the later Land of Spleen.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VII.

Love and Wantonness.

As Shakespeare calls forth nothing from the mausoleum of history, or the catacombs of tradition, without giving, or eliciting, some permanent and general interest, and brings forward no subject, which he does not moralize or intellectualize—so here he has drawn in Cressida the portrait of a vehement passion, that, having its true origin and proper cause in warmth of temperament, fastens on, rather than fixes to, some one object by liking and temporary preference.

> There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motive of her body.

This Shakespeare has contrasted with the profound affection represented in Troilus, and alone worthy the

name of love—affection, passionate indeed, swollen with the confluence of youthful instincts and youthful fancy, and growing in the radiance of hope newly risen, in short enlarged by the collective sympathies of nature; but still having a depth of calmer element in a will stronger than desire, more entire than choice, and which gives permanence to its own act by converting it into faith and duty. Hence with excellent judgement, and with an excellence higher than mere judgement can give, at the close of the play, when Cressida has sunk into infamy below retrieval and beneath hope, the same will, which had been the substance and the basis of his love, while the restless pleasures and passionate longings, like sea-waves, had tossed but on its surface—this same moral energy is represented as snatching him aloof from all neighbourhood with her dishonour, from all lingering fondness and languishing regrets, whilst it rushes with him into other and nobler duties, and deepens the channel which his heroic brother's death had left empty for its collected flood.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Greek Heroes.

The whole catalogue of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humour in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakespeare. This is a species of honour which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a

very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men perhaps had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humour had not been dissected by the glass, or rendered perdurable by the pencil of the poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction than of the vivacity of a moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, the Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakespeare, on the other hand, are absolute men, deficient in nothing which can tend to individualize them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. . . .

One of the most formidable adversaries of true poetry is an attribute which is generally miscalled dignity. Shakespeare possessed, no man in higher perfection, the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he has displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be, always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character which identify a man are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eye to external decorum. In this respect the peculiarities of Shakespeare's genius are nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in the play we are here considering. The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet, till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakespeare first supplied their limbs, took from them the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves.

GODWIN: *Life of Chaucer.*

IX.

Moral Contrasts.

Shakspeare intended to point out the profound all-pervading contrast between the much-commended mental character and life of Greek antiquity, as compared with the new principle of life in the Christian era, and to reveal the blemishes and defects of Greek life, especially in regard to its morals, as compared with the ever-increasing admiration bestowed upon it. This could probably not be effected otherwise than by giving a closer view of the essential foundation of the ancient, and more especially of Greek, life and mental culture, taken from a comico-poetic standpoint. And this foundation, as is acknowledged on all hands, is formed by the Homeric poems, or, what is the same thing, the Trojan war in its mythico-poetic conception. But these immortal poems, when regarded from a strictly moral point of view, and in spite of all their ideality, obviously contain a decidedly immoral element, or if it be preferred, the form in which the idea is clothed—according to our higher modern conception of moral relations—presents an ugly blot. For the whole of the external story turns upon the recovery of an adulteress who has run off with her lover, and whose sentiments and manner of acting can in no way be excused, either by ideal beauty or by the interference of the gods (Aphrodite); on the contrary, the immorality in which even the gods themselves take part, appears only the more glaring by such an interference. Helen's abduction was not worthy of the great war of vengeance which was undertaken by the Greek princes; for the honour of the Greek nation was more deeply wronged by Helen herself than by Paris. A war undertaken for such a cause and such an object must, therefore, be repulsive to the moral consciousness of modern times; and still more do we feel this subsequently when Helen and her wronged husband are again united, and restored to all their rights, as if

nothing had happened. It is true that the Greeks had a different idea of marriage and of the mission of women; this we all know, and Shakspeare doubtless knew it also. But the very fact of their entertaining such notions, is the immoral part of the matter. This is the dark side of Greek antiquity: a youthfully vigorous, but also youthfully sensuous view of life supported by the idea of beauty, and idealised as regards form; a view of life which raised beauty into an absolute privilege, and considered its value as greater than that of goodness and truth. It was only individual philosophical minds that rose above this idea.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

X.

"None More Witty."

A never writer to an ever reader,
News.

Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain that never undertook anything comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for titles of commodities or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors that now style them such vanities flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations have found that wit that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they

came, feeing an edge of wit set upon them more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit is in his comedies that they seem for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed; but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it, it deserves such a labour as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this that when he is gone and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning and at the peril of your pleasures' loss and judgments, refuse not nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not praise it. Vale.

Preface to Quarto (2), 1609.

XI.

A Bitter Satire.

This is the most difficult of all Shakspere's plays to deal with, as well for date as position. . . . The play is evidently written in ill-humour with mankind; it is a bitter satire. Its purpose is not to show virtue her own feature, but contemptible weakness, paltry vanity, falsehood (like scorn), their own image. . . . Shakspere's treatment of Chaucer's heroine, Cressida, is, too, a shock to any lover of the early poet's work. To have the beautiful Cressida, hesitating, palpitating like the nightingale, before her sin; driven by force of hard circumstances which she could not control into unfaithful-

ness to her love; to have this Cressida, whom Chaucer spared for very ruth, set before us as a mere shameless wanton, making eyes at all the men she sees, and showing her looseness in the movement of every limb, is a terrible blow. But whatever may have been Shakspere's motive in this play, we certainly have in it his least pleasing production. There is no relief to the patchery, the jugglery, and the knavery, except the generous welcome of Nestor to Hector in the Grecian camp, and his frank praise of the gallant Trojan, who, labouring for Destiny, made cruel way through ranks of Greekish youth.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

The scene soon opens with the indecent Pandarus trifling with the famous epic names, as he taps them lightly with his battledore to keep up his little game, which is to get Troilus thoroughly involved with Cressida: "An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison between the women"; then the puppy says, "I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit." Think of the jaunty go-between thus estimating the terrible prophetess of the Agamemnon, while he is only whetting Troilus's passion for Cressida, and devising means to bring them together. For this is meant to travesty the rape of Helen, which was the motive of the siege. The play begins by making incontinence a very important business, and thus ridiculous. As Thersites says, "All the argument is a cuckold, and war and lechery confound all."

Subsequently Cressida, at a wink from the Greek Diomedes, passes out of the keeping of her Trojan lover, thus making the politics as light as her love. And the scenes where Pandarus lickerishly plans the assignation, and rallies Cressida afterwards, are so purposely broad that every pretence of sentiment is emptied out of the play; the vulgarity becomes so conspicuous that the fighting itself is infected with it and runs into parody. The reader need only turn to the interjectional soliloquies of

Thersites, which supply to every mock-heroic incident a very free translation, to perceive that there was an intention in the co-laborers upon this play to make all such famous court-manners and their quarrels seem ridiculous.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

XII.

Unique and Enigmatic.

It is indeed a wonderful production—wonderful alike for the profusion of wit, of poetry, and of wisdom crowded into it, and for the depth, the subtlety, and life-likeness of the individual characterization. And so far nearly all the later and better critics are substantially agreed. On the other side, one cannot discover what the Poet is driving at: marvellous as are the details in spirit and variety of life, they do not seem to grow from any common principle or purpose; and it is only in the light of such principle or purpose that they can receive a logical statement and interpretation. Hence there has grown a remarkable diversity, not to say oppugnancy, of criticism respecting it; and some of the higher critics have employed what seems to us a great over-refinement of speculation, in order to make out some one idea under which the details might all be artistically reduced.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

The fame of its story has contributed as much as its many enigmatic and its many splendid qualities, to give this drama a unique position among Shakespeare's works. Elsewhere, Shakespeare has commonly avoided the great master-themes of literature; here he became the rival of Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Homer. It would not have surprised us if the man whose peculiar art lay in creating "a soul within the ribs" of a dead or moribund tale should have failed to figure in the procession of the poets

of the tale of Troy. But it is strange that, in that procession, having joined it, he should play the role of the ironic caricaturist, not only degrading a beautiful and noble tradition, which for the sake of dramatic truth he might, but degrading it without vindicating the added "realism" by added reality. *Troilus and Cressida* is strangely mingled of splendour and foulness, of rhetorical strength and dramatic perversity.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PRIAM, *king of Troy.*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
} *his sons.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
} *Trojan commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*

MENELAUS, *his brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
} *Grecian commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Troy, and the Grecian camp.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that 's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come; 11
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits, 20
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited

In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are: 30
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I 'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant,
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I 'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried. 21

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here 's yet in the word 'hereafter,' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—'When she comes!'—When is she thence? 31

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is crouch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness. 40

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's—well, go to—there were no more comparison between the women: but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her: but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep 50
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair';
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her; 60
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill- 70 thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me. 80

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I 'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I 'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit. An alarum.* 90

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he 's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. 100
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence. 110
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'
But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander her man.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw 10
In Hector's wrath.
Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she? 50

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he 'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there 's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too. 60

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there 's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector. 70

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he 's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body! No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus. 80

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter. 90

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own 's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris. 100

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden

tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris. 110

Cres. Then she 's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector. 120

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not? 130

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,— 140

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed. 150

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. And what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer. 160

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That 's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck 't out, and give it him.' But 170 there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed,

and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. 180

Cres. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I 'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus 190 above the rest.

Æneas passes.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That 's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

Antenor passes.

Pan. That 's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest judgements in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes 200

Troilus? I 'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That 's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there 's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There 's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man! 210

Pan. Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there 's no jesting; there 's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it 's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. 220

Paris passes.

Look ye yonder, niece; is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

Helenus passes.

Pan. That 's Helenus: I marvel where Troilus is.

That 's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-
day. That 's Helenus. 230

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no; yes, he 'll fight indifferent well.
I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not
hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes.

Pan. Where? yonder? That 's Deiphobus. 'Tis
Troilus! there 's a man, niece! Hem! Brave
Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! 240
Look well upon him, niece; look you how his
sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked
than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he
goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three-
and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!
Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter
a goddess, he should take his choice. O
admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him;
and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an
eye to boot. 250

Common Soldiers pass.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and
bran! porridge after meat! I could live and
die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er
look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws,
crows and daws! I had rather be such a man
as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel. 260

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well! Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what 270 ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward 280 what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus's Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle. 290

Pan. I will be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exeunt Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing: 299
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us 10
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove 20
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. 30

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements, 41
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in self-same key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy place and sway, 60
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burthen, 71
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive 81
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered 90
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states 100
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters 111
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite; 120
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose

It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he by the next; 130
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses, 140
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls, 150
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff, 161
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being dress'd to some oration.'
That 's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.' 171
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact, 180
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him; 190
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,

A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank-soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts 200
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution. 210

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm 220
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Ay:
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus: 230
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that 's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips! 240
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him: 250
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,

And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 260
A prince call'd Hector—Priam is his father—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves, 270
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him; 280
If none, he 'll say in Troy when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he. 290

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood, 300
I 'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulyss. Nestor! 310

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how? 320

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough—will, with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success, 340
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd 350
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not, 360
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun 370
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends. 380
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. 390
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils—full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now. 10

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewed'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy 20 jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art 30 forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf! 40

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, 50 like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do ye thus? How now, Thersites! what 's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you? 60

Achil. Ay; what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. 'Well!' why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee. 70

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I 'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax— [*Ajax offers to strike him.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax. 81

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there: that he: look you there!

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's? 90

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What 's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax 100 was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There 's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on 110 their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brooch bids me, shall I? 120

Achil. There 's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms 130
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not; 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam, 10
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure: but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours: 20
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,

What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject. 50

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What 's aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit, 60
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve, 70
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired;
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt: 80
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried 'Inestimable!' why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did, 90
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra. 100

Enter Cassandra, raving, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it; 120
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra 's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity 130
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will, 140
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen, 150
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me.
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say, 160
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination 170
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves

All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation 180
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action

For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits: 210
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles.

Enter Thersites, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I 'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I 'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there 's Achilles, a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou 10 great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and

cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil Envy say amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who 's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could ha' remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I 'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where 's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Patr. Amen.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who 's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what 's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: then tell me, Patroclus, what 's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what 's thyself? 50

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I 'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites. 60

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here? 70

Achil. Patroclus, I 'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Agam. Where is Achilles?
Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord. 80
Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.
Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.
Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; 90 but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord.
[*Takes Agamemnon aside.*
Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.
Nest. Who, Thersites?
Ulyss. He.
Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.
Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles. 100
Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.
Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:
his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, 110
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, 120
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgement; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command, 130
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,

We 'll none of him, but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report:
'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give 140
Before a sleeping giant': tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought and say he is? 150

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise. 160

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us? 170

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery.'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. 180
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd 190
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired,
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid, 200
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

Nest. [*Aside*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [*Aside*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I 'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow! 210

Nest. [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I 'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it? 220

Nest. [*Aside*] An 'twould, you 'ld carry half.

Ulyss. [*Aside*] A' would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I 'll make him supple.

Nest. [*Aside*] He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*To Agamemnon*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face; 230
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected! 240

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-famed beyond, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines 250
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here 's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general 260
To call together all his state of war:
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here 's a lord, come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you, a word: do you not follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.
Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.
Serv. The Lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superficially. 10
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*] What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir. 20

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That 's to 't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the 30 request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could not you find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my 40 business seethes.

Serv. Sodden business! there 's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music. 50

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word? 60

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we 'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head! 70

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that 's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall

it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen? 80

Par. What exploit 's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer 's sick. 90

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain. 100

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I 'll hear no more of this; I 'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love. 110

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die:
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he! 120
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot 130 thoughts and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who 's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear 140 how they sped to-day. You 'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They 're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel 151
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

An orchard to Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus's Boy, meeting.

Pan. How now! where 's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, 10
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I 'll bring her straight.
[*Exit.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palates taste indeed 20
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swounding destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much, and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She 's making her ready, she 'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, 30
and fetches her wind so short, as if she were
frayed with a sprite: I 'll fetch her. It is the

prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short
as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's 40
a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths
now to her that you have sworn to me. What,
are you gone again? you must be watched ere
you be made tame, must you? Come your
ways, come your ways; an you draw backward,
we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not
speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's
see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are
to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'ld close
sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. 50
How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, car-
penter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight
your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the
tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but
she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call
your activity in question. What, billing again?
Here's 'In witness whereof the parties inter-
changeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a 60
fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly. 70

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise 80 imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of 90 lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection

in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus. 100

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you 'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith. 110

Pan. Nay, I 'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they 'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win? 120

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not; 130
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 140
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed; O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself. 150

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you,
But an unkind self that itself will leave
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love 160
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight 170
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I 'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration, 180
'As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,'
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy, 190
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said 'as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.' 200

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I 'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! Say 'amen.'

Tro. Amen. 210

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away! [*Exeunt Tro. and Cres.*
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Grecian camp.

Flourish. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature, 10
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange, 21
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,

In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, 30
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he 'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We 'll execute your purpose and put on 50
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord, and either greet him not
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind; I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord. 60
Agam. The better. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus!
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles? 70
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man, 80
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding 91
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I 'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me: 'That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others 100
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.'

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there 110
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position—
It is familiar—but at the author's drift;

Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates 120
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him— 131
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! Why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast 140
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it, for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me

Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord, 150
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost: 160
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; 170
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object: 180
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy 190
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. 200
There is a mystery, with whom relation
Durst never meddle, in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine

Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing 211
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war 220
And your great love to me restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary 230
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus
I 'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage, 240
Even to my full of view.—A labour saved!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be? 250

Ther. Why, a' stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out:' and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man 's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He 260 knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What

think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He 's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax. 270

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax. 280

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha! 290

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven of the

clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on. 300

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that 's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it.
[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. 310 [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Troy. A street.

Enter, at one side, Æneas, and Servant with a torch; at the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That 's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed a whole week by days 10
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy. 20

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise. Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die, 30
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.

What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid: 40
Let 's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help
The bitter disposition of the time 50
Will have it so. On, lord; we 'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit with Servant.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, deserves fair Helen bust,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
And you as well to keep her, that defend her, 60
Nor palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more,
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She 's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris: 70
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We 'll not commend what we intend to sell. 80
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Court of Pandarus' house.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, 10
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry:
You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle. 20

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?
Here, you maid! where 's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you 'll ne'er
be good, nor suffer others. 30

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knock'd i' the head! [*One knocks.*

Who 's that at door? good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber.
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.
[*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in: 40
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. Who 's there? what 's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what 's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who 's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: 50
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I 'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then: come, come, you 'll do him wrong ere you are ware: you 'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what 's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, 60
My matter is so rash: there is at hand

Paris your brother and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy.
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me! 70
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!

Re-enter Cressida.

Cres. How now! what 's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah! 80

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! What 's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death: O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I 90
beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity; 100
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus! O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I 'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do. 109

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before Pandarus' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
For her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon: good my brother Troilus,

Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I 'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love; 10
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste.
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss. 10

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,

'O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?'

where he answers again,

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.'

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast 20
away nothing, for we may live to have need of
such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now,
lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy? 30

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves 40
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so 50
Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, 60
For it is parting from us:
I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there 's no maculation in thy heart:
But 'be thou true' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but I 'll be true.

Tro. And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve. 70

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! 'Be true' again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They 're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy— 80
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil 90
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No:
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord!

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you. 100

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true'; there 's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you: 110
At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly. 120

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I 'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileged by my place and message 130
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I 'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,
I 'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say 'Be 't so,'
I 'll speak it in my spirit and honour 'No!'

Tro. Come, to the port. I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*
[*A trumpet sounds.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning! 140
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Grecian camp. Lists set out.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.* 11

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular; 20
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I 'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I 'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that 's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns! 30

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I 'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I 'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I 'll give you boot, I 'll give you three for one. 40
Cres. You 're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I 'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his. 50
Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word: I 'll bring you to your father.
[*Exit with Cressida.*
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts 60
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Flourish. Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field? 70
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he 'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all, 80

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight, 90
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free; 100
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth 110
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son, 120
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's'; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made 131
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 140
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We 'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,—
As seld I have the chance—I would desire 150
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name; 160
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that 's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity, 170
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [*To Troilus*] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord! by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme. 181

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I have said to some my standers by 190
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents. 200

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I 'ld fight thee to-morrow:
Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands, 211
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you: 221
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou! 230
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? 241

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture 250
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I 'ld not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin: 260
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach: the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match. 270

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night; 280
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars, 290
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I 'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I 'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of idiot-worshippers, here 's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now? 10

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what 's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries! 20

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature! 30

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, 40
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I 'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus! [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I 'll be a curer of madmen. Here 's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Re-enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth a'! sweet sink,
sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those 80
That go or tarry.
Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to
Calchas' tent:
I 'll keep you company.
Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so, good night.
[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. 90
[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a
most unjust knave; I will no more trust him

when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I 'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them, Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her 10
cliff; she 's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember! yes.
Dio. Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,— 20
Cres. I 'll tell you what,—
Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.
Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan! 30
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I 'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off: 40
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again. 49
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it. 60
Cres. I 'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Tro. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again. 70
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it? 90
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word, 100
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you
Pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come: O Jove! do come: I shall be plagued.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.
[*Exit Diomedes.*
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude 110
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'

Ulyss. All 's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong, 120
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt without a theme 130
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will a' swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself, 140

This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle 150
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd 160
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear on his helm:
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout 170
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither. 180

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy;
Ajax your guard stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery! still wars and lechery! nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! 190 [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go!
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd 10
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20
For we would give much, to use violent thefts
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade. 30
[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth:
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I 'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls, 40
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth!

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day. 50

Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, 60
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go. 70

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache.*

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector! 80
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry 'Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!'

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell: yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim: 91
Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarum.*

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read. 100

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this

girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.
[*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds, 111
But edifies another with her deeds.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV.

The field between Troy and the Grecian camp.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I 'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty 10
swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up in policy that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the

cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other. 20

Tro. Fly not, for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy whore, Trojan! Now the sleeve, now the sleeve! [*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour? 30

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee. Live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What 's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle: yet in a sort lechery eats itself. I 'll seek them. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Ser. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings 10
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse, 20
And there lacks work; anon he 's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,

And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there and every where he leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles 30
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care, 40
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:
Hector! where 's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where 's Troilus?
Ajax. What would'st thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I 'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon. 10
Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both!
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; ha! have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man, 20
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter Troilus.

How now, my brother!

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I 'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I 'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I 'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I 'll hunt thee for thy hide. 31
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.
Now, bull! now, dog! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! now 10
my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!
The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a
bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in
mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegiti-
mate. One bear will not bite another, and
wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, 20
the quarrel 's most ominous to us: if the son
of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judge-
ment: farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

Scene VIII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I 'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. 10
[*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 20
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.
[*Exeunt. A retreat sounded.*

Scene IX.

Another part of the field.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and the rest, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums!

[*Within*] 'Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!'
Dio. The bruit is, Hector 's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along: let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended, 9
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene X.

Another part of the field.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector! The gods forbid!
Tro. He 's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host. 10
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there 'Hector's dead':
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, 20
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I 'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I 'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go: 30
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what 40 instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your
painted cloths:

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, 50
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I 'll sweat and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

A', he; I. ii. 211.
Abject in regard, held in little estimation (Quarto, "*obiect*"); III. iii. 128.
Abruption, breaking off; III. ii. 67.
Adamant, the loadstone; III. ii. 183.
Addition, title; II. iii. 248.
Additions, virtues, characteristic qualities; I. ii. 20.
Addle, used with play on "idle"; I. ii. 138.
Address, prepare; IV. iv. 146.
Advertised, informed; II. ii. 211.
Afeard, afraid; IV. iv. 82.
Affection, passion, lust; II. ii. 177.
Affined, related, joined by affinity; I. iii. 25.
Affronted, encountered, matched; III. ii. 170.
Against, just before, in expectation of; I. ii. 182.
Albeit, although; III. ii. 138.
Allow, acknowledge; III. ii. 93.
Allowance, acknowledgment; I. iii. 377.
An, if, as if; "an 'twere," like, just as (Quartos, Folios, "*and*"); I. i. 79.
Anchises, the father of Æneas; IV. i. 21.
Antics, buffoons; V. iii. 86.
Appear it, let it appear; III. iii. 3.
Appertainments, dignity appertaining to us (Quarto, "*appertainings*"); II. iii. 87.
Apply, explain, interpret; I. iii. 32.
Appointment, equipment; IV. v. 1.
Apprehensions, conception, perception; II. iii. 118.
Approve, prove; III. ii. 178.
Aquilon, the north wind; IV. v. 9.
Argument, subject of a play; Prol. 25.
Argus, the fabulous monster with a hundred eyes; I. ii. 31.
Ariachne's, Arachne's; *i.e.* the spider's (Folios, "*Ariachnes*"; Quarto, "*Ariachnas*"; Pope, "*slight Arachne's*"; Capell, "*is Arachnes*"; Steevens conj. "*Ariadne's* or *Arachnea's*"); V. ii. 152.
Artist, scholar; I. iii. 24.
As, equal to, as good as, III. ii. 53; as if, III. iii. 167.
Aspects, influence; I. iii. 92.
Assinego, ass (Quarto, Folios, "*Asinico*"; Singer conj. "*asnico*"); II. i. 48.
Assubjugate, bring into subjection, debase; II. iii. 194.

Attach'd, "be a. with," have a feeling of; V. ii. 161.
Attaint, taint, stain; I. ii. 26.
Attest, testimony; V. ii. 122.
——, call to witness; II. ii. 132.
Attribute, reputation; II. iii. 119.
Attributive, ascribing excellent qualities (Folios, "*incline-able*"); II. ii. 58.

Barks, ships; Prol. 12.
Battle, army; III. ii. 27.
Beam, heavy lance; V. v. 9.
Beastly, like a beast; V. x. 5.
Beaver, here helmet; properly, the front of the helmet; I. iii. 296.
Beef-witted, with no more wit than an ox (Grey conj. "*half-witted*"); II. i. 14.
Benumbed, deprived of sensation, insensible; II. ii. 179.
Bestowing, functions; III. ii. 37.
Better, used quibblingly—a better man; III. i. 12.
——; "were b.," had better; I. iii. 370.
Bias, originally a term in the game of bowls; here, out of a straight line, awry; I. iii. 15.
Bias cheek, "as the bowl on the biassed side"; IV. v. 8.
Bias-drawing, turning awry; IV. v. 169.
Bi-fold, two-fold, double (Collier MS., "*by foole*"); V. ii. 144.
Black-a-moor, negress; I. i. 80.
Blank of danger, unknown danger; blank = a charter, to which one sets his seal or signature before it is filled up; III. iii. 231.
Blench, start, flinch; I. i. 28.
Blench from, fly off from, be inconstant to; II. ii. 68.
Bless, preserve; II. iii. 32.
Blood, passions, natural propensities; II. iii. 33.
Blown up, grown up (Capell conj. "*grown up*"); I. iii. 317.
Bob, cheat, trick; III. i. 69.

'*Blow, villain, till thy bias cheek,*' *etc.*
From a Pompeian wall-painting. (The cheeks are braced as a precaution against dangerous distention.)

Bobbed, thumped; II. i. 72.
Bode, forbode, be ominous; V. ii. 191.
Bodements, presages; V. iii. 80.
Bolting, sifting; I. i. 18.

Boot, something into the bargain, advantage; IV. v. 40.
——; "to b.," into the bargain; I. ii. 250.
Boreas, the north wind; I. iii. 38.
Bought and sold, made a fool of; II. i. 50.
Boy-queller, boy-killer; V. v. 45.
Brave, fine, splendid; Prol. 15.
——, defying, bravado; IV. iv. 137.
Bravely, admirably; I. ii. 189.
Brawn, arm (Quarto, "*braunes*"); I. iii. 297.
Breath, breathing, exercise; II. iii. 115.
Breese, gadfly (Quarto, "*Bryze*"; Folio 1, "*Brieze*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Brize*"); I. iii. 48.
Briareus, the fabulous giant who was supposed to have a hundred hands; I. ii. 30.
Bring; "be with you to b.," an idiomatic expression = "to bring as good as I get" (give six for your half-dozen); I. ii. 291, 2.
——, take; IV. v. 53.
——, conduct; IV. v. 286.
Broad, wide (so Quarto; Folios read, "*lowd*" and "*loud*"); I. iii. 27.
——, puffed with pride; I. iii. 190.
Broils; "b. in loud applause," "basks in the sunshine of applause, even to broiling" (Schmidt); I. iii. 379.
Broken, interrupted; IV. iv. 48.
Broken music; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a "consort." If one or more instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a "consort," but "broken music" (Chapell); III. i. 50.
Brooch, v. Notes; II. i. 119.
Brotherhoods, associations, corporations; I. iii. 104.
Bruit, rumour; V. ix. 4.
Brushes, hurts; V. iii. 34.
Buss, kiss; IV. v. 220.
By God's lid = by God's eye, an oath; I. ii. 218.

Caduceus, Mercury's rod; II. iii. 13.
Can = can do; II. ii. 135.
Cancer, the zodiacal sign of the summer solstice; II. iii. 198.
Capable; "more c.," abler; III. iii. 307.
Capocchia; "a fabricated feminine form of the Italian word '*capocchio*,' which means a dolt, a simpleton, a fool" (Clarke); (Folios, Quarto, "*chipochia*"; Collier, "*capocchio*"); IV. ii. 31.
Captive, conquered; V. iii. 40.
Carry, carry off, bear off; V. vi. 24.
Catlings, strings of catgut; III. iii. 304.

Centre, earth; I. iii. 85.
Chafe thee, become angry; IV. v. 260.
Chance, chances it; III. i. 137.
Changeful, inconstant; IV. iv. 97.
Change of, exchange for; III. iii. 27.
Chapmen, buyers; IV. i. 75.
Characterless, unrecorded; III. ii. 192.
Characters, figures; I. iii. 325.
Charge, expense; IV. i. 57.
——; "on c.," on compulsion, by your order; IV. iv. 133.
Charon, the ferryman who rowed the souls of the departed over the river Styx; III. ii. 10.
Circumstance, details of argument; III. iii. 114.
Clamours, noises, sounds; I. i. 92.
Cliff, clef or key; a musical term; V. ii. 11.
Clotpoles, blockheads; II. i. 122.
Cloud; "a c. in autumn," a cloud heralding bad weather; I. ii. 131.
Co-act, act, play together; V. ii. 118.
Cobloaf, a crusty, uneven loaf with a round top to it (Malone conj. "*Coploaf*") II. i. 40.
Cogging, cheating, deceiving; V. vi. 11.
Cognition, perception; V. ii. 63.
Colossus-wise, like a Colossus; V. v. 9.
Compare, comparison; III. ii. 179.
Compassed, round; "c. window," bay-window (Quarto, Folios, "*compast*"); I. ii. 114.
Composure, bond (Folios, "*counsell that*"); II. iii. 102.
Con, learn by heart (Quarto, "*cunne*"); II. i. 18.
Condition, on condition, even though; I. ii. 75.
Conduce, is joined, brought together (Rowe, "*commence*"); V. ii. 147.
Conjure; "I cannot c.," I cannot raise up spirits; V. ii. 125.
Constringed, contracted, cramped; V. ii. 173.
Convince, convict, prove guilty; II. ii. 130.
Convive we, we will feast; IV. v. 272.
Convoy, conveyance; I. i. 107.
Coped, encountered; I. ii. 34.
Core, ulcer; II. i. 7.
Cormorant, ravenous (Folio 1, "*cormorant*"); II. ii. 6.
Corse, corpse, body; II. iii. 35.
Counters, round pieces of metal used in counting; II. ii. 28.
Cousin, niece (a title given to any kinsman and kinswoman); I. ii. 44.
Creep in, steal secretly into; III. iii. 134.
Critics, censurers, carpers; V. ii. 131.
Crownets, coronets; Prol. 6.
Crushed into, pressed into, mixed with (Warburton, "*crusted into*"); I. ii. 23.
Cunning, powerful; III. ii. 136.
Curious, causing care; III. ii. 67.

Daphne, the nymph beloved by Apollo, who fleeing from his pursuit was changed into a laurel tree; I. i. 101.
Darking, darkening, growing dark; V. viii. 7.
Date, dates were commonly used in pastry in Shakespeare's time; I. ii. 269.
Daws, jackdaws; I. ii. 255.
Days, "a whole week by d.," every day for a whole week; IV. i. 9.
Dear, earnest; V. iii. 9.
Death-tokens, "the spots which indicate the approaching death of persons infected with the plague"; II. iii. 179.
Debonair, gentle, meek; I. iii. 235.
Deceptious, delusive; V. ii. 123.
Decline, run through in detail; II. iii. 55.
——, fall; IV. v. 189.
Declined, fallen; IV. v. 189.
Deem, thought; IV. iv. 59.
Deject, dejected; II. ii. 50.
Depravation, detraction; V. ii. 132.
Deputation, power deputed to thee; I. iii. 152.
Deracinate, uproot; I. iii. 99.
Derive, deduce logically; II. iii. 63.
Destiny, fate ["labouring for destiny" = "the viceregent of Fate" (Malone)]; IV. v. 184.
Dexter, right; IV. v. 128.
Diana's waiting-women, i.e. the stars; V. ii. 91.
Diminutives, insignificant things; V. i. 34.
Directive, able to be directed; I. iii. 356.
Discourse, reasoning; V. ii. 142.
Discover'd, revealed, disclosed; I. iii. 138.
Discoveries, (?) monstrosities (Hanmer, "*debaucheries*"; Singer (Ed. 2), "*discoverers*"; Collier MS., "*discolourers*"); V. i. 27.
Dismes, tenths; II. ii. 19.
Disorb'd, unsphered (Quarto, "*disorbd*"); II. ii. 46.
Dispose, disposition; II. iii. 166.
Disposer, one who can bring another to do anything (or perhaps = entertainer); III. i. 91.
Distains, stains, taints; I. iii. 241.
Distaste, dislike; II. ii. 66.
——, make distasteful; II. ii. 123.
Distasted, made distasteful; IV. iv. 48.
Distraction, despair, madness; V. ii. 41.
Dividable, divided; I. iii. 105.
Double-henned; "perhaps, with a double hen, *i.e.* with a female married to two cocks, and thus false to both" (Schmidt); V. vii. 11.
Draught-oxen, oxen used to draw a cart or plough (Folios, "*draft-oxen*"); II. i. 111.
Drave, urged on; III. iii. 190.
Dress'd, addressed, prepared; I. iii. 166.
Dwells, depends on; I. iii. 336.

Edge, sword; V. v. 24.

Eld, old age (Quarto, "*elders*"; Folios, "*old*"); II. ii. 104.
Elements; "the two moist e.," *i.e.* water and air; I. iii. 41.
Embracement, embracing; IV. v. 148.
Embrasures, embraces; IV. iv. 37.
Emulation, envy, jealousy; II. ii. 212.
Emulous, envious (Folios 1, 2, "*emulations*"; Folios 3, 4, "*emulatious*"); II. iii. 75.
Encounterers, people who meet others half-way; IV. v. 58.
End, kill, destroy; I. ii. 79.
Engine, instrument; II. iii. 137.
Enginer, pioneer; II. iii. 8.
Enter, to enter; II. iii. 189.
Entreat, treat; IV. iv. 113.
——, invite; IV. v. 274.
Envy, malice; III. ii. 99.
Errant, deviating; I. iii. 9.
Errors, deceptions; V. iii. 111.
Exact; "grace exact"; *v.* Note; I. iii. 180.
Exasperate = exasperated; V. i. 30.
Excitements, incitements; I. iii. 182.
Exclaim, outcry; V. iii. 91.
Execute, practise, use; V. vii. 6.
Execution, working; I. iii. 210.
Expect, expectation; I. iii. 70.
Expectance = expectation; IV. v. 146.
Expressure, expression; III. iii. 204.
Extremes, extremity; IV. ii. 105.
Extremity; "the edge of all e.," to the uttermost; IV. v. 68.
Faction, union; II. iii. 102.
——, take sides in the quarrel; III. iii. 190.
Fail, let fail; V. i. 44.
Fair, well; IV. iv. 113.
Fall, let fall; I. iii. 379.
Fan = winnowing fan; I. iii. 27.

From an emblazoning on the shield of Sir R. de Septvans (d. 1306), in Chartham Church, near Canterbury.

Fancy, love; IV. iv. 25.
——, love (verb); V. ii. 165.
Fat, nourish; II. ii. 48.
Favour, countenance, face; I. ii. 95.
Fee farm, "of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is for ever, reserving a certain rent" (Malone); III. ii. 51.
Fell, fierce, savage; IV. v. 269.
Fills, shafts of a carriage; III. ii. 46.
Finch-egg, a term of contempt; V. i. 37.
Fitchew, polecat; V. i. 63.
Fits, the divisions of a song or tune; (perhaps = "when the humour takes you"); III. i. 58.

Five-finger-tied, tied with all the fingers of the hand; V. ii. 157.
Fixture, stability; I. iii. 101.
Flat tamed, stale, insipid; IV. i. 62.
Fled, have fled (Pope, "*get*"; Capell, "*flee*"; Keightley conj. "*have fled*"); I. iii. 51.
Flexure, bending (Folios, "*flight*"); II. iii. 109.
Flood, ocean, sea; I. i. 105.
——, "in f.," in full flow; I. iii. 300.
Flow to, hasten towards (Johnson conj. "*show too*"); V. ii. 41.
Fonder, more foolish; I. i. 10.
For, against; I. ii. 281.
——, because; V. iii. 21.
Force, power, might; IV. i. 18.
——, stuff; II. iii. 224.
Forced, stuffed; V. i. 60.
Forthright, straight path; III. iii. 158.
Fraction, discord; II. iii. 101.
Fraughtage, freight, cargo; Prol. 13.
Frayed with, frightened by (Quarto, Folios, "*fraid*"); III. ii. 32.
Free, generous, noble-minded; IV. v. 139.
Friend, befriend, favour; I. ii. 79.
Frighting, frightening; V. iv. 34.
Frush, bruise, batter; V. vi. 29.
Fulfilling, filling full; Prol. 18.
Full; "in the f.," in full company, all together; IV. v. 272.
Fusty, mouldy; I. iii. 161.

Gaging, engaging, binding; V. i. 42.
Gait, walk; IV. v. 14.
Gallantry, gallants; III. i. 135.
Gear, matter, affair; I. i. 6.
Generals, collective qualities; I. iii. 180.
Genius, the spirit supposed to direct the actions of man; IV. iv. 50.
Glozed, used mere words; II. ii. 165.
God-a-mercy, used in the sense of Gramercy, many thanks; V. iv. 33.
Goose of Winchester, strumpet (the houses of ill-fame in London were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Win-

chester; the annexed engraving, from Aggas's map in Guildhall, represents the locality—in Southwark—where these houses were situated); V. x. 55.

Gored, hurt, wounded; III. iii. 228.

Gorget, throat armour; I. iii. 174.

From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

Gracious, holy; II. ii. 125.

Grated, ground; III. ii. 192.

Great morning, broad day; IV. iii. 1.

Greekish, Greek; III. iii. 211.

——; "all the G. ears," *i.e.* the ears of all the Greeks; I. iii. 67.

Grossness, bulk; I. iii. 325.

Hair, grain; "against the h." = against the grain; I. ii. 28.

Hale, drag; IV. v. 6.

Hamstring, tendon of the knee-joint; I. iii. 154.

Hardiment, hardihood; IV. v. 28.

Hare, timid (Folios, "*hard*"); II. ii. 48.

Hatch'd, engraved; "h. in silver," probably = silver-haired; I. iii. 65.

Hateful, full of hate; IV. i. 33.

Have at thee, be warned; V. iv. 24.

Having, possessions, endowments; III. iii. 97.

Heart; "from h. of very h.," from my heart's core; IV. v. 171.

Heaving, swelling, resentful; II. ii. 196.

Hedge aside, creep along by the hedge (Quarto, "*turne*"; Collier, "*edge*"); III. iii. 158.

Him, himself; I. ii. 287.

His, its; I. iii. 210.

His = 's; "Mars his idiot" = Mars's idiot; II. i. 57.

Hold, regard as, look upon as; II. iii. 191.

Holding, keeping (Quarto, "*keeping*"); II. ii. 52.

Honesty, chastity; I. ii. 284.

Hot, rash; V. iii. 16.

However, although; I. iii. 322.

Hoy-day, an exclamation; V. i. 69.

Hulks, large, heavy ships (Folios, "*bulkes*"); II. iii. 267.

Humorous, capricious; II. iii. 132.

Humours, caprices; I. ii. 23.

Hung, made linger; IV. v. 188.

Hurricano, water-spout; V. ii. 172.

Hurt, do harm; V. iii. 20.

Husbandry, thrift; I. ii. 7.

Hyperion, the sun-god, Phœbus Apollo; II. iii. 199.

Idle, used with play on "addle"; I. ii. 139.
——, useless; V. i. 30.
Ignomy, ignominy (Quarto, "*ignomyny*"); V. x. 33.
Ilion, Troy (Quarto, Folios 1, 2, "*Illion*"); II. ii. 109.
Immaterial, worthless; V. i. 35.
Immures, walls (Folio 1, "*emures*"); Prol. 8.
Impair, unsuitable, inappropriate (Quarto, "*impare*"; Capell, "*impar*"; Johnson conj. "*impure*"); IV. v. 103.
Imperious, imperial; IV. v. 172.
Imposition, injunction, the task imposed; III. ii. 81.
Impressure, impression; IV. v. 131.
Imputation, reputation; I. iii. 339.
In, in the estimation of; II. ii. 56.
——, within, internally, mentally; III. iii. 97.
Inches; "even to his i.," most thoroughly, exactly; IV. v. 111.
Includes, ends, comes to an end (Quarto, "*include*"); I. iii. 119.
Indrench'd, immersed (Rowe, "*intrench'd*"); I. i. 51.
Infect, infected; I. iii. 187.
Infinite, infinity, immense greatness; II. ii. 29.
Inseparate, indivisible; V. ii. 148.
Insisture, persistency, constancy; I. iii. 87.
Instance, proof; V. ii. 153, 155.
Instant; "take the i. way," serve the present time; III. iii. 153.

Jove's accord, i.e. with Jove's accord, assent; I. iii. 238.

Keep, lodge, dwell; IV. v. 278.
Ken, know; IV. v. 14.

Last, at last, in the end; I. iii. 124.
Lavolt, i.e. the *lavota,* a lively dance; IV. iv. 86.
Lazars, lepers; II. iii. 36.
Learn, teach, tell; II. i. 22.
Leather jerkin, a short leathern coat; III. iii. 266.
Leavening, the admixing of sour dough; I. i. 20.
Leave to see, give up seeing; V. i. 99.
Let blood, bleed; II. iii. 214.
Libya; "the banks of L.," the African desert; I. iii. 328.
Lie, you lie; III. iii. 162.
Lief, willingly; I. ii. 107.
Lifter, cheat, thief (used quibblingly); I. ii. 121.
Light, quickly (Quarto, Folio 1, "*harnest lyte*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*harnest light*"; Theobald, "*harness-dight*"); I. ii. 8.
Like, likely; III. iii. 42.
Like as, as if; I. ii. 7.
Likes not you, does not please (Folios, "*likes not me*"); V. ii. 103.
Lime-kilns i' the palm, i.e. gouty lumps (chalk-stones) in the hand; V. i. 25.

Look upon, be a spectator; V. vi. 10.
Lover; "your l.," one who loves you; III. iii. 214.
Lunes, mad freaks (Folios, "*lines*"; Quarto, "*course, and time*"); II. iii. 133.
Lust, pleasure; IV. iv. 132.
Lustihood, high spirits; II. ii. 50.
Luxurious, lustful; V. iv. 9.
Luxury, lust; V. ñ. 55.

Maculation, stain; IV. iv. 64.
Maiden battle, unbloody combat; IV. v. 87.
Mail, coat of mail, armour; III. iii. 152.
Main, general; I. iii. 373.
——, full force; II. iii. 263.
Manage, direction, administration; III. iii. 25.
Mark, attend, listen to; V. vii. 2.
Mars his helm, Mars' helmet (his = possessive); IV. v. 255.
Marvellous = marvellously (Pope's unnecessary emendation; Quarto, Folio 1, "*marvel's*"; Folios 2, 3, "*marvel's*"); abbreviated form of "marvellously"; I. ii. 141.
Mastic, v. note; I. iii. 73.
Match, i.e. "I'll lay my life"; IV. v. 37.
Matter, business; IV. ii. 61.
May, can; V. ii. 101.
Means not = means not to be; I. iii. 288.
Medicinable, medicinal (Quarto, Folios, "*med'cinable*"); I. iii. 91.
Mends; "she has the mends in her own hands"; probably a proverbial expression = "she must make the best of it"; I. i. 68.
Mere, absolute; I. iii. 111.
Merry Greek, boon-companion; "The Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); I. ii. 112.
Mill-stones; "to weep mill-stones" was a proverbial expression which meant "to remain hard and unfeeling as a stone" = "not to weep at all"; I. ii. 149.
Milo, the famous Greek athlete, who was said to be able to carry a bull; II. iii. 248.
Mirable = admirable, worthy of admiration; IV. v. 142.
Miscarrying, being defeated, killed; I. iii. 351.
Misprizing, undervaluing; IV. v. 74.
Moiety, part; II. ii. 107.
Moist, wet, damp; I. iii. 41.
Monstruosity, unnaturalness; III. ii. 28.
Monumental, memorial; III. iii. 153.
Moral, meaning; IV. iv. 107.
Motive, instrument, moving limb; IV. v. 57.
Multipotent, almighty; IV. v. 129.
Myrmidon; "the great m.," *i.e.* Achilles, the chief of the myrmidons; I. iii. 378.

Nail, finger-nail; IV. v. 46.
Neglection, neglect; I. iii. 127.
Nice, accurate; IV. v. 250.
Nod; "to give the nod" was a term in the game of cards called Noddy; the words meant also "a silly fellow, a fool"; I. ii. 203.
Noise, rumour; I. ii. 12.
Nothing, nothing is; I. iii. 239.

Oblique (?) indirect (Hanmer, "*antique*"; Warburton, "*obelisque*"); V. i. 56.
Odd; "to be o.," to be at odds; IV. v. 265.
Oddly, unequally; I. iii. 339.
O'er-eaten, "eaten and begnawn on all sides"; V. ii. 160.
O'erfalled, inflamed; V. iii. 55.
O'er-wrested, strained (Pope's reading; Quarto, Folios 1, 2, 3, "*ore-rested*"; Folio 4, "*o'er-rested*"; Delius conj. "*o'er-jested*"); I. iii. 157.
Of, by; I. i. 71; II. iii. 191.
——, on; III. iii. 265.
On, of; I. i. 71; III. iii. 304.
——, with, by; II. ii. 143.
——, in; III. ii. 27.
——, "crying on," crying out on; V. v. 35.
One; "'tis all one," it is all the same; I. i. 80.
Opes, opens; I. iii. 73.
Opinion, reputation; I. iii. 336; I. iii. 373.
——, self-conceit, arrogance; II. iii. 265.
Oppugnancy, opposition; I. iii. 111.
Orchard, garden; III. ii. 16.
Orgulous, proud, haughty; Prol. 2.
Orifex, orifice, aperture; V. ii. 151.
Orts, remnants; V. ii. 158.
Overbulk, overtower; I. iii. 320.
Owes, ownes; III. iii. 99.
Oyes, hear ye!; attend! the usual introduction to a proclamation; IV. v. 143.

Pace, step, degree; I. iii. 132.
Pageant, theatrical exhibition; III. ii. 76.
Pageants, mimics; I. iii. 151.
Painted cloths, hangings for walls; V. x. 47. (*Cp.* illustration in *As You Like It.*)
Palating, perceiving by taste; IV. i. 59.
Palter, trifle, shuffle; II. iii. 234.
Paradoxes, absurdities (Johnson conj. "*parodies*"); I. iii. 184.
Parallels, i.e. parallel lines; I. iii. 168.
Pard, leopard; III. ii. 198.
Part, party, side; I. iii. 352.
Parted; "how dearly ever p.," however richly endowed by nature; III. iii. 96.
Partial, to which they are inclined; II. ii. 178.
Particular; "toucheth my p.," I am personally concerned; II. ii. 9.
——, personal, with play upon *general*; IV. v. 20.
Parts, gifts, endowments; III. iii. 117.
Parts of nature, natural gifts; II. iii. 243.

Party, side; II. ii. 156.
Pash, strike (Quarto, "*push*"); II. iii. 205.
Pashed, struck down; V. v. 10.
Pass, experience, suffer (Collier MS., "*poise*"); II. ii. 139.
Passed = surpassed, beggars description; I. ii. 173.
Past proportions, immensity; II. ii. 29.
Patchery, gross and bungling hypocrisy; II. iii. 73.
Peace, be still, be silent; I. i. 92.
Peevish, foolish; V. iii. 16.
Pelting, paltry; IV. v. 267.
Perdition, destruction; V. ii. 145.
Perforce, of necessity; I. iii. 123.
Performance, carrying out; II. ii. 196.
Per se, by himself, pre-eminent; I. ii. 15.
Perseus' horse, Pegasus, the winged horse ridden by Perseus; I. iii. 42.
Persistive, patient, persevering; I. iii. 21.
Person, personal appearance; IV. iv. 79.
Pertly, saucily; IV. v. 219.
Pheeze, make to hurry, drive, beat; II. iii. 207.
Pia mater, brain; II. i. 74.
Piece, cask of wine; IV. i. 62.
Pight, pitched; V. x. 24.
Placket, petticoat, woman; II. iii. 22.
Plague; "the p. of Greece," "alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army" (Johnson); II. i. 13.
Plaguy, pestilently (used with play upon the word "death-tokens"); II. iii. 179.
Plantage, anything planted ("plants were supposed to improve as the moon increases") (Nares); III. ii. 181.
Poised, weighed, balanced; I. iii. 339.
Politic regard, a look full of meaning; perhaps, shrewd, or sly; III. iii. 254.
Porpentine, porcupine; II. i. 27.
Port, gate; IV. iv. 111.
Possess, put you in possession, inform; IV. iv. 112.
Possession; "her p.," possession of her; II. ii. 152.
Power, armed force; I. iii. 139.
Pregnant, ready; IV. iv. 88.
Prenominate, foretell; IV. v. 250.
Presented, represented; depicted; III. ii. 76.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 142.
Pricks, points; I. iii. 343.
Primogenitive, right of primogeniture (Quarto, "*primogenitie*"; Rowe, "*primogeniture*"); I. iii. 106.
Private soul, personal opinion; IV. v. 111.
Prodigious, portentous; V. i. 96.
Proof, the thing which is proved; V. v. 29.

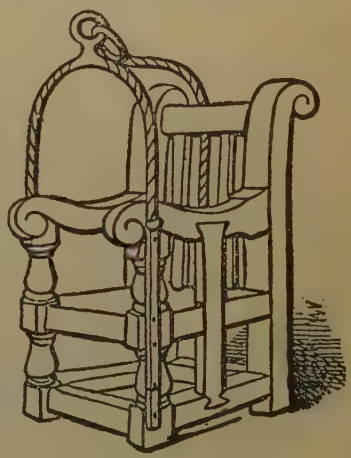
Proof of more strength, stronger proof; V. ii. 113.
Propend, incline; II. ii. 190.
Propension, inclination; II. ii. 133.
Proper, handsome, comely; I. ii. 200.
——, own; II. ii. 89.
Propugnation, means of combat, defence; II. ii. 136.
Protractive, prolonged; I. iii. 20.
Prove = prove ourselves; III. ii. 93.
Pun, pound, dash to pieces; II. i. 41.
Puttock, kite; V. i. 64.

Quality, cause, reason; IV. i. 44.
——; "full of q.," highly accomplished; IV. iv. 76.
Question, conversation, intercourse; IV. i. 11.

Rank, rankly; I. iii. 196.
Ransack'd, stolen, carried off; II. ii. 150.
Rape, carrying off; II. ii. 148.
Rash, urgent, hasty (Rowe, "harsh"); IV. ii. 61.
Reck not, care not; V. vi. 26.
Recordation, remembrance; "to make a r. to my soul," *i.e.* to recall to mind; V. ii. 116.
Recourse, frequent flowing; V. iii. 55.
Rein; "in such a r.," bridles up; I. iii. 189.
Rejoindure, joining again; IV. iv. 36.
Relation, report, narration; III. iii. 201.
Reproof, confutation, refutation; I. iii. 33.
Repured, refined, purified (Folios, "*reputed*"); III. ii. 21.
Respect, deliberation, reflection; II. ii. 49.
——, *i.e.* the respect due to thee; V. iii. 73.
Retire, retreat; V. iii. 53; V. iv. 21.
Retort, throw back; III. iii. 101.
Revolt, rebellion; V. ii. 146.
——, rebel; V. ii. 144.
Rheum, cold watering; V. iii. 105.
Ribald, noisy (Ingleby conj. "*rabble*"); IV. ii. 9.
Rich; "the r. shall have more," probably alluding to the Scriptural phrase, "To him that hath shall be given"; I. ii. 205.
Right, exactly; I. iii. 170.
Rive, be split; I. i. 35.
Roisting, roistering; II. ii. 208.
Roundly, plainly; III. ii. 158.
Rub on, and kiss the mistress; "The allusion is to *bowling.* What we now call the *Jack* seems, in Shakespeare's time, to have been termed the *mistress.* A bowl that kissed the *Jack* or *mistress* is in the most advantageous position. *Rub on* is a term at the same game" (Malone); III. ii. 50.
Ruin, overthrow, fall; V. iii. 58.
Ruth, pity; V. iii. 48.
Ruthful, piteous; V. iii. 48.

Sacred, consecrated (an appropriate epithet of royalty); IV. v. 134.
Sagittary, Centaur; V. v. 14.
Salt, bitter; I. iii. 371.
Sans, without; I. iii. 94.
Savage strangeness, unpolished rude reserve; II. iii. 129.
Scaffoldage, the woodwork of the stage (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Scaffolage*"; Quarto, "*Scoaffollage*"); I. iii. 156.
Scaled, having scales; V. v. 22.
Scantling, small portion; I. iii. 341.
Scar, wound; I. i. 114.
Scorn, laugh to scorn, make a mock of; I. i. 114.
Sculls, shoals (Folios, "*sculs*"; Pope, "*shoals*"; Anon. conj. "*schools*"); V. v. 22.
Seam, lard; II. iii. 187.
Secure, over-confident; II. ii. 15.
Securely, carelessly, confidently; IV. v. 73.
See = see each other; IV. iv. 57.
Seeming, show; I. iii. 157.
Seethes, is urgent, in hot haste; III. i. 41.
Seld, seldom; IV. v. 150.
Self-affected, self-loving; II. iii. 240.
Self-breath, his own words; II. iii. 174.
Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. iii. Stage Direc.
Sequestering, separating, putting aside; III. iii. 8.
Serpigo, eruption on the skin, leprosy; II. iii. 76.
Set to, oppose to; II. i. 90.
Severally, separately; IV. v. 274.
Severals, individual qualities; I. iii. 180.
'Sfoot, a corruption of *God's foot*; II. iii. 5.
Shame, disgrace; V. iii. 73.
She, woman; I. ii. 301, 303.
Shent, put to shame, reviled; II. iii. 82.
Shipmen, seamen, sailors; V. ii. 172.
Shoeing-horn, "the emblem of one who is a subservient tool to the caprices of another"; V. i. 57.
Short-armed, not reaching far (Dyce conj. "*short-aimed*"); II. iii. 15.
Should, would; I. iii. 112, 114, 115, 116, 118.
Shrewd, cunning, keen; I. ii. 197.
Shrewdly, quite badly; III. iii. 228.
Shrills forth, utters loudly; V. iii. 84.
Sick, envious; I. iii. 133.
Sieve, wicker basket, voider (Quarto, "*sine*"; Folio 1, "*same*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*place*"; Delius conj. "*sink*"; Anon. conj., "*safe*"); II. ii. 71.
Sinister, left; IV. v. 128.
Sith, since; I. iii. 13.
Skilless, ignorant; I. i. 12.
Sleave silk, soft floss silk used for weaving; V. i. 31.

Sleeveless, bootless; V. iv. 9.
Sluttish, unchaste (Collier conj. "*skittish*"); IV. v. 62.
Smile at, mock at, laugh derisively at (Hanmer, "*smite all Troy*"; Warburton, "*smite at Troy*"; etc.); V. x. 7.
So, in such a way; under such conditions; II. ii. 145.
Soilure, stain (Quarto, "*soyle*"); IV. i. 56.
Sometime = sometimes; I. iii. 151.
Sort, lot; I. iii. 376.
——, manner; V. x. 5.
Sorts, befits, is fitting; I. i. 109.
Specialty; "the s. of rule," *i.e.* "the particular rights of supreme authority" (Johnson); (Folios 3, 4, "*speciality*"); I. iii. 78.
Speculation, the power of seeing; III. iii. 109.
Spend his mouth, bark; V. i. 94.
Sperr, shut, bar (Theobald's emendation of Folios 1, 2, "*Stirre*"; Collier MS., "*Sparre*"; Capell, "*Sperrs*"); Prol. 19.
Sphered, placed in a sphere; I. iii. 90.
——, rounded, swelled; IV. v. 8.
Spirits (monosyllabic); Prol. 20.
Spleen, fit of laughter; I. iii. 178.
——; "the weakest s." = "the dullest and coldest heart"; II. ii. 128.
Spleens, impulses, caprices; II. ii. 196.
Splinter, splintering, breaking; I. iii. 283.
Spoils, prey; IV. v. 62.
Spritely, spirited; II. ii. 190.
Square, judge; V. ii. 132.
Stale, vapid, used up (Quarto, "*pale*"); II. ii. 79.
——, make common, vulgarize; II. iii. 193.
Starts, startles; V. ii. 101.
State; "this noble s.," stately, noble train; II. iii. 112.
Stickler-like, like an umpire in a combat; V. viii. 18.
Still, continually, always; IV. v. 195.
Stithied, forged; IV. v. 255.
Stomach, inclination (with a quibble on other sense = courage); IV. v. 264.
Stomach, courage; II. i. 131.
Stool for a witch (the subjoined engraving represents a



specimen of the ducking-stool belonging to the corporation of Ipswich); II. i. 6.

Straight, straightway, immediately; III. ii. 16.

Strain, difficulty, doubt (Keightley conj. "*doubt*"); I. iii. 326.

——, impulse; II. ii. 154.

Strange, reserved; II. iii. 240.

Strawy, resembling straw (Folios, "*straying*"); V. v. 24.

Stretch'd, affected, exaggerated; I. iii. 156.

Stygian banks, banks of the river Styx, the river of the infernal regions over which Charon ferried the souls of the dead; III. ii. 9.

Subduements, victories; IV. v. 187.

Subscribes, submits, yields; IV. v. 105.

Substance, wealth; I. iii. 324.

Success, result, issue; I. iii. 340.

Sufferance, suffering; I. i. 28.

Suffocate = suffocated; I. iii. 125.

Sum, count up; II. ii. 28.

Sunburnt, tanned by the sun, hence plain, not fair; I. iii. 282.

Suppose, supposition; I. iii. 11.

Sure, surely; V. ii. 126.

Swath, grass cut by the scythe; V. v. 25.

Swounding, swooning (Quarto, Folios, "*Sounding*"; Pope, "*Swooning*"); III. ii. 22.

Tables, tablets; IV. v. 60.

Tabourines, drums; IV. v. 275.

Tarre on, incite, urge on; I. iii. 392.

Tender objects, tender feeling; IV. v. 106.

Tent, probe for searching a wound; II. ii. 16.

Tercel, male hawk (the annexed engraving represents a falconer on the borders of a lake arousing the ducks to flight that the hawk may strike them); III. ii. 54.

From Queen Mary's Psalter (XIVth cent.) Royal MS. 2B vii.

Tetchy, touchy, peevish (Quarto, Folios, "*teachy*"); I. i. 99.

That, that person; II. iii. 191.

Thetis, a sea-goddess, mother of Achilles; "confounded with *Tethys,* the wife of Oceanus, and used for the sea, the ocean" (Schmidt); I. iii. 39.

Thicker, quicker; III. ii. 36.

This = this way, thus; I. ii. 12.

Through warm, thoroughly warmed; II. iii. 224.

Throw my glove, challenge; IV. iv. 63.

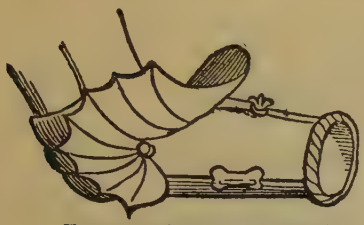
Thwart, athwart, crosswise; I. iii. 15.

Tick, an insect; III. iii. 312.

Tickle it, make him pay; V. ii. 177.
Ticklish, wanton (Folios, "*tickling*"); IV. v. 61.
Tide, right time; V. i. 86.
Titan, the god of the sun; V. x. 25.
Tithe, tenth; II. ii. 19.
To, in addition to; I. i. 7.
——, compared to; I. iii. 344.
——, set to, onward; II. i. 114.
Toast, a dainty morsel (Beckett conj. "*tot*"; Halliwell conj. "*boast*"); I. iii. 45.
Topless, immeasurably high, supreme (Warburton, "*stopless*"); I. iii. 152.
Tortive, distorted; I. iii. 9.
Traded, practised, professional; II. ii. 64.
Train, entice, draw; V. iii. 4.
Transportance, transport; III. ii. 11.
Troy walls, the walls of Troy; I. iii. 12.
Trump, trumpet; III. iii. 210.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. iii. 256.
Turtle, turtle-dove; III. ii. 182.
'Twixt, between; II. ii. 64.
Typhon = Typhorus, a fabulous giant, who attempted to dethrone Jove, but was defeated and imprisoned under Etna; I. iii. 160.

Unarm'd, when unarmed; I. iii. 235.
Uncomprehensive, incomprehensible, mysterious; III. iii. 198.
Undergo, undertake; III. ii. 81.
Under-honest, "too little honourable"; II. iii. 127.
Underwrite, submit to; II. iii. 131.
Ungracious, hateful; I. i. 92.
Unity; "if there be rule in u. itself," *i.e.* "If there be *certainty* in *unity,* if there be a rule that one is one" (Johnson); V. ii. 141.
Unknown; "u. Ajax," *i.e.* "having abilities which were never brought into view or use" (Johnson); III. iii. 125.
Unmingled (quadrisyllabic); I. iii. 30.
Unplausive, displeased (Quarto, "*unpaulsive*"); III. iii. 43.
Unrespective, used at random; II. ii. 71.
Unsquared, not shaped or adapted to the purpose (Quarto, "*unsquare*"); I. iii. 159.
Untraded, unhackneyed; IV. v. 178.
Unwholesome, un-appetizing; II. iii. 123.
Usage, treatment; IV. iv. 119.
Use, utility; "dear in use" = very useful; III. iii. 128.
Use to, make a practice; II. i. 51.

Vail, setting; V. viii. 7.
Valiantly, bravely, finely (used ironically); I. ii. 129.
Vantbrace, armour for the arm (Quarto, "*vambrace*"); I. iii. 297.



From a specimen in the Meyrick collection.

Varlet, servant to a knight; I. i. 1.

——, (?) = harlot (perhaps the old spellings show a blending of (1) varlet and (2) harlot; Quarto, Folios 1, 2, 3, "*varlot*"; Thirlby conj. "*harlot*"); V. i. 18.

Vassalage, vassals; III. ii. 38.

Vaunt, first beginning; Prol. 27.

Venomous, malignant; IV. ii. 12.

Vents, outlets; V. iii. 82.

Very, mere; III. iii. 126.

Villain, a term of endearment; III. ii. 33.

Vindicative, vindictive; IV. v. 107.

Vinewed'st, most mouldy (Quarto, "*vnsalted*"; Folios, "*whined'st*"; Theobald, "*unwinnow'd'st*"; etc); II. i. 15.

Violenteth, is violent, doth rage; IV. iv. 4.

Vizarded, covered with a mask or *vizor* = masked; I. iii. 83.

Voices, applause, applauding voices; I. iii. 382.

Voluntary = voluntarily; II. i. 99, 100, 101.

Waftage, passage; III. ii. 10.

Wails, bewails; IV. v. 289.

Wallet, knapsack; III. iii. 145.

Ward, guard (a term in fencing); "at what w.," in what posture of defence; I. ii. 280.

Ware, aware; IV. ii. 56.

Watched, a term in falconry; hawks were kept from sleeping = watched, to tame them; III. ii. 43.

Waterflies, used contemptuously, the emblem of vanity; V. i. 34.

Watery, watering, desiring; III. ii. 20.

Weather; "keeps the w.," has the advantage; = weather-gage (a nautical term); V. iii. 26.

Weeds, garments; III. iii. 239.

When that = when; I. iii. 81.

Where, so that; IV. iv. 33.

Whom, which; III. iii. 201.

Whosoever, let him be whosoever he will; I. ii. 199.

Without, externally, physically; III. iii. 97.

Works = work, what we have been able to accomplish (Singer conj. "*mocks*"; Collier MS., "*wrecks*"; Kinnear conj. "*wars*"); I. iii. 18.

Worth, worthy of; V. iii. 93.

Worthier = men worthier; II. iii. 128.

Wrest, instrument for tightening the strings of a harp (used here figuratively); III. iii. 23.

Yond, yonder; IV. v. 13.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Prol. 15. '*six-gated city*'; Theobald, '*six gates i' th' city.*'

Prol. 16. '*Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,*' so Folios; Theobald reads, '*Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian*'; Capell, '*Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan.*'

Prol. 17. '*Antenorides*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Antenonidus*'; Pope reads, '*Anteroridas.*'

Prol. 23. '*A prologue arm'd*'; *i.e.* clad in armour instead of in a black cloak, which was the usual garb of the speaker of the Prologue.

Prol. 28. '*Beginning in the middle*'; Theobald reads, ''*Ginning i' th' middle.*'

I. i. 31. '*So, traitor!—"When she comes!"—When is she thence?*'; Quarto, '*So traitor then she comes when she is thence*'; Folios, '*So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.*'

I. i. 37. '*a storm*'; Rowe's correction of Quarto, '*a scorne*'; Folios 1, 2, '*a-scorne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*a-scorn.*'

I. i. 45. '*praise her*'; so Quarto; Folios read, '*praise it.*'

I. i. 55. '*Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,*' etc.; Theobald, '*discourse—how white her hand*'; similar emendations have been proposed, but probably '*that her hand*' = 'that hand of hers.'

I. i. 78-79. '*as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday*'; *i.e.* as beautiful in her worst dress as Helen in her 'Sunday best.'

I. ii. 162. '*two and fifty*'; so Quarto, Folios; Theobald reads, '*one and fifty*'; '*hairs*'; Quarto reads, '*heires.*'

I. ii. 250. '*an eye*'; so Quarto; Folios read, '*money*'; Collier conj. '*one eye.*'

I. ii. 300. '*joy's soul lies in the doing,*' so Quarto, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 read, '*the soules joy lyes in dooing.*' Mason conj. '*dies*'; Seymour conj. '*lives,*' etc.

I. iii. 31. '*thy godlike*'; Theobald's emendation; Quarto, '*the godlike*'; Folios, '*thy godly*'; Pope, '*thy goodly.*'

I. iii. 54. '*Retorts*'; Dyce's emendation; Quarto, Folios read, '*Retires.*'

I. iii. 70-75. Omitted in Quarto.

I. iii. 73. '*Mastic*,' perhaps a corrupt form of *L. mastigia*, a rascal that ought to be whipped; later, a scourge; the more usual form of the word was 'mastix,' *cp.* '*Histriomastix*.'

I. iii. 92. '*ill aspects of planets evil*'; so Folios; Quarto, '*influence of euill Planets*.'

I. iii. 153. '*And, like a strutting player*.' *Cp.* the accompanying illustration, where Apollo as a quack doctor, and his assistant, are helping Charon, who is old and blind, to mount the steps of the stage.

From a Greek vase in the Hope collection.

I. iii. 220. '*Achilles*'; Johnson conj. '*Alcides*.'

I. iii. 238. '*And, Jove's accord*,' *i.e.* 'And, Jove granting or favouring'; various emendations have been proposed on the supposition that the passage is corrupt.

I. iii. 315, 354-356. Omitted in Quarto.

II. i. 30-32. '*When thou art . . . another*'; omitted in Folios.

II. i. 119. '*brooch*'; Rowe, '*brach*'; Malone conj. '*brock*.'

II. ii. 77. '*an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive*,' *i.e.* "Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breech of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax" (Malone).

II. ii. 110. '*Our firebrand brother, Paris*,' alluding to Hecuba's dream that she should be delivered of a burning torch.

II. ii. 166. '*Aristotle thought*'; Rowe and Pope proposed '*graver sages think*,' to save Shakespeare from the terrible anachronism. It has been pointed out that Aristotle speaks of political and not of moral philosophy; and, further, that Bacon makes the same mistake in his *Advancement of Learning*, Book II. (published 1605).

II. iii. 69. '*of the prover*,' the reading of Quarto; Folios read, '*to the Creator*'; Rowe (ed. 2), '*to thy creator*'; Capell, '*of thy creator*.'

II. iii. 82. '*He shent our*,' Theobald's emendation; Quarto reads, '*He sate our*'; Folios, '*He sent our*.'

II. iii. 108. '*The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy*.' "The popular opinion in the Middle Ages was that the elephant

had no flexibility of legs, that they were jointless, and that he rested and slept by leaning against a tree, which being adroitly cut down, left him at the mercy of his captors.

"The elephant so huge and strange to see,
No perill [illegible], but thought a sleepe to gaine.
But [illegible] had undermin'd the tree,
And downe he [illegible] and [illegible] by [illegible] slaine.

From Whitney's *Emblems*, 1586.

II. ii. 144. "Enter you," so Folios 1, Quarto reads, "[illegible]."
III. i. 111. The reading of Folios 1 [illegible] in Quarto.
III. ii. 70. "[illegible]," so Folio 3, Quarto, Folios 1, 2, "[illegible]", Folio 4, "[illegible]."

"Pride hath no other glass."

III. ii. 157. "[illegible]," Folios 1, 2, 3, "[illegible]" showed.

III. ii. 4. "through the sight I bear in things to love," i.e. "through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection." Johnson proposed "Jove" for "love," reading, "through the sight I bear in things to Jove I have abandoned," etc., but Jove favoured the Trojans. No very satisfactory explanation has been advanced.

III. iii. 30. "In most accepted pain," = trouble willingly undergone. Hammer suggested "pay" for "pain."

III. iii. 47, 48. "pride hath no other glass to show itself but pride." "The allusion seems borrowed

from the emblematic pictures of Pride, common to the Shakespearian era," one of which, from Kuchlein's illustrations of the festivities at Stuttgart in 1609, is here reproduced.

III. iii. 110. '*mirror'd*,' the reading of Singer MS. and Collier MS.; Quarto, Folios, '*married*'; Keightley, '*arrived*'; etc.

III. iii. 175. '*One touch of nature makes the whole world kin*,' *i.e.* one touch of human nature, one natural trait, shows the kinship of all mankind, viz. that they praise new-born gawds, and are always hankering after novelty.

III. iii. 194. '*one of Priam's daughters*'; *i.e.* 'Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom she was afterwards killed by Paris.'

III. iii. 303. '*the fiddler Apollo*.' In the mythological art of the Shakespearian era, the *lyre* is often replaced by a *fiddle* in the hands of Apollo as is illustrated in the accompanying cut, copied from a volume descriptive of the festivities held at Antwerp in 1582.

IV. ii. 73. '*secrets of nature*'; so Folios; Quarto, '*secrets of neighbor Pandar*'; Theobald, '*secret'st things of nature*'; Hanmer, '*secretest of natures*,' etc., etc.

'*The fiddler Apollo*.'

IV. iv. 4. '*violenteth in a sense as strong, As that which*'; so Quarto; Folios read, '*no lesse in . . . As that which*,' etc.; Pope, '*in its sense is no less strong, than that Which*.'

IV. iv. 75-78. The reading in the text is Staunton's; many emendations have been proposed, but this is generally accepted by modern editors.

IV. iv. 144-148; v. 165-170. Omitted in Quarto.

IV. v. 29. Omitted in Folios; the reading of Quarto; Collier MS. reads, '*And parted you by your same argument*.'

IV. v. 59. '*accosting*,' Theobald's conj.; Quarto, Folios, '*a coasting*'; Collier MS., '*occasion*'; etc.

IV. v. 142. '*Neoptolemus so mirable*'; Hanmer reads, '*Neoptolemus' sire so mirable*'; Warburton, '*Neoptolemus's sire irascible*'; Collier conj. '*Neoptolemus so admirable*,' etc.

V. i. 23-26. '*raw . . . tetter*,' the reading of Quarto; omitted in Folios, substituting '*and the like*.'

V. i. 58. '*hanging at his brother's leg*'; so Folios; Quarto reads, '*at his bare leg*.'

IV. ii. 75. '*Well said, whetstone.*' *Cp.* the subjoined illustrative drawing from an old book of emblems.

> '*The whettstone is a knave that all men know,*
> *Yet many on him doe much cost bestowe:*
> *Hee's us'd almost in every shoppe, but whye?*
> *An edge must needs be set on every lye.*'

IV. iii. 20-21. '*as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts*'; Tyrwhitt's conj.; Folios read, '*as lawfull: For we would count give much to as violent thefts.*'

V. iii. 112. The Folio here inserts:—

> "PAND. *Why, but heare you?*
> TROY. *Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame*
> *Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.*"
> *Cf.* Sc. x.

V. vii. 6. '*aims*'; so Capell; Quarto, Folio 2, '*armes*'; Folio 1, '*arme*'; Folios 3, 4, '*arms.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

PROLOGUE.

"This Prologue," says White, "is found only in the Folio; and Steevens conjectured, perhaps with reason, that it was not written by Shakespeare. Its style is not unlike Chapman's; and he was just the man to be called upon (perhaps by Shakespeare himself) to write it. May it not be his?"

1. *In Troy there lies the scene*:—Brandes remarks: "The last work which had lain ready on his [Shakespeare's] table was *Antony and Cleopatra.* He had there, for the second time, given his impression of the subversion of a world. There was a pendant to this war of the East (which was in reality waged for Cleopatra's sake), a war fought by all the countries of the Mediterranean for the possession of a loose woman; the most famous of all wars, the old Trojan war. Here was stuff for a tragi-comedy of right bitter sort. From childhood he, and every one else, had been filled with the fame and glory of this war. All its heroes were models of bravery, magnanimity, wisdom, friendship, and fidelity, as if such things existed! For the first time in his life he feels a desire to mock—to shout 'Bah!' straight out of his heart—to turn the wrong side out, the true side."

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Pandarus.*] It is Chaucer who first submits the character of Pandarus to an important change, and makes it the transition point of the Pandarus we find in Shakespeare. In his poem

Troilus's young friend has become the elderly kinsman of Creseyde, and he brings the young pair together, mostly out of looseness. It was not Chaucer's intention, as it was Shakespeare's, to make the old fellow odious. His *rôle* is not carried out with the cynical and repulsive lowness of Shakespeare's character. Chaucer endeavours to ward off any painful impression by making the shameless old rascal the wit of his poem. He did not achieve his object; his readers saw only the procurer in Pandarus, whose name became thenceforward a by-word in the English language, and it was as such that Shakespeare drew the character in downright, unmistakable disgust.

83. *to stay behind her father*:—Calchas, according to Caxton in *The Destruction of Troy,* was "a great learned bishop," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the result of the war. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying, Calcas, Calcas, beware thou returne not back againe to Troy, but goe thou with Achylles unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods." Chaucer's version of the story is much like this.

104. *Ilium* was properly the name of the city; but by Caxton it is thus described: "In the most open place of the cittie, upon a rock, the king Priamus did build his rich pallace, which was named Ilion: that was one of the richest pallaces and the strongest that ever was in all the world."

Scene II.

38 *et seq.* The long scene between Cressida and Pandarus is but an exhibition of the art of stimulating reluctance or hesitation, as she pertinaciously foils the pertinacious go-between in his recommendations of Troilus, only at last (291-293) to bespeak his services more certainly in bringing him to her:—

Pandarus. I will be with you, niece, by and by.
Cressida. To bring, uncle?
Pand. Ay, a token from Troilus.

The inspiration of Shakespeare is due here less to Chaucer than to Homer, and he has caught exactly the intention so often misunderstood, of the pert reply of Helen to the inviting Aphrodite on the Trojan walls.

197. *That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit*:—In the *Troy Book* of Lydgate, Antenor is thus described:—

> "Copious in words, and one that much time spent
> To jest, whenas he was in companie,
> So driely, that no man could it espie;
> And therewith held his countenance so well,
> That every man received great content
> To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
> When he was pleasant and in merriment:
> For though that he most commonly was sad,
> Yet in his speech some jest he always had."

292. *To bring*:—Of this Dyce says: "The expression, *to be with a person to bring*, is one of which I can more easily adduce examples than explain the exact meaning." As an instance in point, he quotes the following from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*: "And heere Ile have a fling at him, that's flat; and Balthazar, *Ile be with thee to bring*, and thee, Lorenzo." Also this from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:—

> *Lady*. You have been with my sister?
> *Wel*. Yes, *to bring*.
> *E. Love*. An heir into the world, he means.

Of course, Pandarus catches at the word *bring*, and construes it in the sense commonly understood.

Scene III.

49 *et seq. the tiger . . . sympathize*:—It was formerly said that in violent storms tigers were wont to rage and roar most furiously.

83-101. *Degree being vizarded*, etc.:—This may have been suggested by a magnificent strain of eloquence in the first book of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, 1594: "If nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should as it were through

a languishing faintness begin to stand and rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixtures, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief;—what would become of man himself, whom these things do all now serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?"

94, 95. *when the planets,* etc.:—The apparently irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about, as the etymology of their name demonstrates.

127-129. *this neglection,* etc.:—Of course, where each man strives to overtop or kick back his superiors, others will be moved to do the same by him, so that his way of climbing will result in a progress downwards; as men, by despising the law of their fathers, teach their children to despise them.

155. *wooden dialogue*:—"The epithet *wooden,*" as Clarke observes, "has admirable significance here; not only conveying to the ear the resounding tread of the *strutting player* on the boards, but bringing to our eye his puppet hardness and stiffness as well as the awkward stupidity of his look and action."

272. *this challenge*:—Steevens remarks upon the Poet's anachronism in putting this challenge in a style more suitable to Palmerin or Amadis than to Hector or Æneas. But is not the whole play a binding up of the characters and incidents of classic times with the manners and sentiments of Gothic chivalry? Shakespeare learned this from the romance writers, and from none more than from Chaucer, who, nevertheless, seems to have known that Greece was neither a Gothic nor a Christian nation. The *incident* of the challenge was most likely taken from Chapman's translation of Homer.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

[*Thersites.*] Recall the friendship, the brotherhood, existing between Achilles and Patroclus as drawn by Homer, and then

see what Shakespeare, under the influence of his own times, makes of it. "He causes Thersites," says Brandes, "to spit upon the connection, and by not allowing any one to protest, leaves us to suppose his version to be correct." Brandes attributes Shakespeare's picture of this "abomination" to his despondency at the time of writing, when he was "full of loathing for humanity."

13. *mongrel*:—Thersites calls Ajax *mongrel*, on account of his father being a Grecian and his mother a Trojan.

40. The misshapen head of Thersites is probably what is here alluded to.

125. [*Exit Thersites.*] For the character of Thersites Shakespeare probably took a general hint from Chapman; there being nothing of him in Chaucer, Caxton, or Lydgate. In Homer he is represented merely as a deformed jester:—

"Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out, of which his mind held more
Than it could manage: anything with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure
To touch no kings: t' oppose their states becomes not jesters parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troy's brave siege: he was squint-ey'd, and lame, of either foot;
So crook-back'd that he had no breast; sharp-headed, where did shoot
(Here and there sperst) thin mossy hair. He most of all envied
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide;
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement hates sustain,
(Being angry for Achilles' wrong,) he cried out, railing. . . ."

Scene II.

49. *reason and respect*:—Thus in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 274-277:—

"Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and *reason* wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage."

Caxton furnishes the following illustration of this passage: "Then arose upon his feet Troylus, the youngest son of king Pryamus, and began to speake in this manner: O noble men and hardie, how be ye abashed for the words of this cowardlie priest here! . . . If Helenus be affraid, let him goe into the Temple, and sing the divine service, and let the other take revenge of their injurious wrongs by strength and force of armes. . . . All they that heard Troylus thus speake allowed him, saying that he had verie well spoken. And thus they finished their parliament, and went to dinner."

Scene III.

Brandes, speaking of the ninth book of the *Iliad* and of its relation to this Scene, says: "This book is one of the few finished works of art which have been produced upon this earth. . . . Achilles' wrath, Nestor's experience, Odysseus' subtle tact, Phœnix's good-natured rambling, the wounded pride of the Hellenic emissaries, are all gathered together in the endeavour to induce Achilles to quit his tent. Contrast this with the burlesque attempt to provoke that cowardly snob and raw dunce of an Achilles out of his exclusiveness, by passing him by without returning his greeting or seeming conscious of his existence; this same Achilles, who falls upon Hector with his myrmidons and scoundrelly murders him, just as the hero, wearied by battle, has taken off his helmet and laid aside his sword. It reads like the invention of a mediæval barbarian. But Shakespeare is neither mediæval nor a barbarian. No, he has written it down out of a bitterness so deep that he has felt hero-worship, like love, to be an illusion of the senses. As the phantasy of first love is absurd, and Troilus's loyalty towards its object ridiculous, so is the honour of our forefathers and of war in general a delusion. Shakespeare now suspects the most assured reputations; he belives that if Achilles really lived at all, he was most probably a stupid and vainglorious boaster, just as Helen must have been a hussy by no means worthy of the turmoil which was made about her. As he distorted Achilles into an absurdity, so he wrenched all other personalities into caricatures. Gervinus has justly remarked that Shakespeare here acts very much as his Patroclus does when he mimics Agamemnon's loftiness and Nestor's weakness, for Achilles' delectation."

27, 28. a gilt counterfeit . . . slipped:—The quibble here is

clearly explained by the following passage quoted by Reed, from Greene's *Thieves falling out True Men come by their Goods*: "And therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips."

179. *He is so plaguy proud*:—*Plaguy* is constantly used in New England, and indeed throughout the Northern States, just as it is used here. Steevens (in 1773) branded it as vulgar, and would have excluded it from the text, regardless of its relations to the remainder of the sentence, which explains the origin of the phrase.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

12. *I hope I shall know your honour better*:—A quibble. He hopes Pandarus will become *a better man* than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had wished to grow better; and hence the servant affirms that he is in a state of *grace*.

135, 136. *I would fain*, etc.:—"This trait of Paris," says Verplanck, "painted as a man of spirit and ability, yet wasting important hours in submission to the whims of his mistress, oddly resembles the anecdotes, of which the English memoirs are full, of the habits of Charles II.; and to this the coincidence of the name, Nell, adds effect. It affords a proof of the general truth of the portrait, that the grandson of the monarch who reigned when this play was written should have thus, half a century afterwards, re-enacted the sauntering indolence of Paris."

Scene III.

Here again we trace the Poet's reading in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, Book i.:—

> "So when this Calcas knew by calculing,
> And eke by the answere of this god Apollo,
> That the Greekes should such a people bring,
> Thorow the which that Troy must be fordo,
> He cast anone out of the toune to go;
> For well he wist by sort, that Troie shoulde
> Destroyed be, ye would whoso or n'olde.

Wherefore he to departen softely
Tooke purpose full, this foreknowing wise,
And to the Greekes host full prively
He stale anone; and they in courteous wise
Did unto him both worship and servise
In trust that he hath cunning hem to rede
In every perill, which that was to drede.

Great rumour rose, whan it was first espied,
In all the toune, and openly was spoken,
That Calcas traitour fled was and alied
To hem of Greece; and cast was to be wroken
On him that falsely hath his faith broken,
And sayed, he and all his kinne atones
Were worthy to be brent, both fell and bones."

145 *et seq. Time hath, my lord, a wallet,* etc.:—Boaden remarks that the image here is from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:—

"But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

'Here in this bottle' (sayd the sorry Mayd)
'I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.'"

189, 190. *Made emulous missions,* etc.:—Alluding to the descent of the gods, as told of in Homer, to take part in the fight before Troy. Shakespeare probably followed Chapman: in the fifth book of the *Iliad* Diomed wounds Mars, who, on his return to Olympus, is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* alluded to.

200. *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles*:—In their *infancy,* before they can give themselves utterance; as men often act out their thoughts before they express them, and even before they are fully conscious of having them; some pre-existing impulse being in fact the seed of the thought.

214, 215. *Farewell . . . break*:—F. Halliwell-Phillips published, concerning these two lines, a miniature book, *The Fool and the Ice,* London, 1883. He explains that a whole little his-

tory lies behind this curious simile. When Lord Chandos's company played at Evesham, near Stratford (before 1600), a country fool there, Jack Miller by name, became so infatuated with their clown that he wanted to run away with them, and had, consequently, to be locked up. He saw from the window, however, that the company was preparing to depart, and springing out, sped, in spite of the danger, over forty yards of ice so thin that it would not bear a piece of brick which was laid upon it. (First told in a little book by the player Robert Arnim, afterwards one of Shakespeare's colleagues. It was published in 1603 under the title "Foole upon Foole, or Sixe Sortes of Sottes, by Colonnico del Mondo Snuffe," clown at the Globe Theatre.)

237. *To see us here unarm'd*:—So in Caxton: "The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greekes, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

7. *Good morrow, Lord Æneas*:—In the greeting of Æneas and Diomed—somewhat reminiscent of that of Glaucus and Diomed in Homer, we have a glimpse of a more genuine and moderated gallantry that gives the tone and scale of weaker or coarser variations. In this Scene Paris entertains with unruffled politeness and complacency the plain-spoken truth which Diomed bestows on the character of Helen.

23, 24. *by Anchises' life . . . Venus' hand*:—He swears first by the life of his father, and then by the hand of his mother.

Scene II.

60 *et seq.* Caxton tells this part of the story as follows: "Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Trojans, had a passing faire daughter and wise, named Briseyda—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cresida—for which

daughter he prayed to king Agamemnon and to the other princes, that they would require the king Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to king Priamus at the instance of Calcas; but the Trojans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthie to die, that had left his owne and and naturall lord, for to goe into the companie of his mortal enemies: yet at the petition and earnest desire of the Greekes, the king Priamus sent Briseyda to her father."

Scene III.

7-9. *And to his hand . . . own heart*:—"It is true," says Brandes, "that there is a chivalrous fine feeling and sensual tenderness in Troilus's love, which seems to foreshadow, as it were, that which some centuries later found such full expression in Keats. But the melancholy of Shakespeare's matured perception sets its iron tooth in everything at this period of his life, and he looks upon absorption in love as senseless and laughable. He shows us how blindly Troilus runs into the snare, giddy with happiness and uplifted to the heavens, and how the next moment he awakes from his intoxication, betrayed; but he shows it without sympathy, coldly. Therefore, the play never once arouses any true emotion."

Scene IV.

58. *be thou but true of heart*:—Knight thinks that Shakespeare's conception of the character of Cressida is altogether different from that of Chaucer, and that there is little in the scene before us to make us believe that Cressida will keep her vows. In the elder poet she manifests a loftiness of character which ought to have preserved her faith, but Shakespeare has made her consistent.

70. *Wear this sleeve*:—The custom of wearing a lady's sleeve or glove as a favour is thus referred to in the *Chronicles* of Hall: "One ware on his headpiece his lady's sleeve, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling." And in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*: "A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore," etc. Malone says that the sleeve which Troilus here gives Cressida may be an ornamented cuff, such perhaps as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt." She afterwards (V. ii. 66) gives it to Diomed.

Scene V.

55-57. *There's language*, etc.:—One would almost think that Shakespeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom: "Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce": that is, "They say nothing with their mouthes, they speake in their gaite, they speake with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies." This invective against a wanton, as well as the translation of it, is from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

120 *et seq.* The fine incident of this passage is thus narrated by Caxton: "As they were fighting, they spake and talked together, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt; and then Hector for courtesy embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired anything of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother's side. But the said Thelamon, that intended to nothing but his best advantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, he would for his sake, and at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Trojans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city."

142. By *Neoptolemus* Shakespeare must mean *Achilles*, though he was not so named. Finding that his son was Pyrrhus *Neoptolemus*, the Poet probably considered *Neoptolemus* as the *nomen gentilitium* or gentilitial name, and thought the father was likewise Achilles *Neoptolemus*. Or he may have been led into the error by some book of the time. From another passage (III. iii. 209) it is evident that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy: "But it must grieve young Pyrrhus *now at home*."

219, 220. *yonder walls*, etc.:—Caxton thus describes Priam's palace, which was named Ilion: "It was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, and so high that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, they raught up unto the heavens."

231-233. The incident of Achilles viewing Hector "limb by limb" is narrated in the twenty-second book of the *Iliad*. We subjoin Chapman's version of the passage, though Shakespeare probably had not seen it when he wrote this play:—

"His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prize
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear'd to him; and this was, where th' unequal winding bone
That joins the shoulders and the neck had place, and where there lay
The speeding way to death; and there his quick eye could display
The place it sought—even through those arms his friend Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him."

233. *Quoted* is observed, marked, noted.

261-265. Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he is afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day," says he, "have enough of Hector, if you have the *inclination*; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to be *at odds* with him, to contend with him."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

65. *but to be Menelaus!*—In Homer there is no hint of the modern ridicule of Menelaus; he is equally worthy, equally "beloved by the gods," and still the same mighty hero, if his wife has been abducted. But here, this eternal mockery of Menelaus as a deserted husband, these endless good and bad jests on his lot, mingled with barbaric laughter over Helen as unchaste! Thersites is made the mouthpiece of most of it. Shakespeare found his name in Ovid, and a description of his person in Homer.

Scene II.

66. *Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve*:—This is the sleeve that Troilus gave Cressida (IV. iv. 70), when she gave him a glove in return.

186. *wear a castle on thy head*:—That is, defend thy head with armour of more than common security. So in *The History of Prince Arthur*, 1634: "Do thy best, said Sir Gawaine; there-

fore hie thee fast, and wit thou well we shall soon come after, and breake the strongest *castle* that thou hast upon thy head." It appears that a kind of close helmet was called a *castle*; but the word is here clearly metaphorical. Heath explains that Troilus tells Diomed to shut his head up, if it were possible, in a castle, else his sword should reach it.

Scene III.

6. *My dreams,* etc.:—That is, my dreams of the night forebode ill to the day. The incident is thus related by Caxton: "Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed if Hector went that day to the battle he should be slaine. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping, said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying that she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore." Shakespeare was familiar, no doubt, with Chaucer's brief account in The Nonnes Preestes Tale:—

> "Lo, hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
> That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
> She dremed on the same night beforne
> How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
> If thilke day he went into bataille:
> She warned him, but it might not availle;
> He went forth for to fighten natheles,
> And was yslain anon of Achilles."

38. *a lion*:—The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons, not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct and pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

78. [*Exit Andromache.*] *The Destruction of Troy* continues the story thus: "In the morning Andromeda went to the king Priamus, and to the queene, and told them the verity of her vision, and prayed them with all her heart, that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle. It happened that the day was faire and clear, and the Trojans armed them, and Troylus issued first into the battle; after him Æneas. And the king Priamus sent to Hector, that he should keepe him well that day from

going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request; yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. At this instant came the queene Hecuba, and the queene Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace, and tooke his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the king Priamus came running anon, and tooke him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise would he be made to unarm him." This scene—the parting of Hector and Andromache—takes place in the sixth book of the *Iliad,* which some commentators believe to have been untranslated by Chapman when this play was written, and therefore unknown to Shakespeare.

Scene IV.

18. *to proclaim barbarism*:—To set up the authority of ignorance, and to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

30. According to the rules of chivalry, a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior; or, if challenged, might refuse combat.

Scene V.

1 *et seq.* Caxton gives the matter thus: "And of the partie of the Trojans came the king Ademon that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troylus tooke him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great companie of knights, and fought with Troylus at his coming, and smote him downe, and tooke his horse, and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troyluses horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."

14. *sagittary*:—Thus described in *The Destruction of Troy*: "A mervayllous beaste that was called Sagittayre, that behynde

the myddes was an horse, and to-fore a man. This beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen red as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe." Likewise in Lydgate:—

> "A wonder archer of sight mervaylous,
> Of form and shape in manner monstrous:
> For like mine auctour as I rehearse can,
> Fro the navel upward he was man,
> And lower down like a horse yshaped;
> And thilke part that after man was maked
> Of skin was black and rough as any beare,
> Covered with hair fro cold him for to weare.
> Passing foul and horrible of sight,
> Whose eyes twain were sparkling as bright
> As is a furnace with his red leven,
> Or the lightning that falleth fro the heven;
> Dredeful of looke, and red as fire of cheer,
> And, as I rede, he was a good archer;
> And with his bow both at even and morow
> Upon the Grekes he wrought much sorrow."

20. So in Caxton's *History*: "Then, when Hector was richly arraied, and armed with good harnesse and sure, he mounted upon his horse named *Galathe,* that was one of the most great and strongest horses of the world."

Scene VIII.

1. *Most putrefied core*:—This is the "one in sumptuous armour," at the close of Scene vi. The incident was taken from *The Destruction of Troy.*

10. "The heroic greatness of Achilles is mere semblance," says Ulrici; "it is only by a treacherous attack that—with the aid of his Myrmidons—he succeeds in killing Hector, who was resting and unarmed."

22. The Poet applies to Hector a part of what the *History* relates of Troilus, as appears by the following: "Afore that Achilles entered into the battle, he assembled his Myrmidons, and prayed them that they would intend to none other thing but to inclose Troylus, and to hold him without flying till he came. And they promised him that they so would. And he thronged

into the battle. And on the other side came Troylus, that began to flee and beat down all them that he caught, and did so much that about mid-day he put the Greeks to flight. Then the Myrmidons, that were about two thousand fighting men, thrust in among the Trojans, and recovered the field. And as they held them together, and sought no man but Troylus, they found him, and he fought strongly and was inclosed on all parts; but he slew and wounded many. And as he was all alone among them, and had no man to help him, they slew his horse, and hurt him in many places, and plucked off his head helm, and his coif of iron; and he defended him in the best manner he could. Then came on Achilles, when he saw Troylus all naked, and ran upon him in a rage, and smote off his head, and took the body and bound it to the tail of his horse, and so drew it after him throughout the host."

Scene IX.

10. *Great Troy is ours*:—"In the play, as so frequently in life," says Lloyd, "the honours of success fall to the share of those who deserved it, but in a mode they neither expected nor influenced. The purposes of Agamemnon, Ulysses, and Nestor, have been sustained throughout and well pursued, and though as Thersites says, their policy promises little fruit from circumstances running cross, others arise that give full compensation. The trifling that they strove against brings on consequences that aid them shrewdly. Achilles is roused by the death of Patroclus and slaughter of his Myrmidons, Ajax also suffers for his absence, and is also roused by the loss of a friend. This is the same motive that gives the last force to the single-thoughted resolution of Troilus, and thus the play appropriately ends when on either side the levities and frivolousnesses that had drawn out to ten years' length the desultory and harassing war, are finally disposed of, and the decisive contest and crash of fully collected and determined powers is at last prepared for."

Scene X.

34. [*Exit Troilus.*] In the twenty-fourth book of the *Iliad* Homer makes his solitary mention of Troilus as a son whom Priam had lost before the opening of the poem. The old king says:—

"O me, accursed man,

All my good sons are gone, my light the shades Cimmerian
Have swallowed from me. I have lost Mestor, surnamed the Fair,
Troilus, that ready knight at arms, that made his field repair
Ever so prompt and joyfully."

This is all the great old-world poet says of the king's son, whose fame in the Middle Ages outshone Hector's own. This brief mention of an early death stirred the imagination and set fancy at work. The cyclic poets expanded the hint and developed Troilus into a handsome youth who fell by Achilles' lance. It had become the custom under imperial Rome to derive the empire from the Trojans, and the theory gave birth to many fabrications, professing to emanate from eye-witnesses of the war.

Questions on
Troilus and Cressida.

1. What difficulties are experienced in assigning the date of this play? What conjectures are advanced as to the possibility of different parts being written at different times?

2. What are the probable sources from which materials for the play were taken?

PROLOGUE.

3. What epithet is applied in the second line to the princes of Greece?

4. At what stage of the Trojan war does the action begin?

ACT FIRST.

5. What traits as a lover does Troilus display?

6. What is Troilus's comment on the war? How is the war and its cause thrown up thus early as a background for the love-story? What key for the play is struck in Sc. i.?

7. What description is given of Ajax in Sc. ii.? With what Trojan warrior is he brought into comparison?

8. What is the purpose of the long dialogue in Sc. ii. as concerns Cressida; as concerns Pandarus; as concerns the plot? How does it serve in helping to create the enveloping atmosphere?

9. What is Cressida's attitude during the passing of the Trojan warriors? Does one guess her secret before she reveals herself at the end of Sc. ii.? What type of character does she represent?

10. In Sc. iii. what state of affairs at the end of the seventh year of the war does Agamemnon describe? To what does he assign the cause?

11. How does Nestor describe the situation? Does he attempt

to fathom a cause? Is his speech *mere oratory* and in accordance with his historic reputation?

12. Account for the temper of lines 70-74.

13. How does Ulysses solve the situation? What remedy does he propose? What picture of disorganization does he draw? What does he say of Ajax; of Thersites?

14. Should Agamemnon not have been known personally to Æneas at the end of seven years' fighting?

15. What challenge is brought from Hector? To what motive does the challenge appeal? Who penetrates its real significance?

16. What method of treating the challenge does Ulysses advise?

17. Does the first Act establish a *motif* for the action?

ACT SECOND.

18. How is Thersites introduced? Has the key to his character been already given? What is the quality of his wit?

19. What has embittered him, or is he a born railer? Does any one escape his vituperation?

20. What had been the effect of Thersites's gibes had Ajax or Achilles or Patroclus been worthier men? What new facts do we learn concerning these heroes? Does Sc. i. advance the plot any?

21. Indicate the personal touch with which Achilles quits the scene.

22. To what preceding part of the play does Sc. ii. form a contrast? How is the contrast carried out as to characters?

23. What demand is sent to the Trojans concerning Helen?

24. What is Hector's advice? How is he answered by Troilus? Whose argument is the stronger?

25. What is the dramatic purpose of the warning of Cassandra? Does the argument take on a higher moral tone after her entrance?

26. What reason does Paris allege for keeping Helen?

27. Why does Shakespeare make Hector touch the high moral of the problem with illuminating vision and then calmly yield to the lower motives of the others?

28. What is effected by making the soliloquies of Thersites in Sc. iii. take on the form of prayers?

29. Is there an abatement of power in presenting the succeeding dialogue which suggests Thersites as the court fool?

30. Who make up the deputation that calls upon Achilles? How does he receive them?

31. What is effected by the depreciations uttered in asides against Ajax?

ACT THIRD.

32. What anachronisms does the dialogue between the Servant and Pandarus contain?

33. In what aspect does this Scene present Paris? Why was he not in the field?

34. What is the errand on which Pandarus comes to him?

35. In Sc. ii. is there shown a temper peculiar to the classic world and different from, let us say, the mediæval Italy of *Romeo and Juliet*?

36. Between the Nurse of the play just named and Pandarus is there anything to choose?

37. How do the characters of this Scene bequeath their names to representatives of their class?

38. Who was Calchas? What services did he do the Greeks and what reward did he ask?

39. Among the Trojans what office did Antenor hold?

40. What was the purpose of the disrespect offered by the generals to Achilles?

41. What does Ulysses say as to the way a man comes to know himself? How does he apply this to Ajax?

42. In what way does he bring the argument around to apply to the case of Achilles? What was Achilles' motive in keeping out of the conflict?

43. What is the purpose of the satirical account of Ajax that Thersites furnishes?

ACT FOURTH.

44. Indicate the nature of the greetings between Diomedes and Æneas.

45. What is effected through juxtaposition by the discussion between Diomedes and Paris concerning Helen?

46. Does Paris err on the side of courtesy or weakness in receiving the plain speech of Diomedes?

47. Who brings to Cressida (Sc. ii.) the news of Priam's mandate to convey her to the Grecian camp?

48. What does she say in response to it? What does Troilus say in Sc. iii. about the sacrifice he is about to make?

49. How does Cressida (Sc. iv.) receive the pleadings of Troilus that she be true? Does she ever promise anything?

50. What gave Diomedes assurance to make the speech that Troilus resents as discourteous usage? Where does the attention briefly turn at the close of the Scene? With war as a background for love, in what relations are they frequently emphasized?

51. In Sc. v. how does Ulysses answer the bombast of Ajax? How does Ulysses show himself the observer of men?

52. In what manner does Cressida bear herself in the Grecian camp? How does Ulysses comment upon her?

53. What was Ajax's origin? What account of Troilus is given by Ulysses, and what dramatic end does it serve in this place?

54. What follows after the trial between Ajax and Hector? What kind of courtesies are exchanged? What passes between Hector and Achilles?

55. What combat is set for the following day? Does anything in modern warfare resemble the scene of the Grecian's entertainment of Hector and Troilus?

ACT FIFTH.

56. Of whom does Achilles speak at the opening of the Act?

57. What inspires Thersites to such habitual venomous speech? What measure of truth is there usually in his words?

58. Sc. i. is transitional in what respects?

59. What contrasts are there between the scene between Cressida and Diomedes and the earlier one between Cressida and Troilus?

60. What motive, do you think, had Ulysses for conducting Troilus to the scene of his disillusion?

61. How does this Scene affect Troilus's whole philosophy of life?

62. Why does Ulysses forbear to argue with him now? What is insinuated by the question of Ulysses in Sc. ii., line 133?

63. What would doubtless be the reflection of Ulysses upon a scene like this?

64. What does Troilus resolve to do?

65. Who urge Hector not to go out to battle? What attribute does Troilus give him?

66. What effect is produced by the scene of waiting and high-wrought passion on the eve of Hector's departure?

67. How does Cressida end her life dramatically?

68. Is detestation of Thersites increased by Hector's allowing him to live?

69. What brings Achilles finally into the battle?

70. What are the fortunes of battle before the encounter of Achilles and Hector? What is the significance of the *one in sumptuous armour*?

71. What advantage does Achilles take over Hector?

72. How does Troilus quit the scene? What effect is produced by bringing forward Pandarus as the epilogue to the play?

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73. Does this play seem defective in informing purpose? Is it a tragedy? If so, why does the dramatist allow the hero and heroine to live on after the end of the play?

74. What elements of the story vary from the Homeric narrative?

75. Is Troilus a tragic figure? Does he draw upon the sympathies as strongly as Romeo? How is he differentiated from the latter?

76. What type of character does Shakespeare draw in Cressida? Does he ever allow any mitigating touches in relation to her? Does he allow her any charm such as he gave to Cleopatra? How would the question of such an endowment be affected by the difference between Antony and Troilus?

77. Is Thersites a character of nature? What are his components? Is he a poetical figure like Caliban?

78. In what does he resemble the chorus?

79. Is the Achilles of this play true to Homeric traditions? How do you estimate his character?

80. What resemblance is there between Ulysses and the *Duke of dark corners* in *Measure for Measure*?

81. Construct the dramatist's philosophy of life as revealed in this play.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Preface.

The Early Editions. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* was first published, in quarto, in 1609, with the following title-page:—

"THE LATE,| And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banckside. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson,* and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Paternoster row, &c. | 1609. | " *

A second quarto appeared in the same year; a third in 1611; a fourth in 1619; a fifth in 1630; a sixth in 1635.

These quarto editions are sufficient evidence for the popularity of the play; its omission from the First and Second Folios is all the more significant: it was reprinted, however, from the Sixth Quarto, in the Folios of 1664 and 1685, which included "seven plays never before printed in Folio," viz.: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The Tragedy of Locrine.*

* This Quarto and the Second have been reproduced in facsimile in Dr. Furnivall's Quarto-Series.

The Authenticity of the Play. In dealing with the authorship of *Pericles* two facts must be borne in mind:—(i.) the verdict of the Editors of the First Folio in rejecting it from their volume: (ii.) the early allusions and early traditions which associate the play with Shakespeare's name; thus, in 1646, S. Shepherd wrote:—

> *"with Sophocles we may*
> *Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes*
> *Never like him his Fancy could display,*
> *Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles."*

The writer of these lines must have been voicing the opinion of many enthusiastic spectators of "the much-admired play"; J. Tatham, however, uttered the views of the more critical faction, when in 1652 he quoted this censure:—

> *"Shakespeare, the Plebeian driller, was*
> *Foundered in's Pericles, and must not pass."*

"*Pericles*" indeed seems to have become almost proverbial for a bad play successful in hitting the tastes of the masses.

> *"And if it prove so happy as to please,*
> *We'll say 'tis fortunate like Pericles"*;

so wrote Robert Tailor, in the Prologue to "*The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*"

Ben Jonson in his Ode "*Come leaue the loathed stage*" (1629-30), singled out for special scorn

> *"some mouldy tale*
> *Like Pericles"*;

while Owen Feltham reminded him frankly that certain portions of his own "*New Inn*"

> *"throw a stain*
> *Through all the unlikely plot, and do displease*
> *As deep as Pericles."*

It must be observed that there is no reference in these latter quotations to Shakespeare's alleged authorship. Subsequently, Dryden accepted the play, while Pope rejected it, and the early editors down to the time of Malone followed his example; since the time of Steevens it has been included in the Canon, its doubtful character, however, being generally recognised. "I must acquit," wrote Steevens in opposition to Malone's views, "even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials." Happily modern criticism corroborates the judgment of the First Editors, condemns a great part of *Pericles* as altogether un-Shakespearian, and relieves the Poet of all the offensive and loathsome scenes of "the mouldy tale." Shakespeare's hand cannot be traced in the first two Acts, nor in the coarse portions of Act IV., viz. Scenes ii., v., and vi., his work is "the strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of Marina," and is to be found in the last three acts of the play. Mr. Fleay has extracted the precious metal from the alloy, and the result is a charming Shakespearian Romance*—"a kind of prologue" to the glorious group of "Romances" belonging to the close of his literary career (*vide* Prefaces to *Cymbeline*, *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*).

Date of Composition. The date inferred from the connection of the "Marina portion" of *Pericles* with the last plays of Shakespeare is borne out by external evidence, as well as by more minute internal considerations. The title-page of the first edition, the reference to it as "a new play" in a metrical pamphlet entitled *Pimlyco* published in 1609, the publication in 1608 of a novel based upon it "as lately represented," all point to *circa* 1607-8 as the date of Shakespeare's part: this view is strongly con-

* Published by the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874.

firmed by metrical tests which make it contemporary with "*Antony and Cleopatra.*"

No scholar would now venture to support Dryden's statement in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe,* 1675:—

> "*Shakespeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore,*
> *The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor;*
> *'Tis miracle to see a first good play;*
> *All Hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.*"

George Wilkins and Pericles. It is possible to differentiate no less than three styles in the play of *Pericles.* Shakespeare's share has already been assigned to him: in all probability Act IV. Sc. v. and vi. are not by the author of the first two Acts and the short line chorus. The author of the latter portion was certainly George Wilkins, who in 1608 brought out a novel, "being the true history of the play, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower"; he lays claim to the play as 'poor infant of his brain,' and his claim is justifiable (*vide* Delius, *Preface to Pericles,* and especially Mr. Fleay's valuable essay on "Pericles," read before the *New Shakespeare Society,* 1874).

The third author may have been W. Rowley, who was joined with Wilkins and John Day in writing "*The Travels of the three English Brothers,*" etc.; this point is, however, a matter of conjecture, and the evidence is not altogether convincing.

Sources of the Plot. The direct sources of *Pericles* were Laurence Twine's *Patterne of Painefull Adventures,* published in 1576, and Gower's collection of metrical tales called "*Confessio Amantis*"; both these works were consulted for the famous story of *Apollonius of Tyre.* Gower was indebted for his tale to Godfrey of Viterbo's *Pantheon,* a Latin work of the 12th century; Twine probably reprinted an earlier 16th century version, derived from a French source. The story was among the most widespread stories of the Middle Ages; its original was

probably in Greek; the earliest allusion to the Latin version belongs to the middle of the 8th century. A West-Saxon translation was made in the 11th century (*cp.* Ward's *Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum;* P. Z. Round's *Preface to Quarto Facsimile;* Dunlop's *History of Fiction;* Prof. A. H. Smyth's *Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre,* etc.).

The name "*Pericles*" in place of "*Apollonius*" may have been derived from Sidney's *Arcadia.*

Duration of Action. The action of the play covers a period of from fifteen to sixteen years, of which fourteen days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the Choruses:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval. Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iv. *Interval, 2nd Chorus. Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i. *Day* 5, Act II. Sc. ii., iii., iv. *Day* 6, Act II. Sc. v. *Interval, 3rd Chorus. Day* 7, Act III. Sc. i. *Day* 8, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 9, Act III. Sc. iii., iv. *Interval,* 14 *years, 4th Chorus. Day* 10, Act IV. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 11, Act IV. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval, 5th Chorus* (Act IV. Sc. iv.). *Day* 12, Act IV. Sc. v., vi. *Interval, 6th Chorus. Day* 13, Act V. Sc. i. *Interval, 7th Chorus* (Act V. Sc. ii.). *Day* 14, Act V. Sc. iii. (*cp.* Daniel's "*Time-Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays*").

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Antiochus, King of Antioch, in order to keep his daughter unmarried, for a shameful purpose, subjects to the penalty of death all her suitors who do not succeed in solving a certain riddle. After many have perished in the endeavour to win the beautiful but wicked princess, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, expounds the riddle, which carries with it the story of Antiochus's sin. To prevent the divulging of the secret, the monarch seeks to have Pericles put to death. The latter flees to his own kingdom, and being unable to make head against Antiochus's wrath, soon continues his flight into other lands. He touches at Tarsus, where his provisioned ships bring relief to that famine-stricken city.

II. Pericles is afterwards driven by a storm on the shore of Pentapolis, and suffers a shipwreck, which he alone survives. Hearing that Simonides, the king of the country, is giving a tournament in honour of his daughter Thaisa, he goes to the court, engages in the exercises and creates so favourable an impression that though he is poor and unknown, the princess chooses him for her husband, and the king ratifies the nuptials.

III. Several months later, word reaches Pericles that his ancient enemy Antiochus is dead; also that his presence is needed to maintain his crown at Tyre. He reveals his identity to his wife and royal father-in-law, and embarks with Thaisa for his own country. A storm arises,

and in the height of its fury Thaisa is delivered of a daughter, who is named Marina because she was born at sea. The mother swoons and is supposed to be dead. The sailors insist that she be speedily cast into the sea in accordance with their superstition that this alone would allay the tempest. She is therefore placed in a box by her grief-stricken husband and consigned to the deep. The box is cast ashore at Ephesus, where those who open it find the lady still alive. Upon recovering strength she becomes a priestess of Diana. Meanwhile Pericles entrusts the infant Marina to Cleon, the governor of Tarsus and his wife, to be reared by them, and then the Prince proceeds on his way to Tyre.

IV. For fourteen years Marina lives with her guardians at Tarsus, developing into a maiden whose beauty and accomplishments overshadow those of their own daughter. Cleon's jealous wife endeavours to have Marina murdered, but she is seized by pirates and conveyed to Mytilene. Here she falls into evil hands, but succeeds in preserving her innocence. In the meantime Pericles visits Tarsus and is given to understand that his daughter is dead.

V. Overcome with sorrow at the loss of both wife and daughter, Pericles sets sail again for Tyre, but is driven before the winds to Mytilene, where Lysimachus, the governor, pays him a visit on shipboard, but finds him unresponsive and listless. To cheer him, the governor sends for Marina, who had become noted for singing and dancing. She is recognized by her delighted father; and the cup of his happiness is filled to the brim when, shortly afterwards, while on a pilgrimage to Diana's shrine at Ephesus, he is reunited to his long-lost wife Thaisa. He gives his daughter's hand to Lysimachus; while the false Cleon and his wife perish at the hands of incensed citizens of Tarsus.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Marina.

Marina, in Shakespeare's hands, is a glorified being, who is scarcely grown up before her charm and rare qualities rouse envy and hatred. We first see her strewing flowers on a grave, and immediately after this we listen to her attempt to disarm the man who has undertaken to murder her. She proves herself as innocent as the Queen Dagmar of the ancient ballad. She "never spake bad word nor did ill turn to any living creature." She never killed a mouse or hurt a fly; once she trod upon a worm against her will and wept for it. No human creature could be cast in gentler mould, and truth and nobility unite with this mildness to shed, as it were, a halo round her.

When, after rebuffing and rejecting her, Pericles has gradually softened towards Marina, he asks her where she was born and who provided the rich raiment she is wearing. She replies that if she were to tell the story of her life none would believe her, and she prefers to remain silent. Pericles urges her:—

> "Prithee, speak:
> Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
> Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
> For the crowned Truth to dwell in; I will believe thee.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Tell thy story;
> If thine considered prove the thousandth part
> Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
> Have suffered like a girl: yet thou dost look
> Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
> Extremity out of act."

All this rich imagery brings Marina before us with the nobility of character which is so fitly expressed in her outward seeming. It is Pericles himself who feels like a buried prince, and it is he who has need of her patient

sympathy, that the violence of his grief may be softened by her smile. It is all very dramatically effective. The old Greek tragedies frequently relied on these scenes of recovery and recognition, and they never failed to produce their effect. The dialogue here is softly subdued, it is no painting in strong burning colours that we are shown, but a delicately blended pastel. In order to gain an insight into Shakespeare's humour at the time *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* were written, the reader was asked to think of a day on which he felt especially well and strong and sensible that all his bodily organs were in a healthy condition—one of those days in which there is a festive feeling in the sunshine, a gentle caress in the air.

To enter into his mood in a similar manner now you would need to recall some day of convalescence, when health is just returning after a long and severe illness. You are still so weak that you shrink from any exertion, and, though no longer ill, you are as yet far from being well; your walk is unsteady, and the grasp of your hand is weak. But the senses are keener than usual, and in little much is seen; one gleam of sunshine in the room has more power to cheer and enliven than a whole landscape bathed in sunshine at another time. The twitter of a bird in the garden, just a few chirps, has more meaning than a whole chorus of nightingales by moonlight at other moments. A single pink in a glass gives as much pleasure as a whole conservatory of exotic plants. You are grateful for a trifle, touched by friendliness, and easily moved to admiration. He who has but just returned to life has an appreciative spirit.

As Shakespeare, with the greater susceptibility of genius, was more keenly alive to the joyousness of youth, so more intensely than others he felt the quiet, half-sad pleasures of convalescence.

Wishing to accentuate the sublime innocence of Marina's nature, he submits it to the grimmest test, and gives it the blackest foil one could well imagine. The gently nurtured girl is sold by pirates to a brothel, and the de-

lineation of the inmates of the house, and Marina's bearing towards them and their customers, occupies the greater part of the fourth act.

As we have already said, we can see no reason why Fleay should reject these scenes as non-Shakespearian. When this critic (whose reputation has suffered by his arbitrariness and inconsistency) does not venture to ascribe them to Wilkins, and yet will not admit them to be Shakespeare's, he is in reality pandering to the narrow-mindedness of the clergyman, who insists that any art which is to be recognised shall only be allowed to overstep the bounds of propriety in a humorously jocose manner. These scenes, so bluntly true to nature in the vile picture they set before us, are limned in just that Caravaggio colouring which distinguished Shakespeare's work during the period which is now about to close. Marina's utterances, the best he has put into her mouth, are animated by a sublimity which recalls Jesus' answers to his persecutors. Finally, the whole *personnel* is exactly that of *Measure for Measure*, whose genuineness no one has ever disputed. There is also an occasional resemblance of situation. Isabella, in her robes of spotless purity, offers precisely the same contrast to the world of pimps and panders who riot through the play that Marina does here to the woman of the brothel and her servants.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Pericles.

Not alone our desires, but somewhat also of our experience, is gratified when justice that is poetic, but not therefore utterly unreal, is fulfilled in the fate of Pericles. His original difficulties spring from his suit to the daughter of Antiochus, a suit unblessed by any better passion than deceptive beauty stimulates, and the politic desire to furnish his realm with an heir. His error, for by the standard

of Shakespeare's moral feeling so it must stand, is recognized soon, but not so as to evade all its consequences; hence his exile and wanderings and vicissitudes; prudence and noble sensibility, and patience when fortune admits no better, help and preserve him, and weariness and melancholy are roused at last to renewed enjoyment of affection and prosperity.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Shakespeare's Share in this Drama.

With all the extraordinary power of single scenes, the "Marina" has not, as it stands, any more than the *Pericles* story as a whole, the dramatic substance, the backbone, of Shakespeare's most "romantic" plots. It is like *The Winter's Tale* divested of the tragedy of Hermione. The most critical moment of Marina's career, that in which she turns the governor of Mytilene from his evil purpose, can hardly have appealed to Shakespeare, with its Spenserian breadth and simplicity, as proper for the central situation of a drama. And the earlier crisis, in which Dionyza plots her death, is treated with a marked subordination of dramatic to epic effect. We are hardly made aware of Dionyza's jealousy, when we find her putting the last touches to the murderer's instructions:—

> Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
> 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known (IV. i. 1, 2).

And the raptures of the final reunion are made poignant by no mingling of remorse. Blameless sufferers embrace, but no Leontes, no Alonso, no Iachimo, Posthumus, or Cymbeline looks on. The real criminals are in the conclusion simply ignored. Neither the vengeance which Pericles proposed to inflict, nor the "nobler virtue" of pardon which his later counterparts bestow, gives dramatic significance to their fate; but they fall by a popular

uprising, and this last act of their story is huddled away in an Epilogue. The so-called "Marina" is an assemblage of striking parallels to the Romances, but is not, as a whole, a parallel.

And a great part even of the "Marina" itself is only intermittently of clear Shakespearean quality. It would be rash to say that the Mytilene-scenes in the fourth Act are too repulsive for him to have written; certainly the loathsome figures of Boult and his crew are drawn with a drastic vigour of which there is hardly a trace in the first two acts. But powerful realism of this kind was within the compass of many a Jacobean dramatist, when he could draw direct from the low life of daily experience. It is where his common experience fails him, that the common dramatist betrays himself. Certainly such phenomena as the conversion of Lysimachus and Boult must have been as startling in London as in Ephesus; and it is at this point that the writer of the Mytilene-scenes discloses his psychological ineptitude. We may perhaps recognize Shakespeare in Marina's virginal protest, but its instantaneous effect upon hardened men must be attributed to a hand less subtle or more perfunctory than his. Similarly, the majority of the "choruses" in Acts IV. and V., while differing in measure and in style from those of I. and II., show only here and there a Shakespearean touch. The Gower of I. and II. speaks in rude octosyllabic verse like his own, sprinkled with antique forms. In IV. and V. he archaises no more and cultivates the five-foot measure, the ornate phrase, and the interwoven rhymes of the Elizabethan sonneteer. And the opening "chorus" of Act V., otherwise clumsy enough, contains, in its description of Marina's dainty feminine craft, a little vignette full of Shakespearean flavour.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

What was more natural than that young Shakspeare, in his first dramatic attempts, should have followed the method of the best models of his day, and worked in their

style? In the present case, it was obviously R. Greene's style that he imitated. Like all the plays of this writer, *Pericles* also is not so much a drama as a dramatised narrative; in language, composition, and characterisation, it is thoroughly epic in colouring, and therefore, generally speaking, it is clogged with the same faults as are met with in Greene. And yet Shakspeare surpasses, and doubtless even in his original form, surpassed, his model in many respects. The characters, although wanting in roundness, and more sketches than fully-coloured figures, are nevertheless more powerfully delineated and reveal more of their inner life than those of Greene's best pieces. The composition, also, although externally thoroughly epic, is nevertheless internally held together by the thread of one thought. All the principal parts of the play reflect, either directly or indirectly (by contrast), the same view of life as spent in the search after, and in the acquisition, the loss and the recovery of its highest gift—pure, genuine love. The fault of the play is that it is more epic than dramatic, for which reason the action, in place of being condensed, hangs loosely together and is flat and diffuse. Even the language and versification, in so far as their original colouring can be conjectured, show, I think, some resemblance to R. Greene's style, except that naturally, in this respect also, Greene was probably as much surpassed in his own style by the superior poetical genius of Shakspeare, as Marlowe was surpassed by *Titus Adronicus*, which was composed after his fashion. But, in my opinion, it is more especially the comic parts (for instance, the scenes among the fishermen, and between Boult and his mistress, etc.) that show such great resemblance to passages in *The Comedy of Errors*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Henry VI.* (Jack Cade, etc.), and *Romeo and Juliet* (the disputes of the servants), that not only do they quite eclipse all the comic parts in Greene's dramas, but must necessarily have been written by Shakspeare, and moreover by Shakspeare as a young, not as an older man.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

The drama as a whole is singularly undramatic. It entirely lacks unity of action, and the prominent figures of the opening scenes quickly drop out of the play. A main part of the story is briefly told in rhymed verse by the presenter, Gower, or is set forth in dumb show. But Shakspere's part is one and indivisible. It opens on shipboard with a tempest, and in Shakspere's later play of storm and wreck he has not attempted to rival the earlier treatment of the subject. "No poetry of shipwreck and the sea," a living poet writes, "has ever equalled the great scene of *Pericles*; no such note of music was ever struck out of the clash and contention of tempestuous elements." Milton, when writing *Lycidas* the elegy upon his drowned friend, remembered this scene, and one line in particular: "And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse." To this rage of storm succeeds the hush of Cerimon's studious chamber, in which the wife of Pericles, tossed ashore by the waves, wakens wonderingly from her trance to the sound of melancholy music. Cerimon, who is master of the secrets of nature, who is liberal in his "learned charity," who held it ever

> "Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
> Than nobleness and riches,"

is like a first study for Prospero. In the fourth act, Marina, so named from her birth at sea, has grown to the age of fourteen years, and is, as it were, a sister of Miranda and Perdita (note in each case the significant name). She, like Perdita, is a child lost by her parents, and, like Perdita, we see her flower-like with her flowers—only these flowers of Marina are not for a merrymaking, but a grave. The melancholy of Pericles is a clear-obscure of sadness, not a gloom of cloudy remorse like that of Leontes. His meeting with his lost Marina is like an anticipation of the scene in which Cymbeline recovers his sons and daughter.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere Primer.*

The play consists of verse scenes, prose scenes, and the Gower chorus. Considering at present only the first of these three parts, we shall find so marked a difference between the first two, and last three, acts, as to render it astonishing that they could ever have been supposed to be the work of one author.

COMPARATIVE TABLE.

	Acts I., II.	Acts III., IV., V.
Total No. of lines	835	827
No. of rhyme lines	195	14
No. of double endings	72	106
No. of Alexandrines	5	13
No. of short lines	71	98
No. of rhymes not dialogue	8	16

The differences in the other items are striking, and of themselves conclusive; but the difference of the numbers of rhymes, the proportion being 14 in the one part to 1 in the other, is such as the most careless critic ought to have long since noticed. With regard to this main question, then, there can be no doubt: the three last acts alone can be Shakespeare's; the other part is by some one of a very different school. But we have minor questions of some interest to settle. The first of these is, Who wrote the scenes in the brothel, Act IV. Sc. ii. v. vi.? I say decidedly, not Shakespeare; for these reasons: These scenes are totally unlike Shakespeare's in feeling on such matters. He would not have indulged in the morbid anatomy of such loathsome characters; he would have covered the ulcerous sores with a film of humour, if it were a necessary part of his moral surgery to treat them at all; and, above all, he would not have married Marina to a man whose acquaintance she had first made in a public brothel, to which *his* motives of resort were not recommendatory, however involuntary *her* sojourn there may have been. A still stronger argument is the omission of any allusion in the after-scenes to these three. In one place, indeed, there seems to be a contradiction of them.

The after-account of Marina, which is amply sufficient without the prose scenes for dramatic purposes, is given thus:—

> "We haue a *maid* in Metiline . . .
> She *with her fellow maides* [is] now upon
> The leauie shelter that abutts against
> The Islands side."—Act V. Sc. i.

I cannot reconcile this with—

> "Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sowe, and dance,
> And [I] will undertake all these to teach."—Act IV. Sc. vi.

nor with—

> "Pupils lacks she none of nobler race,
> Who pour their bounty on her: and her gain
> *She gives the cursed Bawd.*"—Act. V., *Gower.*

But if these scenes are not Shakespeare's (and repeated examination only strengthens my conviction that they are not), the clumsy Gower chorus is not his either. And this brings us to the only hypothesis that explains all the difficulties of this play. The usual hypothesis has been that Shakespeare finished a play begun by some one else: that is, that he deliberately chose a story of incest, which, having no tragic horror in it, would have been rejected by Ford or Massinger, and grafted on to this a filthy story, which, being void of humour, would even have been rejected by Fletcher. This arises from the fallacy which I noted in a previous paper, caused by the inveterate habit of beginning criticism from the first pages of a book, instead of from the easiest and most central standpoint. The theory which I propose as certain is this: Shakespeare wrote the story of Marina, in the last three acts, minus the prose scenes and the Gower. This gives a perfect artistic and organic whole, and, in my opinion, ought to be printed as such in every edition of Shakespeare: the whole play, as it stands, might be printed in collections for the curious, and there only. But this story was not

enough for filling the necessary five acts from which Shakespeare never deviated; he therefore left it unfinished, and used the arrangement of much of the latter part in the end of *Winter's Tale*, which should be carefully compared with this play. The unfinished play was put into the hands of another of the "poets" attached to the same theatre, and the greater part of the present play was the result; this poet having used the whole story as given by Gower and elsewhere.

FLEAY: *Shakespeare Manual.*

V.

Construction.

The play is awkwardly and unskilfully constructed, being on the plan of the old legendary drama, when it was thought sufficient to put some popular narrative into action, with little attempt at a condensed and sustained continuous interest in the plot or its personages. It rambles along through the period of two generations, without any attempt at the artist-like management of a similar duration in *The Winter's Tale*, by breaking up the story into parts, and making the one a natural sequel to the other, so as to keep up a uniform continuity of interest throughout both. The story itself is extravagant, and its dénouement is caused by the aid of the heathen mythology, which every mind trained under modern associations and habits of thought feels as repugnant to dramatic truth, and at once refuses to lend to it that transient conventional belief so necessary to any degree of illusion or interest, and so readily given to shadowy superstitions of other kinds, as ghosts, witches, and fairies, more akin to our general opinions, or more familiar to our childhood. A still greater defect than this is one rare indeed in anything from Shakespeare's mind—the vagueness and meagreness of the characters, undistinguished by any of that portrait-like individuality which gives life and reality to the humblest per-

sonages of his scene. Thence, in spite of the excellence of particular parts, there results a general feebleness of effect in the whole. The versification is, in general, singularly halting and uncouth, and the style is sometimes creeping and sometimes extravagant. . . .

Yet, on the other hand, it contains much to please, to surprise, to affect, and to delight. The introduction of old Gower, linking together the broken action by his antiquated legendary narrative, is original and pleasing.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

A play which has such various and frequently shifting scenes as *Pericles* must always be read to a certain degree of disadvantage beyond the fortune of others of less diversified stage accident. These changes furnish a source of fatigue and refreshment to the spectator, which an experienced dramatist knows how to manage and control, and makes the most of by corrections which are lost or go counter in the closet. Even a reader who is also a playgoer finds much difficulty in saving these effects, and they slip from others entirely. Taking, however, as well as one may, the point of view of the parterre, I confess I find much to admire in the skill with which the play of *Pericles* is constructed and put together. Whether we take the outline of the story in the form of argument, or read it in the verses that furnished it to the play-writer, we may be honestly struck with the ingenuity that could group, divide and connect it for dramatic purposes, with the requisite clearness and facility that are successfully attained. The story rambles dispersedly in various countries and by sea and land, and the incidents are of every degree of importance and insignificance; but the stages of the story as enacted are cleverly made to correspond with the relief of the divisions of the acts. Old Gower interposes in each case, like the guard and sign and bound of the compartment, and his narrative both bridges intervals and renders them defined, while the dumb show that he interprets is an intermediate term of the narrated and the enacted.

. . . All through the piece we encounter from time to time reminiscences of other Shakespearian works—reminiscences, or it may be anticipations, but I think most frequently the former.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The drama before us contains no discrimination of manners (except in the comic dialogues), very few traces of original thought, and is evidently destitute of that intelligence and useful knowledge that pervade even the meanest of Shakespeare's undisputed performances. To speak more plainly, it is neither enriched by the gems that sparkle through the rubbish of *Love's Labour's Lost*, nor the good sense which so often fertilizes the barren fable of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. . . . That the plays of Shakespeare have their inequalities likewise, is sufficiently understood; but they are still the inequalities of Shakespeare. He may occasionally be absurd, but is seldom foolish; he may be censured, but can rarely be despised.

I do not recollect a single plot of Shakespeare's formation (or even adoption from preceding plays or novels) in which the majority of the characters are not so well connected, and so necessary in respect of each other, that they proceed in combination to the end of the story; unless the story (as in the cases of Antigonus and Mercutio) requires the interposition of death. In *Pericles* this continuity is wanting, and even with the aid of Gower the scenes are rather loosely tacked together than closely interwoven.

STEEVENS.

Respecting the dramatic merits of *Pericles* there is not much to be said. It is emphatically, not to say exclusively, a play of incidents, with but little of clear and pointed characterization. It has indeed a goodly number of superb strains of poetry; but these for the most part are introduced in such a way as to render it evident that the germs of them were not in the original conception of the

characters: they strike us rather as choice pearls held together mechanically by a string, than as the organic adornings of nature, growing forth from an innate virtue, and so cohering in a common centre or principle of life.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

However wild and extravagant the fable of *Pericles* may appear, if we consider its numerous choruses, its pageantry, and dumb shows, its continual succession of incidents, and the great length of time which they occupy, yet is it, we may venture to assert, the most spirited and pleasing specimen of the nature and fabric of our earliest romantic drama which we possess, and the more valuable, as it is the only one with which Shakspeare has favoured us.

DRAKE: *Shakspeare and his Times.*

Hard is the task, in this discerning age,
To find new subjects that will bear the stage;
And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring
Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing;
Blest parent of our scene! whose matchless wit,
Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.
Well may that genius every heart command,
Who drew all Nature with her own strong hand;
As various, as harmonious, fair and great,
With the same vigour and immortal heat;
As thro' each element and form she shines:
We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's lines.
Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;
To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
Is just to him, and richly worth our pains,
We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,
As gold tho' mix'd with baser metal shines,
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

G. LILLO: *Prologue to Marina.**

* An adaptation of *Pericles*, 1738.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene.*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A Pandar.
BOULT, *his servant.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

ACT FIRST.

Enter Gower.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius. 10
If you, born in these latter times
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria:
I tell you what mine authors say: 20
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died, and left a female heir,

So buxom, blithe, and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin. 30
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die
As yon grim looks do testify. 40
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles and followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;

At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast 20
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,

Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I 'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To the Princess.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

'I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:

He 's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two, 70
As you will live, resolve it you.'
[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 80
You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired:
Either expound now or receive your sentence. 90

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts 100
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict, 111
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,

Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 140
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call? 150
Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.
Ant. Enough. 160

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness. 169
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us. Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known:
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees 30
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,
thou 50
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid 61
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch, 70
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms, 90
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow; who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,

Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be. 110

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath: 120
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now I do see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he 's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre. 10

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not— 20
Took some dipleasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'ld correct himself;

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since he 's gone, the king's seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome. 30

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. 40

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, 10
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I 'll do my best, sir. 20

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, 30
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise;

Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true? 50

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward. 61

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,

And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome. 70

Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves. 81

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we 'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men. 100

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I 'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison, 10
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive; 20
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below 30
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [*Exit.* 40

Scene I.

Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave, 10
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!
Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!
First Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say!
Third Fish. What say you, master?
First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.
Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.
First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to 20 hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.
Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on

them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. 30

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry. 40

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey. 50

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what 's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast. 60

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here 's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then? 70

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 80
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't! And I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg. 90

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net. [*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are? 100

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I 'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and 110 I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in 120

the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill
hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at
last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield 130
'Twixt me and death':—and pointed to this brace—
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend
thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir!

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, 140
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you 'ld guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune 's better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee 150
good on 't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm: 160
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will, 169
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, etc.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

For men to see and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. It 's fit it should be so; for princes are 10
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun; 20
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second Knight passes.*
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.' [*The Third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what 's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.' 30
[*The Fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The Fifth Knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'
[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.*

Sim. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;
The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears 50
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, and all cry* 'The mean knight!'

Scene III.

The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. 20

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.
[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage, 30
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he 's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He 's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. [*Aside*] Yon king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence; 40
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stored unto the brim,— 50
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes 60
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! 70
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage. 80

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune, 90
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir, 100
Here 's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Pericles*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own. 111

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk, 10
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it. 20

First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there; 30
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd, 11
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt Knights.*

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she 's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master. 30
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster. 40
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside*] What 's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain. 50

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent. 60
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he 's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you. 70

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, nót having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.— 80
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I 'll make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed? 90

Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,

E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What 's dumb in show I 'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida, a nurse: the King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense 20
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30

Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire— 40
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea: their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives: 50
The lady shrieks and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.* 60

Scene I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O 10
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.
Per. How, how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen, 20
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,

And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world 30
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That 's your superstition. 50

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been

still observed; and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight 60
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. 70
[*Exit Lychorida.*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it 80
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this
Till now, I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.
[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow. 10
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.
Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well. 20

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former, 30
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never. . . .

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What 's that?

First Serv. Sir,
Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore 50
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open:
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreasured
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
[*Reads from a scroll.*
'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost 70
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'
If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within: 80
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a servant.*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air. 91
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part 100
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come; 110
And Æsculapius guide us!
[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

Scene III.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar 10
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection 20
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. 30
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace e'en to the edge, o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place 10
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be: 20
Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound

By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill 30
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. 10
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress'
death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour 's
Changed with this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you; 31
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve 40
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. 50
[*Exit Dionyza.*
Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent; 60
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn 70
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended, 80
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between, 90
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [*He seizes her.*

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*
Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!
Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come let 's have her aboard suddenly.
[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she will return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I 'll see further: 100
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper. 10

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden. 20

Pand. Thou sayest true; they 're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old? 30

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's 40 no calling. But her comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there 's no farther 50 necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What 's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you. 60

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty. 70

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears? 80

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're

a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you. 90

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort? 100

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow. 110

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit. 120

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice. 130

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet. 140

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night. 150

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you,
will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'ld give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too: 10
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods 20
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles, 40
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies: 50
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making. to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along; behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought:
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. 20
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles at one door, with all his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon, Dionyza, and the rest.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'er-
shower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

'The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, 40
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. 10

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and

do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers. 20

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say. 30

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest. 40

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do. 50

Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold. 60

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come,

we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade? 70

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one. 80

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come. 90

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be sage. 100
Mar. For me
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!
Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, 110
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!
Mar. The good gods preserve you!
Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here 's more gold for thee. 120
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways. 130

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus. 140

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable. 150

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go

the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me? 160

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change: 170
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty 180
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here 's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast; 190
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women. 200

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain 10
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

Scene I.

On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O, here he is.
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come
aboard; I pray, greet him fairly. 10

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter from thence, Lysimachus, and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place? 20

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

Lys. May we not see him?
Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir! 40
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon 50
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*
Hel. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy

Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar, 60
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—
Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She 's a gallant lady.

Lys. She 's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I 'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty 70
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us. 81

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state, 90
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'
Per. My fortune—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence. 101
Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight, 110
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak: 120
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st 130
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends? 140
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.

Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, 150
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born, 160
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter 's buried.—Well: where were you bred?
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave: 170
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell

Her parentage; being demanded that, 190
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina. 201
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father. 210

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this? 220

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,

Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None! 230
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear.
[*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll well remember you. 240
[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Diana appears to Pericles in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.* 250

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir, 260
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Gower before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived 10
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [*Exit.* 20

Scene III.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore 10

THAISA RECOGNIZES PERICLES.
Pericles, Act V., Scene iii.

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain. 20

Cer. Look to the lady. O, she 's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, 30
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. 39
[*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Blest, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute: 51
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power: that can 60

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, 70
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves 80
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last: 90
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending, 100
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit.*

Glossary.

Absolute, faultless, perfect; Prol. IV. 31.

Account, accounted (Quartos, "*account'd,*" "*accounted*"; Folios 3, 4, "*counted*"); Prol. I. 30.

Address'd, prepared; II. iii. 94.

Afore me, on my word, by my soul; a slight oath; II. i. 84.

Amazement, confusion, bewilderment; I. ii. 26.

Appliance, appliances; III. ii. 86.

Approve, commend; II. i. 55.

Argentine, silver hued; V. i. 251.

As, as if; Prol. I. 24; I. i. 16.

——, that; I. ii. 3.

Attend, await; I. iv. 79.

Attend me, listen to me; I. ii. 70.

Attribute; "an honest a.," reputation for honesty; IV. iii. 18.

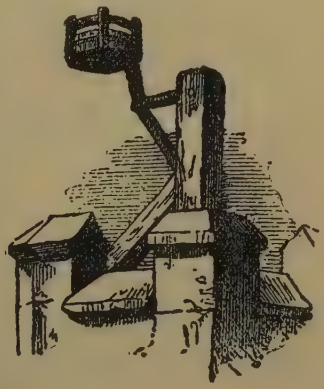
Avaunt, out of my sight; IV. vi. 125.

Awful, full of awe; reverent; Prol. II. 4.

Awkward, adverse (Quarto 1, "*augward*"); V. i. 94.

Bases, embroidered skirts hung down from the middle to about the knees or lower, worn by knights on horseback; II i. 167. (The annexed cut is from the Description of the Tournament held at Stuttgart in 1609.)

Beacon; I. iv. 87. The subjoined cut represents a beacon preserved on the tower of Hadley Church, Barnet.



Beholding, beholden; II. v. 25.
Belching, vomiting; III. i. 63.
Blown, swollen; V. i. 256.
Blurted at, held in contempt; IV. iii. 34.
Bolins, bowlines; III. i. 43.
Bonum quo antiquius, eo melius; i.e. a good thing for being old, the older the better; Prol. I. 10.
Bootless, without gain, profitless; V. i. 33.
Boots, avails, helps; I. ii. 20.
Bots on't, an execration; II. i. 122.
Brace, armour worn on the arm; II. i. 131.
Braid, reproach, upbraid (Malone, "*'braid*"); I. i. 93.
Breathing, exercise; II. iii. 101.
Buxom, lively, fresh; Prol. I. 23.

Can = gan (an old auxiliary form) = did; Prol. III. 36.
Cates, delicacies; II. iii. 29.
Censure, opinion; II. iv. 34.
Chance, chances it; IV. i. 23.
Character, handwriting; III. iv. 3.
Cheapen, bid for; IV. vi. 10.
Chequin, an Italian gold coin (Quarto 1, "*Checkins*"; Quartos 2, 3, "*Chickins*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folio 3, "*Chickeens*"; Folio 4, "*Chickens*"); IV. ii. 28 (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a Venetian specimen of Shakespeare's era.

Chiding, noisy; III. i. 32.
City, inhabitants of the city, citizens; V. iii. 97.
Clear, virtuous; IV. vi. 113.
Clerks, scholars; Prol. V. 5.
Cockles, mussel-shells; IV. iv. 2.
Coigns, corners (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*Crignes*"); Prol. III. 17.
Commend, commendation; II. ii. 49.
Companion; "her mild c.," "the companion of her mildness" (Daniel conj. "*her wild c.*"; "*in her mild company*"); I. i. 18.
Conceit, ability to think; III. i. 16.
Conclusion, (?) problem; I. i. 56.
Conditions, disposition; III. i. 29.
Condolements, blunder for *doles*; II. i. 154.
Confound, waste, consume; V. ii. 14.
Consist, insist; I. iv. 83.
Conversation, conduct; Prol. II. 9.
Convince, overcome, defeat; I. ii. 123.

Copp'd, round-topped; I. i. 100.
Countervail, balance, equal; II. iii. 56.
Countless, infinite; I. i. 31.
Cunning, knowledge, skill; III. ii. 27.
Curious, elegant, nice; I. iv. 43.

Darks, darkens, obscures; Prol. IV. 35.
Date, appointed term of life; III. iv. 14.
Death-like, deadly; I. i. 29.
Deliver, tell, relate; V. iii. 63.
Deliver'd, told, related; V. i. 162.
Dern, secret, dreary; Prol. III. 15.
Desire (trisyllabic); I. i. 20.
Diana's temple; III. iv. 13. (This famous building is well represented in the large brass medallion of Antoninus Pius, here facsimiled.)

Distain, stain (Steevens conj.; Quartos and Folios 3, 4, "*disdaine*"); IV. iii. 31.
Distemperature, disorder; V. i. 27.
Dole, sorrow; Prol. III. 42.
Dooms, judgment; Prol. III. 32.
Doubt, suspect; I. ii. 86.
Doubting, fearing; I. iii. 22.
Dropping, dripping wet; IV. i. 63.
Dumbs, makes dumb; Prol. V. 5.

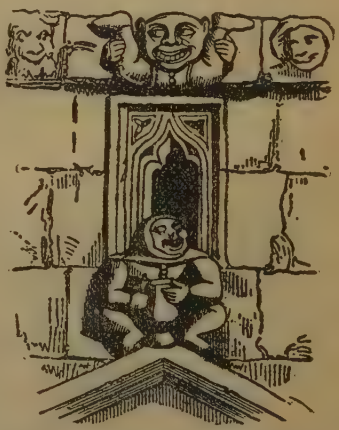
Eaning time, time of delivery; III. iv. 6.
Earnest, money given beforehand; IV. i. 49.
Eche, eke out (Quartos, Folio 3, "*each*"); Prol. III. 13.
Eftsoons, soon, by and by; V. i. 256.
Ember-eves, evenings preceding the ember-days, days of fasting at four seasons of the year; Prol. I. 6.
Entertain, entertainment; I. i. 119.
Entrance (trisyllabic); II. iii. 64.
Erst, erewhile, formerly; I. i. 49.
Escapen, escape; Prol. II. 36.
Exposition, expounding, interpretation; I. i. 112.
Extremity, the extremity of suffering; V. i. 140.
Eyne, eyes; Prol. III. 5.

Fact, deed, (?) crime (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*face*"; Mason conj. "*feat*"); IV. iii. 12.
Fault, misfortune; IV. ii. 75.
Favour, face, appearance; IV. i. 25; V. iii. 13.

Fere, companion, spouse (Quartos, "*Peere*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Peer*"); Prol. I. 21.
Fits, befits; I. i. 157.
Flap-jacks, pancakes; II. i. 87.
Flaw, stormy wind; III. i. 39.
For, fit for; I. i. 7.
——, for fear of; I. i. 40.
——, in place of, instead of; III. i. 62.
——, because; II. iii. 13; V. i. 158; V. iii. 48.
Forbear, bear with; II. iv. 46.
'Fore, before (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*from*"); Prol. III. 6.
For that, because; II. i. 81.
Frame, go, resort; Prol. I. 32.
——, shape, mould; II. v. 81.
Furtherance, help; II. i. 158.

Gat, begat; II. ii. 6.
'Gins, begins; III. ii. 95.
Give him glad, make him glad; Prol. II. 38.
Give 's, give us; II. iv. 32.
Glad, gladden; I. iv. 28.
Gloze, make empty words, use deceit; I. i. 110.
Gone through, bid high; IV. ii. 47.
Graff, graft; V. i. 60.
Greets, gratifies; IV. iii. 38.
Griefs, grievances; II. iv. 23.
Grieve, grieve us; II. iv. 19.
Gripe at, grasp at, catch at; I. i. 49.

Haling, dragging (Malone, "*with hauling of the*"); IV. i. 55.
Happily, haply, perhaps; I. iv. 92.
Hatched, closed with a half door; IV. ii. 35.
Having, possession; II. i. 143.
Heap, mass, body (Jackson conj. "*head*"; Collier [ed. 2], "*head*"; Bailey conj. "*shape*"); I. i. 33.
Hie thee, hasten; III. i. 69.
Hies, hastens; Prol. V. 20.
Hight, is called; Prol. IV. 18.
Holy-ales, rural festivals on saints' days; (?) church-ales, or wakes (Steevens' emendation; Quartos and Folios, "*holy-dayes*"); Prol. I. 6. (The annexed cut is a unique representation of one of these ancient popular festivals.)

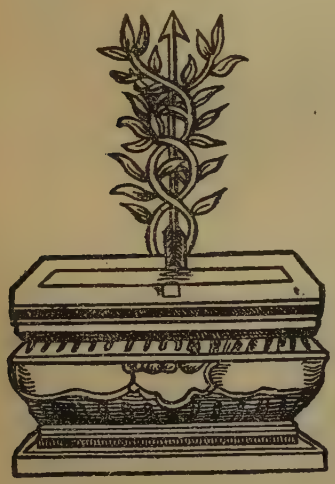


From a XIVth century sculpture over the porch of Chalk Church, near Gravesend.

Honour, honourable office; II. ii. 14.

Husbandry, economy of time; (?) attention to business; III. ii. 20.

In, even in; I. iv. 102.
Inflict, afflict; V. i. 61.
In hac spe vivo, in this hope I live; II. ii. 44. (This device is supposed by Douce to be altered from the one here copied from Paradin.)



Inkle, a kind of tape; here probably some kind of embroidery silk; Prol. V. 8.
Intend, bend, direct; I. ii. 116.
Intends, intentions; V. i. 259.
I-wis, truly, certainly; Prol. II. 2.

Jetted, stalked, strutted; I. iv. 26.
Joy, rejoice; II. i. 163.
Just, joust, tilt; II. i. 113.

Killen, kill; Prol. II. 20.

Late, lately; IV. iv. 15.
Level, aim; II. iii. 114.
Level at, aim at; I. i. 165.
Lien, lain; III. ii. 85.
Light, alighted, fallen; IV. ii. 73.
Like, equal, the same; I. i. 108; IV. v. 1.
——, just as; II. iv. 36.
——, likely; III. i. 17; IV. i. 80.
Longs, belongs to (Singer, "*longs*"; Quartos, "*long's*"; Folios 3, 4, "*long's*"); Prol. II. 40.
Looks, faces, countenances (alluding to the heads of suitors which were set up at the gate to terrify others who might come); Prol. I. 40.
Lop, cut off; I. ii. 90.
Loud music, made by clashing of armour; II. iii. 97.
Lown, base fellow; IV. vi. 19.
Lux tua vita mihi, thy light is life to me; II. ii. 21.

Malkin, slattern (Quarto 3, "*Mowkin*"; the rest, "*Mawkin*"; the old pronunciation); IV. iii. 34.
Manage, training; usually used of a horse; IV. vi. 69.
Mask'd, concealing as with a mask its cruel nature (Dyce conj. "*vast*"; S. Walker conj. "*moist*"; Kinnear conj. "*mighty*"; Elze conj. "*calmest*"); III. iii. 36.

Me pompæ provexit apex, "the desire of renown drew me to this enterprise" (Wilkins' Novel); II. ii. 30. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From "The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin," 1591.

Mis-dread, fear of evil; I. ii. 12.
Moons, months; Prol. III. 31.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 110.
Mortally, in the manner of mortals; V. i. 105.
Motion, a working pulse (Pericles' exclamation after he has felt Marina's pulse); Steevens, "*no motion?*" *i.e.* "Are you not a puppet?" V. i. 156.
Must, must come to (Wray conj. "*must be*"); I. i. 44.

Ne, nor; Prol. II. 36.
Needle (pronounced *neeld*); Prol. IV. 23.
Neglection, neglect; III. iii. 20.
Nicely scrupulously; IV. i. 6.
Nill, will not; Prol. III. 55.
Not, not only; III. ii. 46.
Nousle, nurse; I. iv. 42.

Of, (?) on (Folios, "*on*"); Prol. V. 22.
Old, of old, long ago; Prol. I. i.
On, of; II. i. 7; II. i. 36; III. iii. 20.
Open, disclose, reveal; I. ii. 87; IV. iii. 23.
Opinion, public opinion; II. ii. 56.
Oppress, suppress; Prol. III. 29.
Orbs, spheres; I. ii. 122.
Ostent, ostentation, display (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*stint*"); I. ii. 25.
Owe, own; V. i. 118.

Parted, departed from; V. iii. 38.
Partakes, communicates; I. i. 152.
Passion, grief; IV. iv. 24.
Perch, measure, mile (according to some = "resting-place"); Prol. III. 15.
Perishen, perish; Prol. II. 35.
Piece, masterpiece; IV. vi. 118.
Pilch = leathern coat (used as a proper name); II. i. 12.
Piu por dulzura que por fuerza, more by gentleness than by force (the Italian "*piu*" is used instead of the Spanish "*mas*"); II. ii. 27.
Plain, make plain; Prol. III. 14.
Porpus, porpoise (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*Porpas*"); II. i. 26.

Portly, imposing; I. iv. 61.
Pregnant, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 44.

From Daniel's *Translation of Paulus Jovius,* 1585.

Present, "his p.," that which he presents; II. ii. 42.
——, instant, immediate; Prol. IV. 38; V. i. 193.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 82.
Prest, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 45.
Principals, corner-posts; III. ii. 16.
Proportion, portion, fortune; IV. ii. 28.
Prorogue, draw out, linger out; V. i. 26.
Purchase, gain, profit (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "*purpose*"); Prol. I. 9.

Quaintly, skilfully; Prol. III. 13.
Quick, invigorating; IV. i. 28.
Quirks, caprices; IV. vi. 8.
Quit, requite; III. i. 35.
Quod me alit, me extinguit, that which gives me life, gives me death; II. ii. 33. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Rapture, violent effort (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*rupture*"); II. i. 159.
Records, sings; Prol. IV. 27.
Reft, bereft; II. iii. 84.
Repeated, mentioned, told; I. i. 96.
Resist me, are distasteful to me; II. iii. 29.
Resolve, solve; I. i. 71.
——, satisfy; II. v. 68.
——, tell inform; V. i. 1; V. iii. 61.
Resolved, satisfied, convinced; II. iv. 31.
Return them, announce to them; II. ii. 4.
Ruff; IV. ii. 111. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a Spanish portrait of the date 1503.

'Say'd assayed, those who have assayed; I. i. 59, 60.
Semblance (trisyllabic); I. iv. 71.
Shall's, shall we; IV. v. 7.
Shine, brightness; I. ii. 124.
Shipman, seaman; I. iii. 24.
Shores, sewers; IV. vi. 186.
Sic spectanda fides, thus faith is to be tested; II. ii. 38. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From "The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin . . . ," 1591.

Sleided, raw, untwisted (Quartos, Folio 3, "*sleded*"; Folio 4, "*sledded*"); Prol. IV. 21.
Smooth, flatter; I. ii. 78.
So, well and good; IV. ii. 46.
Sometime, once; II. i. 141.
Sometimes, formerly, sometime; I. i. 34.
Somewhat, something; II. i. 126.
Speeding, succeeding; II. iii. 116.
Speken, speak; Prol. II. 12.
Standing-bowl, a bowl resting on a foot; II. iii. 65.
Stay, await; II. ii. 3.
Stead, aid, help; Prol. III. 21; Prol. IV. 41.
Still, continually, always; Prol. I. 36.
Straight, immediately; III. i. 54.
Strain, race; IV. iii. 24.
Suddenly, quickly; III. i. 70.
——, at once, immediately; IV. i. 96.

Take, betake; III. iv. 10.
Tellus, the earth; IV. i. 14.
That, if; Prol. I. 13.
——, so that; Prol. V. 7.
Thetis, the sea goddess; IV. iv. 39.
Thorough, through; IV. iii. 35.
Thoughten, thinking; IV. vi. 115.
Throng'd up, pressed, numbed; II. i. 77.
Throng'd, pressed, crushed; I. i. 101.
Thwarting, crossing; IV. iv. 10.
Tire, furniture, bed-furniture (?) = comfortably and richly furnished bed; III. ii. 22.
To, compared to; II. iii. 36.
To-bless, bless (*to*, used intensively); IV. vi. 23.
Tourney, hold a tournament; II. i. 114.
Triumph, tournament; II. ii. 1.

Unscissar'd, uncut, untouched by the scissors; III. iii. 29.
Unto, according to, in comparison to; II. i. 161.

Vail, lower; II. iii. 42.
——, do homage; Prol. IV. 29.
Vails, perquisites received by servants; II. i. 155.
Vegetives, vegetables, plants; III. ii. 36.
Viol, vial, phial (Quartos 4, 5, 6; Folios 3, 4, "*viall*"); III. ii. 90.
Visor, mask; IV. iv. 44.

Wages, equals, weighs; IV. ii. 32.
Wanion; "with a w." = "with a curse on you," "with a vengeance" (probably ultimately derived from the phrase "*in the waniand,*" *i.e.* "in the waning moon," *i.e.* at an unlucky time, hence = with ill-luck); II. i. 17.
Weed, garment, robe; IV. i. 14.
Well-a-day, grief, woe; IV. iv. 49.
Well-a-near, alas! well-a-day; Prol. III. 51.
Well, said, well done; III. ii. 87.
Where, whereas; I. i. 127; II. iii. 43.
Whereas, where; I. iv. 70.
Whipstock, the handle of a whip; II. ii. 51.
Who, he who; I. i. 94.
Wight, man; Prol. I. 39.
Wit, know; IV. iv. 31.
With, by; I. i. 4; II. i. 68, 69.
Word, motto; II. ii. 21.
Would; "I w.," I wish; III. i. 42.
Writ, holy writ, gospel (Quartos 2, 3, "*write*"; Steevens conj. "*wit*"; Nicholson conj. "*Writ*"); Prol. II. 12.

Younger, past, ago; I. iv. 39.
Y-slaked, sunk to repose; Prol, III. 1.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 24. '*boundless*'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*bondlesse.*'

I. i. 29. '*death-like dragons here affright*'; Daniel conj. '*death, like dragons, here affrights*'; S. Walker conj. '*affront*'; Hudson conj. '*affronts.*'

I. i. 55-57. The arrangement of the text, confused in Quartos and Folios, was first made by Malone.

I. i. 59, 60. '*Of all 'say'd yet*'; Mason conj. '*In all, save that*'; Mitford conj. '*O false! and yet.*'

I. i. 113. '*cancel of*'; Malone's emendation; Folios 3, 4, '*cancel off*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, '*counsell of*'; Quarto 5, '*counsel of.*'

I. i. 128. '*untimely*'; Wilkins, in the Novel, writes '*uncomely,*' which may, perhaps, give the correct reading of the line.

I. i. 135. '*blush,*' *i.e.* '*who blush*'; the omission of the pronoun, personal or relative, is characteristic of the non-Shakespearian portions of the play.

I. ii. 1. '*change of thoughts,*' *i.e.* perturbation of thought; Steevens conj. '*charge of thoughts?*'; Mason conj. '*change of thoughts?*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*charge our thoughts?*'; Staunton conj. '*change our thoughts?*'; Bailey conj. '*child of thought*'; Daniel conj. '*cast of thought.*'

I. ii. 3. '*Be my so used a guest as*'; Dyce's emendation; Quarto 1, '*By me so vsde a guest, as*'; Malone (1780), '*By me's so us'd a guest, as*'; Jackson conj. '*Be by me so us'd a guest?*'.

I. ii. 8. '*arm*'; so Folio 4; Dyce reads '*aim.*'

I. ii. 30. '*Who am*'; Farmer conj.; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*Who once*'; Malone (1780), '*Who owe*'; (1790), '*Who wants.*'

I. ii. 41. '*blast*'; Mason conj. Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*spark*'; Malone (1790), '*breath*'; Steevens conj. '*wind.*'

I. ii. 55. '*plants*'; so Quarto 1; Malone's emendation of Quartos and Folios, '*planets.*'

I. ii. 86. '*doubt it*'; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*doo't*'; Quartos 4, 5, 6, and Folios, '*thinke.*'

I. ii. 93. '*spares*'; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2-6, and Folios 3, 4, '*feares*' and '*fears.*'

I. ii. 95. '*reprovest*'; Malone, '*reprov'st*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*reprou'dst*'; Quartos 4, 5, 6, '*reprovedst*'; Folios 3, 4, '*reproved'st.*'

I. iii. 4-7. *Cp.* "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who, being demanded by King Lisimachus what favour he might do unto him, for that he loved him, made him answer to the king, that your Majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets."—Barnabie Riche's *Soldier's Wish to Britain's Welfare.*

I. iii. 27-28. '*but since he's gone, the king's seas must please*'; Mason conj. '*But since he is gone, the king, seas must please*'; Percy conj. '*But since he's gone, the king it sure must please*'; Collier (ed. 2), '*But since he is gone the king's ease must please*'; Perring conj. '*But since he's gone, the king this news must please*'; Dyce conj. '*But since he's gone the king's ears it must please.*'

I. iv. 8. '*mischief's eyes*'; Steevens, '*mistful eyes*'; Anon. conj. (1814), '*mischief-size*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*mistie eyes*'; S. Walker conj. '*misery's eyes*'; Kinnear conj. '*weakness' eyes*'; Mr. T. Tyler's suggestion, '*not seen with mischief's eyes,*' *i.e.* 'not seen with the eyes of despair,' seems to be the most ingenious correction of the line, if any change is necessary.

I. iv. 13-14. '*Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes*'; Hudson reads, '*Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes.*'

——; '*sorrows do*'; Cartwright conj. '*sobbings do*'; Bailey conj. '*bosoms too*'; Anon. conj. '*sorrowing bosoms do.*'

I. iv. 15. '*tongues*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*toungs*'; Steevens conj. '*lungs.*'

I. iv. 39. '*yet two summers younger*'; Mason conj.; Quarto 1, '*yet two sauers younger*'; Folios 3, 4, '*yet to savers younger.*'

I. iv. 69. '*of unhappy me*'; Malone (1780), '*of unhappy men*'; Steevens conj. '*of unhappy we*'; Jackson conj. '*O unhappy me.*'

I. iv. 74. '*him's*' *i.e.* '*him who is*'; Malone's reading; Quarto 1, '*himnes*'; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 3, '*hymnes*'; Quartos 4, 5, '*hymmes*'; Quarto 6, '*hywmes*'; Folio 4, '*hymns*'; Steevens conj. '*him who is.*'

Prol. II. 19. '*for though*'; Steevens, '*forth*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*for thy*'; Nicholson conj. '*for-though*'; Kinnear conj. '*for through.*'

Prol. II. 22. '*Sends word*'; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1-5 read '*Sau'd one*'; Quarto 6, Folios 3, 4, '*Sav'd one.*'

II. i. 52. '*finny*'; Steevens conj. (from Wilkins' novel); Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*fenny.*'

II. i. 58. '*search*'; Steevens conj. '*scratch it*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*scratch't*'; Staunton, '*scratch*'; Anon. conj. '*steal it*'; Hudson, '*steal't.*'

II. i. 60. '*May see the sea hath cast upon your coast*'; so Quartos; Folios 3, 4, '*Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast*'; Malone (1780), '*You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast*'; Steevens, adopted by Malone (1790), '*Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—.*'

II. ii. 14. '*entertain*'; Steevens conj. '*explain*'; Anon. conj. '*entreat*'; Anon. conj. '*emblazon*'; Schmidt conj. '*interpret.*'

II. iii. 19. '*Marshal*'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folio 3, '*Martiall*'; Folio 4, '*Martial.*'

II. iii. 29. '*resist*'; Collier conj. '*distaste.*'

——; '*he not*'; so Quartos 2-6, Folios 3, 4; Malone, '*she not*'; Malone conj. '*he now*'; Steevens conj. '*be not*'; Mason conj. '*she but*'; Dyce conj. '*he but.*'

II. iii. 50. '*stored*'; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, '*stur'd*'; Folios 3, 4, '*stirr'd*'; Mason conj. '*stow'd.*'

II. iii. 63. '*kill'd are wonder'd at*'; Daniel, '*still ne'er wondered at*'; Anon. conj. '*kill'd are scorned at*'; Kinnear, '*little are wonder'd at.*'

II. iv. 41. '*For honour's cause*'; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*Try honours cause*'; Steevens conj. '*Try honour's course*'; Jackson conj. '*Cry, honour's cause!*'; Anon. conj. '*By honour's cause.*'

Prol. III. 35. '*Y-ravished*'; Steevens conj.; Quarto 1, '*Iranyshed*'; Quarto 2, '*Irany shed*'; the rest, '*Irony shed.*'

III. i. 7-8. '*Thou stormest venomously; Wilt*'; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*then storme venomously, Wilt*'; Malone, '*Thou storm, venomously, Wilt*'; Steevens, '*Thou, storm, thou! venomously Wilt*'; Collier, '*Thou storm, venomously Wilt.*'

III. i. 14. '*travails*'; Folio 3, '*travels*'; Dyce, '*travail.*'

III. i. 26. '*Use honour with you*'; Steevens reads, '*Vie honour with yourselves*'; Mason conj. '*Vie honour with you.*'

III. i. 63. '*aye-remaining lamps*'; Malone's conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*ayre remayning lampes*'; Quartos 4, 5, 6, '*ayre remaining lampes*'; Folio 3, '*ayre remaining lamps*'; Folio 4, '*air remaining lamps*'; Jackson conj. '*area-manesing,*' etc.

III. ii. 17. '*all-to topple*'; Singer (ed 2), '*al-to topple*'; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*all to topple*'; Dyce, '*all to-topple.*'

III. ii. 22. '*Rich tire*'; Steevens conj. '*Such towers*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*Rich tire*'; the rest, '*Rich attire*'; Jackson conj. '*Rich Tyre*'; Collier (ed. 2), '*Rich 'tire.*'

III. ii. 41. '*treasure*'; Steevens' emendation for '*pleasures*' and '*pleasure*' of Quartos, Folios 3, 4.

III. ii. 42. '*to please the fool and death.*' *Cp.* the accompanying initial from Stowe's Survey of London (1618.) Steevens explained the words as an allusion to an old print exhibiting *Death* in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* standing behind, and grinning at the process.

III. ii. 48. '*time shall never . . .*' so Quartos 1, 2, 3; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, '*neuer shall decay*'; Malone, '*time shall never—*'; Dyce, '*time shall never raze*'; Staunton, '*time shall ne'er decay*'; Anon. conj. '*time shall never end.*'

III. iii. 7. '*wanderingly*'; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*wondringly*'; Schmidt conj. '*woundingly.*'

III. iii. 29. '*Unscissar'd shall this hair*'; Steevens' emendation; Quartos 1-4, '*vnsisterd . . . heyre*'; Quarto 5, '*unsisterd shall his heyres*'; Quarto 6, '*unsisterd . . . heire*'; Folios 3, 4, '*unsister'd . . . heir.*'

III. iii. 30. '*show ill*'; Quartos and Folios read '*show will*'; the correction was made independently by Malone and Dyce; this and the previous emendations are confirmed by the corresponding passage in the Novel.

Prol. IV. 17. '*marriage rite*'; Collier's reading; Percy conj. '*marriage rites*'; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*marriage sight*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, '*marriage fight*'; Steevens conj. '*marriage night.*'

Prol. IV. 26. '*night-bird*'; Malone's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*night bed.*'

IV. i. 5. '*inflaming love i' thy bosom*'; Knight's emendation of Quarto 1. '*in flaming, thy loue bosome,*' etc.

IV. i. 11. '*only mistress' death*'; Malone (1790), '*old mistress' death*'; Percy conj. '*old nurse's death,*' etc., etc.

IV. i. 64. '*stem to stern*'; Malone's emendation; Quartos, '*sterne to sterne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*stern to stern.*'

IV. i. 97. '*the great pirate Valdes*'; "perhaps there is here a scornful allusion to Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral taken by Drake in 1588" (Malone).

IV. iii. 17. '*pious*'; Mason conj., and Wilkins' novel, adopted by Collier; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*impious*'; the rest omit the word.

IV. iii. 47-48. '*dost, with thine angel's face, Seize*'; Malone conj. '*dost wear thine angel's face; Seize*'; Steevens, '*doth wear an angel's face, Seize*'; Hudson (1881), '*doth use an angel's face, Then seize.*'

IV. iii. 48. '*talons*'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*talents.*'

IV. iv. 13-16. The arrangement of the lines is according to Hudson's edition (1881).

IV. iv. 18. '*his pilot thought*'; Steevens conj. '*his pilot wrought*'; Mason conj. '*this pilot-thought*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*this Pilat thought*'; the rest, '*this Pilate thought.*'

IV. iv. 48. '*scene must play*'; Malone's emendation (1790); Quartos, Folios 3, 4 read '*Steare must play*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone (1780), '*tears must play*'; Malone conj. '*stage must play*'; Steevens, '*scenes display.*'

V. i. 47. '*deafen'd*'; Malone's emendation; Quarto 1, '*defend*'; the rest, '*defended.*'

V. i. 72. '*prosperous and artificial feat*'; *i.e.* '*gracefully and skilfully performed*'; Mason conj. '*prosperous artifice and fate*'; Steevens, '*prosperous-artificial feat.*'

——; '*feat*'; Percy conj., adopted by Steevens; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*fate.*'

V. i. 209-210. The passage is so corrupt that the Cambridge editors found themselves obliged to leave it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 235. '*nips*'; Collier conj. '*raps.*'

V. i. 247. '*life*'; Charlemont conj., adopted by Malone; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*like.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

"Gower," says Lloyd, "was a contemporary of Chaucer, and in one respect at least fully worthy to be so. His strong point is his versification; in the composition we are concerned with at least, we find none of Chaucer's sympathy with external nature, none of his sense of the humorous, and little of his diversified natural passion; the proper poetic vein of Gower, it must be said, is dry, and in default of this it is not much to say for his reputation as a poet, that he could adhere to and pursue a story with more conscientiousness than Chaucer in his idle moments compelled himself to; and he has the merit, not slight in itself, though one capable of large enhancement by addition of gifts that Gower had not, of a correct ear and happy power in guiding with tightened rein the paces that may be even stately, but that may so easily degenerate into the shambling of the rhymed verse of eight syllables. Hence came the inspiration of the spirited numbers in which the lines run that are assigned to Gower as chorus, and this circumstance alone gives importance to *Pericles* in the history of English literature, for it is impossible to read them without perceiving that from this intermediate basin Milton drew the sweet waters of Gower's early English rhythm, as those of Chaucer from *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; that hence it was he caught some of those tones that complete the perfection of what I must call unaffectedly his most perfect poems—poems that are as entirely satisfactory as the art of Shakespeare and the Greeks, however subordinate in scope, the Allegro and Penseroso."

40. Referring to the heads of the unsuccessful suitors set up over the palace gate, which is supposed to be in the sight of the audience. So in Gower's poem:—

"And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
That what man that his daughter axeth,
But if he couthe his question
Assoile upon suggestion
Of certein thinges that befelle,
The which he wold unto him telle
He shuld in certein lese his hede.
And thus there were many dede
Her hedes stonding on the gate
Till ate laste, long and late,
For lack of answere in this wise,
The remenaunt, that weren wise,
Escheweden to make assaie."

Scene I.

1. It does not appear that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince,* therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant.* In the *Gesta Romanorum* Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; in Twine's translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus,* as he is in Gower.

8, 9. The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. *Lucina* was the goddess who presided over childbirth; therefore *till Lucina reign'd* means till the time of birth.

9-11. *Nature this dowry gave . . . perfections*:—The dowry given was, *that* the senate-house of planets *should* sit, etc. Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost,* viii. 511:—

"All heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence."

13, 14. *Graces her subjects,* etc.:—"The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue *that* gives renown to men."

18. By *her mild companion* is meant "the companion of her mildness." Hudson (Harvard ed.), adopting the conjecture of Daniel, reads "in her mild company."

27. *Hesperides* is here put for the garden in which the golden apples were kept. So also in *Love's Labour's Lost,* IV. iii. 340: "Climbing trees in the *Hesperides.*"

43, 44. *to prepare*, etc.:—That is, "to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come*."

62, 63. *Nor ask advice*, etc.:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "*Asking advice of no other thought but faithfulnesse and courage*, he presently lighted from his own horse."

72. *Sharp physic is the last*:—That is, the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.

79, 80. He is no *perfect* or *honest* man, that, knowing, etc.

87. *touch not*:—This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves.

96-100. *For vice repeated . . . hurt them*:—"The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."

101. *Copp'd hills* are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugar-loaf. Thus in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519: "Sometime men wear *copped* caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret: "To make *copped*, or sharpe at top; cacumino."

102. *poor worm*:—The mole is so called in the way of commiseration. In *The Tempest*, III. i. 31, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, "*Poor worm*, thou art infected!" The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray his course to the mole-catcher.

134-136. *for wisdom sees*, etc.:—The expression here is elliptical: "For wisdom sees *that* those men *who* do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night will not shun any course to keep them from being known."

Scene II.

1. *change of thoughts*:—Mason interprets this as meaning "that change in the disposition of his mind—that unusual propensity to melancholy and cares, which he afterwards describes, and which made his body pine and his soul to languish." Malone's reading, *charge*, has been followed by Dyce, Knight, and Hudson (Harvard ed.), the last-named remarking that the word is here used for *burden* or *weight*.

44. *Signior Sooth*:—A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 196: "Sir Smile, his neighbour."

62. *let their ears hear their faults hid*:—Suffer their ears to hear their failings palliated.

74. *arms to princes*, etc.:—Such as bring additional strength to princes and joy to their subjects.

Scene III.

25. *life or death*:—Rolfe thinks the writer meant "that *life or death* was the question *each minute*." Hudson (Harvard ed.), following Daniel's conjecture, reads "life with death."

36. *desire it*:—Malone would have added "told." Walker conjectured "inquire it"; and Hudson (Harvard ed.) reads "inquire of it."

Scene IV.

Delius having asserted that in this Scene Cleon, in a senseless manner, tells his wife of things which she knows as well as he does himself, Ulrici remarks that "Cleon does not 'tell' her of the famine; he and Dionyza are merely talking about their sad position, about the terribly rapid change between overflowing abundance and abject poverty, and are grieving over the misery which has suddenly come upon them."

42. *nousle*:—This old word for *nurse* was much used by old writers. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. vi. 23:—

> "Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
> He *nousled* up in life and maners wilde."

93, 94. *Are like*, etc.:—That is, are like the Trojan horse, *which* was stuffed with bloody veins, *i.e.* living men. Some editions change *was stuff'd* into *war-stuff'd*, and *veins* into *views*.

ACT SECOND.

9-12. *The good*, etc.:—That is, the good prince (on whom I bestow my blessing) is still at Tarsus, where every man pays as much respect to all he can speak, as if it were holy writ.

13, 14. *And, to remember*, etc.:—This circumstance is found in the *Confessio Amantis*:—

"That thei *for ever in remembrance*
Made a figure in resemblance
Of hym, and in comonne place
Thei set it upp; so that his face
Miht every maner man byholde:
It was of latonn over gylte."

40. "Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues: it belongs to the text, not to his part as chorus."

Scene I.

25-27. *saw the porpus*, etc.:—Sailors have long held the notion that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

35 *et seq.* Brandes observes that "the scene between the three fishermen, with which the second Act opens, owns some turns which speak of Shakespeare, especially where a fisherman says that the avaricious rich are the whales 'o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all,' and another replies, 'But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.'"

64, 65. *In that vast tennis-court*, etc.:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "In such a shadow mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, *like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.*"

117, 118. *O, sir, things*, etc.:—"Things must be as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt." The rest of the passage seems meaningless, and is probably mutilated.

122. *bots on 't*:—This comic execration was formerly used instead of one less decent. *Bots* is a disease in horses.

Scene II.

4. *Return them*:—That is, return them word that we are ready.

56, 57. *scan the outward habit*, etc.:—Scan the inward man by the outward habit. Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

Scene III.

29. *These cates resist me*:—"These delicacies go against my stomach."

63. *are wonder'd at*:—When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised.

Scene IV.

7. *When he was seated in a chariot*:—"A grossly corrupted passage," says White, "though intelligible."

34. *the strongest in our censure*:—That is, according to Steevens, "the most probable in our opinion."

Scene V.

2 *et seq.* "The expedient here devised by Simonides for having the suitors 'well despatch'd' is indeed," says Clarke, "not very consonant with the dignity of truth; but it is quite characteristic of the waggish tendency to stratagem shown by the royal old gentleman, in proceeding to 'dissemble' his satisfaction at his daughter's choice, and to play off a pretended anger at the lovers' mutual affection, that he may keep them in a flutter of suspense until he choose to join their hands and bid them wed at once as the penalty of their transgression, in daring to fall in love without his leave. Steevens solemnly demurs to this conduct of Simonides; yet, though it may not be 'ingenuous,' it is perfectly in character—diplomatically as well as dramatically."

93. From this line Steevens omits *and*. At this place he has the following observations: "I cannot dismiss the foregoing Scene till I have expressed the most supreme contempt of it. Such another gross, nonsensical dialogue would be sought for in vain among the earliest and rudest efforts of the British theatre. It is impossible not to wish that the knights had horsewhipped Simonides, and that Pericles had kicked him off the stage."

ACT THIRD.

In the stage direction for the Dumb Show the lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is King of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of

Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

59, 60. It is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.

Scene I.

"The diction throughout the present scene," in Clarke's opinion, "is veritably Shakespearian. It has that majesty of unrestrained force which distinguishes his finest descriptive passages, and that dignity of expression, combined with the most simple and natural pathos, which characterizes his passages of deepest passion. After the comparative stiffness traceable in the phraseology of the previous scenes, and after the cramped and antiquated chant-speeches of Gower, this opening of the third Act always comes upon us with the effect of a grand strain of music —the music of the great master himself—with its rightly touched discords and its nobly exalted soul-sufficing harmonies." And Hudson (Harvard ed.) exclaims: "After the dull and dreary scenes that precede, how refreshing it is at last to strike upon a vein of genuine Shakespeare!"

1. *this great vast*:—It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath.

30 *et seq.* A part of this most Shakespearian passage is found in Wilkins's novel. The words in italics will show that one of the Poet's most characteristic expressions has been lost out of the text: "*Poor inch of nature!* quoth he, thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was; and hast as chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee."

35. *Thy loss,* etc.:—That is, "thou hast already lost more, by the death of thy mother, than thy safe arrival at the port of life can requite, with all to boot that we can give thee." *Portage* is here used for *conveyance* into life.

75, 76. *Thither, gentle mariner,* etc.:—Change thy course, which is now *for Tyre,* and go to *Tarsus.*

Scene II.

9. *Give this to the 'pothecary,* etc.:—The recipe cannot be for the servant's master. It must be either for the servant himself, or for the poor men who here leave the stage.

67. *Apollo, perfect me,* etc.:—He asks that Apollo may make him able to read it.

105. *What world is this*:—This is from the *Confessio Amantis*:—

> "And first hir eyen up she caste,
> And when she more of strength caught,
> Her armes both forth she straughte;
> Held up hir honde and piteouslie
> She spake, and said, Where am I?
> Where is my lorde? Ah! What worlde is this?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* It has been remarked how this wicked foster-mother, hating Marina, corresponds to the wicked stepmother in *Cymbeline,* who hates Imogen.

4-6. *Let not conscience . . . too nicely*:—This passage, says White, is hopelessly corrupted.

17. *Shall, as a carpet, hang,* etc.:—That is, as drapery. Table-covers, and articles of like kind and use, were called carpets. Floors were covered with rushes.

52 *et seq. When I was born, the wind was north,* etc.:—"Most notable," observes Brandes, "is the preliminary sketch of the tempest which ushers in the play. Over and above the resemblance between the storm-scenes [in *Pericles* and *The Tempest*] we have Marina's description of the hurricane during which she was born (IV. i.), and Ariel's description of the shipwreck (*Tempest,* I. ii.)."

Scene II.

16. *Ay, to eleven,* etc.:—Brought them up to eleven years of age, and then brought them down again; that is, ruined them.

35. *keep our door hatched*:—This, says Hudson (Harvard ed.), "means *shut up shop,* or *give over our trade.*"

114-116. *he will come in our shadow,* etc.:—The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil, crowns of the sun.* The meaning of the passage is merely this, that the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his *money* there.

147, 148. *thunder . . . eels*:—Thunder was supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so rendering them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his *Satires*:—

> "They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare
> Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
> Their slimy beds."

153. *virgin knot*:—The words *virgin knot* allude to the zone or girdle worn by maidens in classical ages, and which was untied by the husband at the wedding. The language here so charmingly used by Marina has its parallel in that employed by Prospero, referring to Miranda, in *The Tempest* (IV. i.); and these are the only two instances in which the allusion occurs in Shakespeare.

Scene III.

11. *If thou hadst drunk to him*, etc.:—That is, if you had tasted the cup first and been poisoned in pledging him. There is an implied allusion to the office of taster at royal tables in old times.

49, 50. "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to Heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies."

Scene IV.

18. *think his pilot thought*:—Clarke and White read, after the early copies, *this* instead of *his*. Clarke explains the passage thus: "Let your imagination conceive this thought that I suggest to you; and which, like a pilot, shall conduct and accompany Pericles on his sea-voyage." Its meaning as here given, concisely stated by Malone, is this: "Suppose that your imagination is his pilot."

20. Who has left Tarsus before her father begins his search for her.

31. *wit*:—Thus in Gower:—

> "In which the lorde hath to him writte,
> That he would understande and *witte*."

39. The author, as Mason explains, "ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in

her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores."

Scene V.

Brandes, differing from many leading commenators as to the authorship of these parts of the play, remarks that this and the ensuing brothel scenes "do not give an intellectual equivalent for all that has been dared in order to produce them, but they bear witness to the desire Shakespeare felt of painting youthful womanly purity shining whitely in a very snake-pit of vice, and the spirit in which it is accomplished is that of both Shakespeare and the Renaissance."

Scene VI.

21. This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity: "*How* a score of ewes now?"

53. *I desire,* etc.:—Brandes says: "The calm dignity of Marina's innocence has none of that taint of the confessional which was plainly obnoxious to Shakespeare, and which neither the mediæval plays before him, nor Corneille and Calderon after, could escape. Corneille's Theodora is a saint by profession and a martyr from choice. She gives herself up to her enemies at the end of the play, because she has been assured by supernatural revelation that she will not again be imprisoned in the house from which she has just escaped. Shakespeare's Marina, the tenderly and carefully outlined sketch of the type which is presently wholly to possess his imagination, is purely human in her innate nobility of nature."

97-99. *If you were born,* etc.:—The novel of Wilkins gives the following as Marina's speech on this occasion; and it is in such a strain that we cannot but regret not to see more of it in the play: "If, as you say, my lord, you are the governor, let not your authority, which should teach you to rule others, be the means to make you misgovern yourself. If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown upon you by opinion, make good that opinion which was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you

are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity unstain'd in thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of Heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sin's intemperance, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impoverish me."

100. Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly: "Proceed with your fine moral discourse."

149, 150. Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

158. *rosemary and bays*:—Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

184, 185. *a baboon*, etc.:—That is, a baboon would think his name dishonoured by such a profession.

ACT FIFTH.

23, 24. *Where what is done*, etc.:—Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.

Scene I.

80. Marina's song is thus given in the novel:—

> "Amongst the harlots foule I walke;
> Yet harlot none am I;
> The Rose amongst the Thornes doth grow,
> And is not hurt thereby,
> The Thiefe that stole me sure I thinke,
> Is slaine before this time.
> A bawde me bought, yet am I not

Defilde by fleshly crime:
Nothing were pleasanter to me,
Then parents mine to know.
I am the issue of a King,
My blood from Kings dooth flow:
In time the heauens may mend my state,
And send a better day,
For sorrow addes unto our griefes,
But helps not any way:
Shew gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerefull eies,
That God remaines that once of nought
Created Earth and Skies."

100, 101. This refers, apparently, to something not found in any printed copy of the play, perhaps to something lost from it. And afterwards, Pericles says to Marina, "Didst thou not say, *when I did push thee back* . . . thou camest from good descending?" Probably a good deal of the play as written never got into print: the broken and disordered state of the text shows that such is the case. In the *Confessio Amantis*, and in the *Painful Adventures*, the discovery of Marina is not made till Pericles has broken forth into violence against her person. Thus, in the former:—

"Bot as a madde man, atte laste
His hed wepyng awey he cast,
And half in wrath he bade here go:
Bot yit she wolde nouht do so;
And in the derke forth she goth
Til she hym towchith, and he wroth,
And after hire with his honde
He smote: and thus whan she hym fonde
Diseasyd, courtesly she seide,
Avoy, my lorde, I am a mayde;
And if ye wiste what I am,
And owte of what lynage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so salvage."

117, 118. *these endowments*, etc.:—The meaning is, these endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession: they acquire additional grace from their owner.

Scene III.

"At a somewhat earlier period," observes Brandes, "such a subject would have assumed, in England, the form of a *Morality*, an allegorical religious play, in which the steadfastness of the virtuous woman would have triumphed over *Vice*. At a somewhat later period, in France, it would have been a Christian drama, in which heathen wickedness and incredulity were put to confusion by the youthful believer. Shakespeare carries it back to the days of Diana; his virtue and vice are alike heathen, owning no connection with church or creed."

7. *silver livery*:—That is, her white robes of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

79. *make a star of him*:—This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who believed that they conferred divine honours and immortality on men by placing them "among the stars."

Questions on Pericles.

1. What was the contemporary judgement of this play?

2. Regarding the validity of its authorship, what was the opinion of the editors of the first Folio?

3. What portions, according to the weight of critical opinion, are ascribed to Shakespeare? Who were, conjecturally, his associates?

4. To what play of Shakespeare's does it bear some structural resemblances?

ACT FIRST.

5. Who was the historical Gower, and why was he selected to bear the part of the chorus in this play?

6. What part of the plot is revealed by the prologue? How does the action knit itself with the prologue?

7. How does Pericles speak after the first view of Antiochus's daughter? Is there here contained the crux of the drama entailing the expiatory part which follows; if so, give it a brief statement.

8. What is the reflection of Pericles after solving the riddle?

9. How does Pericles characterize the acts of kings who are impelled by their vices?

10. What respite is allowed Pericles? What figure shows the relationship of murder and lust?

11. How does Antiochus try to destroy Pericles?

12. In the opening speech of Sc. ii. does Pericles show only apprehension of Antiochus's spite?

13. In the relationship that exists between Pericles and Helicanus how is shown the converse of the relations already exhibited between Antiochus and his subjects?

14. What course does Pericles take to escape Antiochus?

15. What does Thaliard say (Sc. iii.) of kings' secrets? What bearing on the plot has this Scene?

16. Who are introduced in Sc. iv.? What purpose is there in the detailed description of affairs in Tarsus?

ACT SECOND.

17. What parts of the story are supplied by Gower and the Dumb Show? Comment on the dramatic anomaly of this device.

18. Analyze the invocation of Pericles at the opening of Sc. i and show wherein it is un-Shakespearian.

19. How does the conversation of the fishermen form a humorous counterpart to the theme of the plot? What insight into social custom in Elizabethan England does this Scene supply?

20. How is Pericles supplied with suitable apparel to appear before the court of Simonides?

21. How is the procession of knights arranged to form an effect of climax? How do the bystanders comment on the Sixth Knight?

22. What kinds of triumph does Pericles achieve in Sc. iii.? What is his reflection upon the scene before him? Does he in this reveal something of the process of expiation that the play is designed to show?

23. What is reported in Sc. iv. of Antiochus and his daughter? What is the state of affairs at Tyre during the absence of Pericles? What does this Scene show of his popularity?

24. By what device are the knights dismissed (Sc. v.) from the palace of Simonides in Pentapolis?

25. Did Shakespeare ever manage a wooing so bunglingly as that depicted in Sc. v., even considering the necessary compression of the episode to fit into the larger scheme of the drama? Is Simonides a real character?

ACT THIRD.

26. Indicate the design in employing an archaic form of certain words in the speech of Gower.

27. Compare the invocation of Pericles in Sc. i. with that at the opening of Act. I. Sc. i.

28. What superstition of the sailors provides for one of the principal episodes of the plot? Mention other plays in which Shakespeare has thus brought together the unrelated human elements of the plot.

29. Compare this storm-scene with that presented in *The Tempest.* Was this a "study" for the latter?

30. How does Pericles moralize these supreme disasters? Is the art in which this is done good or bad?

31. What personal facts concerning Cerimon are given in Sc. ii.?

32. Compare the treatment of the awakening of Thaisa with the same episode in other literatures, notably the Brunhilda of Wagner.

33. What philosophy does Pericles display (Sc. iii.) in the face of destiny? On what obligation does he rely in leaving Marina with Cleon?

34. What is the purpose of Sc. iv.?

ACT FOURTH.

35. How long a time elapses between the third and fourth Acts? What does Gower reveal as the basis for the subsequent action of the drama?

36. To what does Dionyza commit Leonine in Sc. i.?

37. How is Marina first introduced to speak for herself? What is her dominant note? In what does she suggest, and in what does she differ from, Perdita?

38. How does Dionyza lure Marina? Comment on the dramatic effectiveness of the rest of the Scene. Recall, if you can, how frequently Shakespeare has used the dramatic device of interposition at the crisis of an action.

39. Does Shakespeare ever deal in the peculiar kind of realism presented by the brothel-scenes of this Act?

40. Would his taste have been repelled by the materials of the scenes or by the way in which they are presented? With what redeeming quality would he doubtless have invested them had he chosen to work with the materials?

41. Compare Dionyza with Lady Macbeth and with the Queen in *Cymbeline*. What points of likeness and unlikeness are there in these three pictures of feminine depravity? Select such notes in this character as seem reminiscent of the earlier and prophetic of the later character.

42. Why has Shakespeare left this character incomplete? Do you recall any similar case in his dramas?

43. What is there defective in the psychology of Lysimachus and of Boult?

ACT FIFTH.

44. How is Marina's life spent after she escapes from the brothel?

45. In what condition of despair is Pericles presented in the fifth Act?

46. Of what does Lysimachus want assurance before offering his hand to Marina?

47. Compare the scene of recognition between Pericles and Marina with similar scenes, such, for example, as that in *Cymbeline*, and comment on the following qualities: reality; pathos; dramatic effectiveness.

48. Explain the music that Pericles hears in advance of the actual music produced according to the stage direction. What is its symbolic significance?

49. What direction does Pericles get from Diana?

50. Compare the recognitions in Sc. iii. with similar scenes in *The Winter's Tale*. Which is the more subtly conceived?

51. Fleay objects to the attribution to Shakespeare of that part of the play which deals with the nuptials of Marina on the ground that "he would not have married Marina to a man whose acquaintance she had first made in a public brothel, to which *his* motives of resort were not recommendatory, however involuntary *her* sojourn there may have been." Is it logical to argue this way, considering the moral anomalies of *Much Ado About Nothing* and of *Measure for Measure*?

52. The Gower speech with which the play ends accounts for the closing days in the life of Cleon and Dionyza. Does this sufficiently negative the assertion of incompleteness made in question 42?

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53. Give an account of the metrical peculiarities in this play; of the rhymed lines; of the double endings; of the Alexandrines and the short lines.

54. Resembling *The Winter's Tale* in some structural points, what by comparison does *Pericles* lack in skilful coördination of parts?

55. By what means is the dénouement effected?

56. What do you take to be the underlying philosophy of this play?

The Life of Timon of Athens.

THE
LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS.

Preface.

The First Edition. "*Timon of Athens*" was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623; it occupies twenty-one pages, from 80 to 98 in the division of "Tragedies" (pages 81 and 82 being numbered twice over). "*The Actors' Names*" are given on the next page, a blank page follows, and then comes the play of *Julius Cæsar*, beginning a new sheet, marked *kk* instead of *ii*, and numbered 109. It is noteworthy that "*Troilus and Cressida*" would just have filled the space of pages 80-108, and judging from the fact that its second and third pages are numbered 79* and 80, one may perhaps safely assume that *Timon* took its place in the Folio (*vide* Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*). The text is one of the worst printed in the volume, and the famous crux "*Vllorxa*" (III. iv. 112) may be regarded as typical of the many errors, resulting from carelessness or other causes.

The Authorship of the Play. The doubtful authorship of a great part of the play accounts, in all probability, for the unsatisfactory state of the text; it is now generally agreed that "*Timon*" contains a good deal of non-Shakespearian alloy. The following pieces do not stand the test:—Act I. Sc. i. 189—end of the scene (? 249-265; 283-294); the whole of Sc. ii.; Act II. Sc. ii. 45-124;

* Be it observed that the first page of *Timon* is really 78, not 80; the mistake was due to the numbering of the last page of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was marked 79 instead of 77.

Act III., except Sc. vi. 92-109; Act. IV. Sc. ii. 30-50, (?) iii. 292-360, 402-415, 456-544; Act V. (?) Sc. i. 1-59; ii.; iii. Various attempts have been made to extract the ore from this "mineral of metals base," and, purged from grosser stuff, "Shakespeare's *Timon*" was issued by the *New Shakespeare Society* in the year 1874, embodying the labours of Mr. Fleay (*vide* also *Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 187-208).*

Various theories have been advanced as to the composition of *Timon*:—(i.) that Shakespeare worked over an older drama, the remains of which are still to be found in the inferior portions of the play;† (ii.) that Shakespeare and another author collaborated; (iii.) that the play left unfinished by Shakespeare was hastily and carelessly completed by some playwright either (*a*) for stage-purposes, or (*b*) for insertion in the First Folio; (iv.) that the editors of the Folio could only obtain the parts of the principal actors, and the deficiencies had to be supplied from an earlier *Timon*,‡ or by some second-rate

* "The play is, in its present state, unique among Shakespeare's for its languid, wearisome want of action. This renders it one of the least read of all his works. But this fault is entirely due to the passages which I assign to the second writer, not one of which adds anything to the development of the plot, for they are in every instance mere expansions of facts mentioned in the genuine parts of the play."

† The Cambridge Editors seem to hold the view:—"The original play, on which Shakespeare worked, must have been written, for the most part, either in prose or in very irregular verse." Farmer first suggested this explanation; Knight followed Farmer, maintaining that "*Timon* was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakespeare, which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly rewritten, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakespeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play," etc.

‡ Elze, Delius, and others assign the earlier *Timon* to George Wilkins (*cp.* Preface to *Pericles*); Fleay believes "that Cyril Tourneur was the only person connected with the King's Com-

dramatist; (v.) that the combination of (i.) and (iii.) best satisfies all the difficulties.

The Fifth Act of the play gives, *me judice*, the best clue to the solution of the problem. It certainly produces the impression of having been left roughly sketched by Shakespeare, whose touch is manifest in the more important speeches, especially those belonging to the character of Timon; but while the Third Scene is clearly not Shakespeare's, the four-lined epitaph in the Fourth Scene, the Shakespearian portion, combines two inconsistent couplets, and the combination could not have been intended by Shakespeare, though both were naturally in the rough unfinished MS.; the poet had evidently not made up his mind which of the two epitaphs to use, whether Timon's own, or that which, "commonly rehearsed," was not his "but was made by the poet Callimachus." *

In all probability Shakespeare's unfinished MS., con-

pany at this time who could have written the other part" of the play. All this is mere supposition.

* In order that the reader should understand the weight of this piece of evidence, he should compare Act V. Sc. iv. ll. 70-73 with its original in North's *Plutarch* (*Life of Antonius*):—"He (Timon) died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the seaside. Now it chanced so that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!"

It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

"Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill: but pass, and stay not here thy gait."

(The substitution of "*wicked caitiffs*" for "*wicked wretches*" suggests a comparison with Paynter's version of the epitaph, beginning "*My wretched caitif days,*" *etc.*). It is not likely that lines 3, 4 in the previous Scene (V. iii.) are intended for Timon's epitaph, though at first sight the rhyming couplet gives that impres-

taining the main parts of the play already written out, with the general plan merely outlined, was worked up after Shakespeare's death into the play we possess; it cannot be finally determined whether this elaboration was undertaken for stage-representation, or for the purpose of fitting it for a place in the First Folio, when the Editors had resolved to change the position of *Troilus and Cressida.** Perhaps the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished.

There is no definite evidence of an older play on the subject that could have been the original of Shakespeare's,† nor are the inferior portions strikingly suggestive of the style of the old-fashioned productions superseded by Shakespeare's revisions or recasts. The MS. play entitled "*Timon*," written about the year 1600, edited for the *Shakespeare Society* by Dyce in 1842, was intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience, and there is not the least evidence that it was ever seen by Shakespeare.‡

sion (*vide* Note). The speech is weak enough as it is without adding to it the crowning absurdity of making the soldier first read the epitaph, and then proceed to take the character in wax, because he cannot read it.

* Dr. Nicholson (*Trans. of New Shak. Soc.* 1874) adduced what he considered "tolerably decisive proof that *Timon* as we now have it was an acted play":—"in old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theatre copy, that the performers or bringers-in of stage-properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue." He points out some of these directions in the present play as printed in the Folio; but his case, from this point of view, does not seem strong.

† There seems to be no foundation for Mr. Simpson's statement that "a *Timon* was, at the date of the *Satiromastix*, in the possession of Shakespeare's Company" (*New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, p. 252).

‡ Malone pointed out that there is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead

Source of the Plot. A passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius* (in North's *Plutarch*) containing a short account of Timon may have attracted Shakespeare to the subject of the play. Shakespeare was also acquainted with Paynter's story of Timon, in "*the Palace of Pleasure.*" Other versions of the story are to be found in Elizabethan literature (*e.g.* the account of Timon in Richard Barckley's *Felicity of Man*). "Critic Timon" is already referred to by Shakespeare in his early play of *Love's Labour's Lost.*

An interesting comparison might be instituted between the present play and Lucian's *Dialogue on Timon*; it seems almost certain that directly or indirectly the Dialogue has exercised considerable influence on the conception of the drama, though we know of no English or French version of Lucian's work that Shakespeare could have used; perhaps the other author of the play possessed the Greek he lacked.

Date of Composition. Some of the problems connected with the composition of *Timon* have already been indicated. Internal evidence of style is alone available for fixing the date of Shakespeare's parts of the play. Æsthetic and metrical considerations would place it after *Hamlet*—(Coleridge describes it as an "after-vibration of Hamlet," but the vibration is rather too harsh and jarring)—and before the opening of Shakespeare's last period, *i.e.* about the same time as *Macbeth, Othello,* and *Lear*; Shakespeare's satirical drama must belong to the period when, "as the stern censurer of mankind," he reached his greatest tragic height; it makes one happy to think that the pity and terror of tragedy had more attractions for

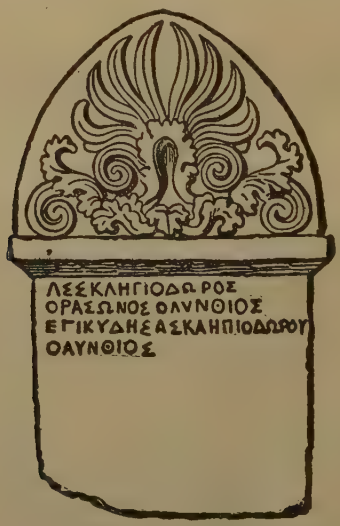
of *warm water,* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes,* and afterwards beats them out of the room. The likeness is easily accounted for by identity of source. The last line of the Third Act, with its mention of "*stones,*" is noteworthy, seeing that in the play Timon throws the water in the faces of the guests and nothing is said about his pelting them with stones. The stage-direction is not found in the Folios.

him than the stern severity of bitter satire; he probably found the theme uncongenial and cast it aside:—

> *"No.—I am that I am; and they that level*
> *At my abuses reckon up their own:*
> *I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;*
> *By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;*
> *Unless this general evil they maintain,—*
> *All men are bad and in their badness reign."*
>
> (Sonnet cxxi.)

Duration of Action. The time of the play may be taken as six days represented on the stage, with one long interval:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 2, Act II. Sc. i., ii.; Act III. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 3, Act III. Sc. iv.-vi.; Act IV. Sc. i., ii. *Interval.* *Day* 4, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day* 5, Act V. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 6, Act V. Sc. iii., iv.



"On his grave-stone this insculpture" (V. iv. 67).
From the Elgin Marbles.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The lavish generosity of Timon, a great lord of Athens, draws to him a throng of sycophants and hangers-on who profit by his careless extravagance. With his frank, cordial nature he does not suspect their true mission, but esteems them all his friends. They flatter him assiduously, and he showers gifts upon them or does them various good services. He gives a costly banquet at which the favours are precious stones. The reckless waste is a matter of much concern to his steward, who foresees speedy impoverishment.

II. Presently Timon's creditors begin to suspect his true financial state and press him greatly with bills. The steward at last succeeds in acquainting his master with his bankrupt condition. Timon is thunderstruck, but consoles himself with the thought that he can draw upon all the men to whom he has been liberal in time past. He therefore despatches his servants to request from them loans.

III. The false friends desert him in his hour of need; nor will they advance him money. Instead they make specious excuses and even go so far as to importune him in turn for certain sums. Timon's eyes are opened to their ingratitude and unworthiness. To express his contempt he gives a final feast, at which nothing is set forth but warm water. While uttering the bitterest reproaches he dashes the water in their faces, and ends by throwing

the dishes at them and driving them out of the banqueting-room.

IV. Timon now abjures the society of all mankind, and seeks refuge in a cave in the woods outside the city, where he subsists upon the roots of the earth. In digging them he discovers a hidden treasure of gold, but takes no pleasure in it, for it brings him only heavy recollections of his folly. He bestows a portion of the gold upon Alcibiades, a former friend of his who honestly desires to aid him, and who is now marching against Athens to humiliate that city for its unjust banishment of him. Though Timon wishes Alcibiades success, it is not because he is reconciled with him, but because he desires the punishment of Athens. The only man whom the misanthrope will acknowledge to be honest is his faithful steward, who seeks him out and remains true to him in adversity. Upon him Timon bestows a liberal gift of the treasure, enjoining him never to come within his sight again.

V. The near approach of Alcibiades to Athens causes the senators to bethink themselves of the neglected Timon. They visit him in the forest to pray his aid, promising a restoration of fortune and honour. But Timon greets their advances with taunts and curses. They return bootless to the city, which they are shortly after forced to surrender to Alcibiades. While the conqueror is singling out his own and Timon's enemies for punishment, he receives word that Timon is dead within his forest cave.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Timon.

It marks an approach to hardness and formalism in Shakespeare's conception of character that his Timon is adequately summed up in the label he adopts: "I am

Misanthropos, and hate mankind." Lear is on the whole his nearest Shakespearean analogue. The sting of ingratitude is the common provocation of both; and in both its maddening effect is enhanced by naïve ignorance of men and equally naïve exaggeration of their own claims. Both are simple natures, finely gifted, but quite without subtlety and penetration; a single shock throws them off their balance. But Lear is testy, self-indulgent, arrogant and exacting from the first; while Timon is quixotically generous, and thinks his honour concerned to give more than is asked, and to repay tenfold what he receives. Lear's most imperious ethical instinct is that of the primitive Northern tribe—the duty of children to parent; Timon's is that of the philosophic schools and society of Athens—the duty of friend to friend. . . . In the Athens of Timon this noble communism is as dead as the duty of children in the heart of Regan. His disillusion, as terrible as Lear's, and far nearer, in kind, to common experience, is far less real, and is worked out with gravely diminished dramatic resource. His monologues, close packed, knotty with phrase, but unbroken in their sombre monotony, take the place of the wonderfully varied and modulated temper of Lear. His anger pursues its way like a torrent without pause or change. It is more penetrated than Lear's with the hunger for moral retribution, and the discovery of the gold puts the instrument of it in his grasp—the

> damned earth,
> Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
> Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
> Do thy right nature.

Of Timon's series of vindictive encounters before his cave, little but the idea is probably ultimately due to Lucian. The poet may be foreshadowed in Gnathonides, the envoys of repentant Athens in Demeas. But Flavius, the one honest man, is Shakespeare's characteristic creation, and in Apemantus and Alcibiades he adapted to the

scheme of Lucian the suggestive hints of Plutarch. In Plutarch both figure only as the companions of Timon's misanthropic days, the one his fellow cynic, the other his destined avenger upon Athens. Shakespeare introduced both into the picture of Timon's prodigal festivities. The misanthrope by nature was thus set in sharp contrast with the misanthrope by disillusion, and the ground was laid for their encounter in the second part (IV. iii. 198 *et seq.*) with its profoundly imagined discrimination between the set hatred grounded in habit and creed and that kindled by fresh conviction, the misanthropy which is a form of intellectual self-indulgence, and that which is goaded with poignant memories.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Timon and Shakespeare.

With few exceptions, those portions of the play in which Timon is the speaker can have come from no other hand than that of Shakspere. If such conjectures were allowed to possess any worth, one might venture to assert that by the time this play was written, Shakspere had mastered the impulses within himself to mere rage against the evil that is in the world. The impression which the play leaves is that of Shakspere's sanity. He could now so fully and fearlessly enter into Timon's mood, because he was now past all danger of Timon's malady. He had now learned to strive with evil and to subdue it; he had now learned to forgive. And therefore he could dare to utter that wrath against mankind to which he had assuredly been tempted, but to which he had never wholly yielded.

It would seem that about this period Shakspere's mind was much occupied with the questions, In what temper are we to receive the injuries inflicted upon us by our fellow men? How are we to bear ourselves towards

those that wrong us? How shall we secure our inward being from chaos amid the evils of the world? How shall we attain to the most just and noble attitude of soul in which life and the injuries of life may be confronted? Now, here in Timon we see one way in which a man may make his response to the injuries of life; he may turn upon the world with a fruitless and suicidal rage. Shakspere was interested in the history of Timon, not merely as a dramatic study, and not merely for the sake of moral edification, but because he recognized in the Athenian misanthrope one whom he had known, an intimate acquaintance, the Timon of Shakspere's own breast. Shall we hesitate to admit that there was such a Timon in the breast of Shakspere? We are accustomed to speak of Shakspere's gentleness and Shakspere's tolerance so foolishly that we find it easier to conceive of Shakspere as indulgent towards baseness and wickedness than as feeling measureless rage and indignation against them—rage and indignation which would sometimes flash beyond their bounds and strike at the whole wicked race of man. And it is certain that Shakspere's delight in human character, his quick and penetrating sympathy with almost every variety of man, saved him from any persistent injustice towards the world. But it can hardly be doubted that the creator of Hamlet, of Lear, of Timon, saw clearly, and felt deeply, that there is a darker side to the world and to the soul of man.

The Shakspere invariably bright, gentle, and genial is the Shakspere of a myth. The man actually discoverable behind the plays was a man tempted to passionate extremes, but of strenuous will, and whose highest self pronounced in favor of sanity. Therefore he resolved that he would set to rights his material life, and he did so. And, again, he resolved that he would bring into harmony with the highest facts and laws of the world his spiritual being, and that in his own high fashion he accomplished also. The plays impress us as a long study of self-control—of self-control at one with self-surrender to the

highest facts and laws of human life. Shakspere set about attaining self-mastery, not of the petty, pedantic kind, which can be dictated by a director or described in a manual, but large, powerful, luminous, and calm; and by sustained effort he succeeded in attaining this in the end. It is impossible to conceive that Shakspere should have traversed life, and felt its insufficiencies and injuries and griefs, without incurring Timon's temptation—the temptation to fierce and barren resentment.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Alcibiades.

The whole conduct of Alcibiades forms a complete parallel to that of Coriolanus, and here again the connection between the two plays is obvious. Shakespeare found a brief account of the mutual relations of Timon and Alcibiades in North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, together with a description of Timon's goodwill towards the general on account of the calamities that he foresaw he would bring upon the Athenians. The name of Alcibiades would not recall to Shakespeare, as it does to us, the most glorious period of Greek culture, and such names as Pericles, Aristophanes, and Plato—he generally gives Latin names to his Greeks, such as Lucius, Flavius, Servilius, etc.; nor did it represent to him the unrivalled subtlety, charm, instability, and reckless extravagance of the man. He would read Plutarch's comparison of Alcibiades and Coriolanus, in which the Greek and Roman generals are considered homogeneous, and for Shakespeare Alcibiades was merely the soldier and commander; on that account he let him occupy much the same relation to Timon that Fortinbras did to Hamlet.

Where Timon merely hates, Alcibiades seizes his weapons; and when Timon curses indiscriminately, Alcibiades punishes severely but deliberately. He does not

tear down the city walls and put every tenth citizen to the sword, as he is invited to do; he only seeks vengeance on his personal enemies and those whom he considers guilty.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

V.

Apemantus.

The character of Apemantus seems designed, in part, on purpose to illustrate the difference between the intense hearty misanthropy of Timon and the low vulgar cynicism of an outworn profligate or superannuated debauchee. For in Apemantus we have a specimen of the cynic proper, who finds his pastime in a sort of scowling buffoonery and malignant slang; at first setting himself to practise the arts of a snarling scorner of men, because this feeds his distempered conceit; and then by dint of such exercise gradually working himself up into a corresponding passion. For it is easy to see that the cynicism which now forms his character originated in sheer affectation. Timon justly despises the sincere cant of one who thus drives contempt of mankind as a trade; for he knows it to be the offspring of disappointed vanity, seeking to indemnify its own baseness by making reprisals on others. He sees that Apemantus never had in himself a single touch of the goodness, the alleged want of which he so much delights to bark at; and that his superiority to the common passions of men is all because he has not virtue enough left to vicious.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Flavius.

An exception to this general picture of selfish depravity is found in the old and honest steward Flavius, to whom Timon pays a full tribute of tenderness. Shakespear

was unwilling to draw a picture "*ugly all over with hypocrisy.*" He owed this character to the good-natured solicitations of his Muse. His mind might well have been said to be the "sphere of humanity."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Opposed to this friendship of semblance and falsehood, stands the true and warm affection of Timon's household, especially that of his steward Flavius, whom Timon declares the only honest man. In an over-civilized, morally corrupt state, where the senators are usurers, where the people abandon themselves to luxury and gluttony, and banish the more virtuous or leave them to perish from neglect, and where the army, accompanied by courtesans, takes up arms against its own country, the little of virtue and morality that is left takes refuge in the lowest orders.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VII.

Blankness of Feature.

The want of individualisation of numerous persons in the play, named and unnamed, is a cause of apparent inferiority and infirmity; the forms of shabbiness are varied among the false friends, but not appropriated. Shabby tricks to save their money, and shabby means of obtaining it, do not suffice alone to mark out one mean man from another by absolute and necessary indication. Certainly it may be said that this blankness has some propriety in marking the herd as a herd; and accordingly, the omission of the names of individual friends at the last banquet of warm and steaming water, is quite consistent with the rest; but the play in which blankness of feature is so largely required or admissible, will lose in dignity, though it must be admitted that some of the scenes thus carried on between generic rather than indi-

vidual personations—for instance, the opening dialogue of the Poet and the Painter, have all the appearance of being, from the first word to the last, entirely Shakespeare's.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Non-Shakespearian Elements.

We must now, with a view to defining the non-Shakespearian elements of the play, devote some attention to its dual authorship. In the first act it is particularly the prose dialogues between Apemantus and others which seem unworthy of Shakespeare. The repartee is laconic but laboured—not always witty, though invariably bitter and disdainful. The style somewhat resembles that of the colloquies between Diogenes and Alexander in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe.* The first of Apemantus's conversations might have been written by Shakespeare—it seems to have some sort of continuity with the utterances of Thersites in *Trolius and Cressida*—but the second has every appearance of being either an interpolation by a strange hand, or a scene which Shakespeare had forgotten to score out. Flavius's monologue (I. ii.) never came from Shakespeare's pen in this form. Its marked contrast to the rest shows that it might be the outcome of notes taken by some blundering shorthand writer among the audience.

The long conversation, in the second act, between Apemantus, the Fool, Caphis, and various servants, was, in all probability written by an alien hand. It contains nothing but idle chatter devised to amuse the gallery, and it introduces characters who seem about to take some standing in the play, but who vanish immediately, leaving no trace. A Page comes with messages and letters from the mistress of a brothel, to which the Fool appears to belong, but we are told nothing of the contents of these letters, whose addresses the bearer is unable to read.

In the third act there is much that is feeble and irrelevant, together with an aimless unrest which incessantly pervades the stage. It is not until the banqueting scene towards the end of the act that Shakespeare makes his presence felt in the storm which bursts from Timon's lips. The powerful fourth act displays Shakespeare at his best and strongest; there is very little here which could be attributed to alien sources. I cannot understand the decision with which English critics (including a poet like Tennyson) have condemned as spurious Flavius's monologue at the close of the second scene. Its drift is that of the speech in the following scene, in which he expresses the whole spirit of the play in one line: "What viler things upon the earth than friends!" Although there is evidently some confusion in the third scene (for example, the intimation of the Poet's and Painter's appearance long before they really arrive), I cannot agree with Fleay that Shakespeare had no share in the passage contained between the lines, "Where liest o' nights, Timon?" and "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive."

One speech in particular betrays the master-hand. It is that in which Timon expresses the wish that Apemantus's desire to become a beast among beasts may be fulfilled:—

> "If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee: and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner."

There is as much knowledge of life here as in a concentrated essence of all Lafontaine's fables.

The last scenes of the fifth act were evidently never revised by Shakespeare. It is a comical incongruity that makes the soldier who, we are expressly told, is unable to read, capable of distinguishing Timon's tomb, and even

of having the forethought to take a wax impression of the words. There is also an amalgamation of the two contradictory inscriptions, of which the first tells us that the dead man wishes to remain nameless and unknown, while the last two lines begin with the declaration, "Here lie I, Timon." Notwithstanding the shocking condition of the text, the repeatedly occurring confusion of the action, and the evident marks of an alien hand, Shakespeare's leading idea and dominant purpose is never for a moment obscured. Much in *Timon* reminds us of *King Lear*, the injudiciously distributed benefits and the ingratitude of their recipients are the same, but in the former the bitterness and virulence are tenfold greater, and the genius incontestably less. Lear is supported in his misfortunes by the brave and manly Kent, the faithful Fool, that truest of all true hearts, Cordelia, her husband, the valiant King of France. There is but one who remains faithful to Timon, a servant, which in those days meant a slave, whose self-sacrificing devotion forces his master, sorely against his will, to except one man from his universal vituperation. In his own class he does not meet with a single honestly devoted heart, either man's or woman's; he has no daughter, as Lear; no mother, as Coriolanus; no friend, not one.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IX.

Consensus of Critics.

Timon of Athens, of all the works of Shakspeare, possesses most the character of satire: a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and Juvenalian in the bitterness of Timon's imprecations on the ingratitude of a false world. The story is very simply treated, and is definitely divided into large masses: in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and around him the throng of suitors of

every description; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need; in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude —the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the general towards his fellow citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are not less different; Timon frets himself to death, Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by force. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; in his discontent he is a madman: he is everywhere wanting in the wisdom which enables a man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns the wealth which seems to tempt him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both the parts that he plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as in his anchoritical seclusion.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

Timon of Athens is one of Shakspeare's most remarkable pieces, and in many respects is a problem that has given editors, interpreters, and critics much to puzzle their brains with, which has nevertheless not, by any means, as yet been satisfactorily solved. In the first place the representation suffers from a striking want of equality; some portions have evidently been worked out with pleasure and care, others, on the contrary, have been so carelessly

thrown off, and connected in so loose and disjointed a manner, that they are not only wanting in strict coherence, but even contradictions have crept in. It is much the same as regards the delineation of the characters; several of the personages, especially Timon himself, are described minutely and thoroughly in Shakespeare's usual masterly style, others are mere sketches drawn with a few touches, and other again, mere representatives of whole classes of men. Lastly, similar contradictions pervade the diction: by the side of lines which, in structure, rhythm, and linguistic character entirely resemble the treatmnt of the blank verse of Shakspeare's later pieces, we find a loose and careless prose, unconnected, bounding transitions from the one form of language to the other, passages of which it cannot be determined whether they are intended to be verse or prose; we also find rhyming couplets in places where Shakspeare does not generally employ them.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

The play is one of the less celebrated and less attractive among Shakespeare's works. The theme itself is not the most enticing, and its treatment must be pronounced to be in many respects unsatisfactory. The inequality of the execution will be acknowledged by every careful reader. Some parts are wrought out with great skill and completeness; others are hastily and rudely sketched, while certain necessary links seem to be omitted altogether. The versification is often a mystery, and the prose frequently appears to be written with exceeding carelessness. But the main characteristic of the play is the dark colouring in which it portrays social life. Its speech is steeped in bitterness; it contains the most vindictive utterances against mankind to be found in Shakespeare. A noble, generous character is victimized to the last degree, and driven forward to suicide. Unselfishness apparently becomes tragic in a selfish world. Still, the other side is not neglected; this very unselfishness is

seen to be at bottom selfish. Timon is guilty, and has to take the consequence of his deed. He turns misanthrope, full of vehement sarcasm and red-hot imprecation. The latter part of the play, in particular, is a bath of gall.

SNIDER: *The Shakespearian Drama.*

The play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship. In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but, having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

Timon of Athens always appeared to us to be written with as intense a feeling of his subject as any one play of Shakespear. It is one of the few in which he seems to be in earnest throughout, never to trifle nor go out of his way. He does not relax in his efforts, nor lose sight of the unity of his design. It is the only play of our author in which spleen is the predominant feeling of the mind. It is as much a satire as a play: and contains some of the finest pieces of invective possible to be conceived, both in the snarling, captious answers of the cynic Apemantus, and in the impassioned and more terrible imprecations of Timon.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

The Life of
Timon of Athens.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *flattering lords.*
SEMPRONIUS,

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian captain.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*

FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller and Merchant.

An Old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } *servants to Timon.*
SERVILIUS,

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
HORTENSIUS, } *servants to Timon's creditors and to the Lords.*
And others,

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighbouring woods.*

The Life of
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Athens. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you 're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that 's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other 's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
Jew. Nay, that 's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, 10
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O, pray, let 's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. [*Looking on the jewel*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. 20
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let 's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace 30
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is 't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man! 40

Pain. Look, moe!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. 50

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down 60
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her; 70

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance, 80
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show, 90
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from Ventidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off 100
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I 'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: and I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father. 110

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further? 120

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself; 130
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.

Tim. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I 'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. Mine hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping, 150
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work, 160
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners, 170
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He 'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not. 181
Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus?
Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.
Tim. Whither art going? 190
Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. You 're a dog.
Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, 200 if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.
Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit. 210
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!
Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where 220 thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That 's not feigned; he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself? 230
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic 's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?
Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, 240
All of companionship.
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!
Apem. So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey. 250
Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day, is 't Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.
First Lord. That time serves still.
Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.
Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools. 260
Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?
Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean
to give thee none.
First Lord. Hang thyself!
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make
thy requests to thy friend.
Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee
hence! 270
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*
First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.
Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man. 280
Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
First Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; and then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none 10
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.* 20

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; ye 've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est'; but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself; for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for 't indeed. 30

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too. 40
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; 50
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here 's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there 's no odds: 60
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't: 70
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, 80 then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my

lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket, within.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies
most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,
which bears that office, to signify their pleasures. 120

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They 're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you 're beloved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women. 132
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that 's not depraved or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift? 141
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device:
I am to thank you for 't. 150

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.
[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour; 160
Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—
When all 's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

First Lord. Where be our men?
Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.
Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much 170
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted and come to visit you.
Tim. They are fairly welcome.
Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near! why, then, another time I 'll hear thee: 180
I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.
Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds. 190

Tim. I 'll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes 200
For every word: he is so kind that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it. 210

Third Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you liked it.

Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no
man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I
weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I 'll 220
tell you true. I 'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field. 230

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums 240
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I 'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what needs these feasts, 250 pomps and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then: I 'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses: no porter at his gate, 10

But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 20
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing, 30
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting,
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what, you come for money? 10
Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?
Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharged!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, and others.

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we 'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord. 20
Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,— 30

Isid. Serv. From Isidore; he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I 'll wait upon you instantly. 40

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*
Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.* 50

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let 's ha' some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.
Isid. Serv. There 's the fool hangs on your back already. 60
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.
Caph. Where 's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?
Apem. Asses.
All Serv. Why?
Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen? 70
All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?
Fool. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!
Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus? 80

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd. 90

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore- 110
master and a knave; which notwithstanding,
thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a
lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a
philosopher, with two stones moe than 's arti-
ficial one: he is very often like a knight; and,
generally, in all shapes that man goes up and
down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit 120
walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much
foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and
woman; sometime the philosopher.
[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I 'll speak with you anon. 130
[*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts, 140
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late!—yet now 's a time— 150
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath, 160
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more. 170

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; 180
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you 190
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honour to-day: you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be 200 fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be? 210

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! 220
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee, be not sad;
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. [*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he 's stepp'd 230
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*] [*To Flav.*] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe; 239
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in Lucullus's house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free- 10 hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your 20 lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he

would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible that the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing back the money.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave, 60
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money. 10

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged

extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents. 20

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord!

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend. 30

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; 40
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can tell him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars. 80

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive, 90
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Sempronius's house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him: 10
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in 't; I 'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I 'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I 'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did when he made
man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I
cannot think but in the end the villanies of man 30
will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives
to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be
wicked; like those that under hot ardent zeal
would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master. 40
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven. 10

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I 'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, 20
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I 'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns: what 's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. 30

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.* 40

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twas sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat? 50
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*
First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered 60 worship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he 's poor, and that 's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to 70
discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house 81
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here 's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills. 90
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What 's yours?—
and yours?
First Var. Serv. My lord,—
Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! 100
[*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their
caps at their money: these debts may well be
called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves. Creditors? devils!
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I 'll have it so. My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord. 110
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all:
I 'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I 'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault 's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe: 20

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born: 30
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, 40
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! His service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What 's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He 's a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury 70
He had been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war
My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all 80

My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How! 90

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly. 100

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I 'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions 10
did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you? 20

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship. 30

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men,—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ay, my good friend, what cheer? 40

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!
First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you. 50
Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.
First Lord. How do you? What 's the news?
Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?
First and Sec. Lords. Alcibiades banished!
Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.
First Lord. How? how?
Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?
Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?
Third Lord. I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble 60 feast toward.
Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.
Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?
Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—
Third Lord. I do conceive.
Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require 70 our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: 80

if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.
Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean? 90

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! 101
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain 's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords! 110
Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.
First Lord. He 's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel?
Third Lord. Did you see my cap?
Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.
Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown. 120
First Lord. Let 's make no stay.
Sec. Lord. Lord Timon 's mad.
Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.
Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,

And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I 'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! 40
Amen. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Athens. Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,

Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! 30
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again? 40
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He 's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I 'll follow, and inquire him out:

I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I 'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar and deny 't that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man 's a flatterer?' if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd 20
All feasts, societies and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods?
Why, this 30
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum? Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, 50
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 59
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion. 70
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world 80
Voiced so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap— 101
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one: 110
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself 's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard whom the oracle 120
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me,
Not all thy counsel. 130

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable;
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths,
I 'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; 141
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold: what then?
Believe 't that we 'll do any thing for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald; 160
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection. There 's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again. 170

Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue, 181
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above 191
Never presented!—O, a root! dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog, 200
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive 210
By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou 'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee, I 'ld throw away myself.
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself, 220
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed, 230
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—
Tim. A fool of thee: depart.
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou 240
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'ldst courtier be again,
Were thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete,
The other at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary, 260
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate
men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag, 271
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. 280
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him a root.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest; 290
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it. 300

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means? 310

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power? 320

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou 330

wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou 340 a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the com- 350 monwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I 'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus. 360

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.
Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.
Tim. If I name thee.
I 'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.
Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!
Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! 370
Choler dost kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.
Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!
Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*
Apem. Beast!
Tim. Slave!
Apem. Toad!
Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't. 380
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, 390
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I 'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.
Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it? 410

Sec. Ban. True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. 421
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con 430
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery: 440
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,

Rob one another. There 's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go, 451
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery. 460

Sec. Ban. I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made! 470
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what are thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir? 480

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 491
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity 's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward.
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild. 500
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,

I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise; 510
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late: 520
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'ld exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself. 530

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods! 540
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The woods. Before Timon's cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he 's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends. 10

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it

be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece. 20

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it. 30

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee. 40

Poet. Nay, let 's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple 51
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, 60
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better. 70
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye 're honest men: ye 've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye 're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore 81
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou 'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault: 90
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You 'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured 100
That he 's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone, 110
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there 's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:
[*To Painter*] You have work for me, there 's payment:
hence!
[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.*

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself 120
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians 131
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget 141
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 150
Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, 160
And I 'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,— 170

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, man-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 180
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp,

But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all 's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That 's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them; 200
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends, 210

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Retires to his cave.*

First Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us, 230
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises

Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from Timon.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who 's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What 's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I 'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.* 10

Scene IV.

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more': now breathless wrong 10
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means: 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours

Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread: 30
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,

Or any token of thine honour else, 50
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there 's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.
[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads*]
'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left! 71
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here
thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory 80
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abhor himself, make himself abhorred (Hanmer, "*make himself abhorr'd*"); I. i. 60.
Aches (dissyllabic); I. i. 247.
Advance, promote, raise to honour; I. ii. 171.
Affect, like, desire; I. ii. 219.
Allow'd, trusted, invested by public authority (Warburton, "*Hallow'd*"); V. i. 165.
All to you, "all good wishes to you"; I. ii. 235.
Alteration; "a. of honour," *i.e.* change to dishonour; IV. iii. 469.
Ample, amply; I. ii. 130.
Apperil, peril; I. ii. 32.
Argument, contents; II. ii. 185.
——, subject, theme; III. iii. 20; III. v. 23.
Arms; "travers'd arms," (?) folded arms; according to others, with arms reversed; V. iv. 7.
Artificial, belonging to art, artistic; "a. strife," the strife of art to outdo nature; I. i. 37.
Atone, set at peace, put in accord; V. iv. 58.
Attend, await; III. v. 102.
Attends, awaits; I. ii. 154.

Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 154.
Bans, curses; IV. i. 34.
Beagles, a small sort of dog; used of servile followers; IV. iii. 175.
Bear, bear off; I. i. 131.
Becks, nods; I. ii. 239.
Beggar's dog; II. i. 5. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVIIth century black-letter ballad.

Behave, govern; III. v. 22.
Beneath, lower, below; I. i. 44.
Best, that which can be most depended upon (S. Walker conj. "*last*"); III. iii. 36.
Blains, botches; IV. i. 28.
Blood, temper (Johnson conj. "*mood*"); IV. ii. 38.
Bound, bank, boundary; I. i. 25.
Brain's flow, tears (Hanmer, "*brine's flow*"); V. iv. 76.
Breath, voice; IV. iii. 249.
Breathe, utter; III. v. 32.
Breathed, trained ("inured to constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied; To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him for the course"; I. i. 10.

Bring, conduct; V. i. 122.
Bruise, crush, destroy; III. v. 4.
Bruit, rumour; V. i. 196.
By, according to; I. i. 171.
By mercy, (?) by your leave; III. v. 55.

Candied, congealed; IV. iii. 226.
Cap, top, principal; IV. iii. 361.
Carper, censurer; IV. iii. 209.
Caudle, serve as a caudle, refresh; IV. iii. 226.
Ceased, stopped, silenced; II. i. 16.
Character, writing; V. iii. 6.
Charge, commission; III. iv. 25.
Charitable; "ch. title," *i.e.* title of endearment; I. ii. 90.
Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 221.
Clear, pure; IV. iii. 27.
Close, (?) closely; IV. iii. 391.
Cock; "wasteful c." (*v.* Note); II. ii. 169.
Cog, deceive; V. i. 98.
Coil, ado, confusion; I. ii. 238.
Cold-moving, distant; II. ii. 219.
Comes off well, i.e. is well done; I. i. 29.
Comfortable, comforting; IV. iii. 499.
Composture, compost; IV. iii. 446.
Compt; "in c.," *i.e.* for the computation of the interest due (Folios, "*in. Come*"; Hanmer, "*in count*"; Keightley conj. "*in mind*"); II. i. 34.
Conceptious, fruitful; IV. iii. 187.
Condition, (?) art (perhaps "*would be well express'd in our c.*" = "would find a striking parallel in our state," Schmidt); I. i. 77.
Conditions, inclinations (perhaps = "vocations"); IV. iii. 139.
Confectionary, store for sweets; IV. iii. 260.
Confound, destroy IV. iii. 338.
Confounding, causing ruin; IV. i. 20.
——, ruinous; IV. iii. 395.
Confusion, destruction; IV. iii. 324.
——, ruin; V. iv. 52.
Con thanks, be thankful; IV. iii. 430.
Continuate, continual; I. i. 11.
Contraries, contrarieties; IV. i. 20.
Convert, turn; IV. i. 7.
Corinth, a cant name for a brothel; II. ii. 73.
Couch'd; "are c.," lie low, have disappeared; II. ii. 179.
Counterfeit, portrait, likeness; V. i. 83.
Courage, disposition; III. iii. 24.
Crown'd, glorified; II. ii. 188.
Cunning, profession; IV. iii. 209.
Curiosity, scrupulousness, fastidiousness; IV. iii. 303.

Date-broke, date-broken (Folios, "*debt, broken*"; Malone, "*date-broken*"); II. ii. 38.
Dear, used intensively; IV. iii. 385.

Dear, extreme, desperate; V. i. 231.
Dearest, utmost; I. i. 124.
Dedicated; "a d. beggar to the air," *i.e.* a beggar dedicated to the air; IV. ii. 13.
Deed of saying, doing what one promises (Pope reads "*deed*"); V. i. 28.
Defiled, used with a play upon "*pitch'd*" (suggestive of "pitch that doth defile," *cp.* 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 415); I. ii. 231.
Depart, part; I. i. 253.
Depraved, slandered; I. ii. 139.
Depraves, slanders; I. ii. 139.
Deserts; "all d.," *i.e.* all kinds of men; I. i. 65.
Dich, a corruption of "*do it,*" due to the phrase "*d' it ye*" (the *y* palatalising the *t*); I. ii. 72.
Discharged, paid; II. ii. 12.
Discovery, disclosing; V. i. 37.
Disfurnish, deprive of means; III. ii. 49.
Dispraise, disparagement; I. i. 165.
Dividant, divided; IV. iii. 5.
Doit, the smallest coin; a trifle; I. i. 210.
Doubt, fear; I. ii. 153.
Doubtfully, ambiguously; IV. iii. 121.
Draught, sink; V. i. 105.

Earnest, earnest money, a part paid beforehand as a pledge; IV. iii. 47.
Embossed, tumid, swollen; V. i. 220.
Entertain, use, employ; IV. iii. 497.
Ever, always (Rowe's emendation of Folios, "*very*"); I. ii. 29.
Exceptless, making no exception; IV. iii. 503.

Fail, offence (Capell's reading; Folios, "*fall*"; Hanmer, "*fault*"); V. i. 151.
Fall; "at f.," at a low ebb; II. ii. 212.
Falling-from, falling off (Pope, "*falling off*"); IV. iii. 405.
Fang, seize with teeth; IV. iii. 23.
Fate, evil destiny (Warburton conj. "*fault*"); III. v. 14.
Feeders, parasites; II. ii. 166.
Fees, property (Warburton conj. "*foes*"; Singer, "*lees*"); III. vi. 82.
Fellows, companions; IV. ii. 18.
Fierce, excessive; IV. ii. 30.
Files, ranks of soldiers; V. ii. 1.
Flamen, priest; IV. iii. 155.
Flood, sea, ocean; V. i. 219.
Flush, in its full vigour; V. iv. 8.
Fond, foolish; I. ii. 64.
For, because; III. v. 80.
——, of; V. i. 11.
Forth on, onward; I. i. 49.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 22.
Fractions, broken sentences; II. ii. 218.
Frame, plan; IV. iii. 262.
Framed, moulded, shaped; V. i. 126.
Frankly, as frankly, as freely; II. ii. 186.

Free, liberal; II. ii. 240.
From, from among; I. ii. 90.
——, away from; IV. iii. 534.

German, akin; IV. iii. 342.
Girdlest in, dost surround (Folios, "*girdles*"); IV. i. 2.
Give out, profess to be; I. i. 160.
Glass-faced, reflecting, like a mirror, the looks of his patron; I. i. 58.
Good, real; II. ii. 234.
Good even, the common form of salutation after noon; II. ii. 9.
Gorge; "cast the g. at," vomit; IV. iii. 40.
Gramercies, many thanks; II. ii. 69.
Grave, bury; IV. iii. 166.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 14.
Grise, step; IV. iii. 16.
Grows, grows older (Theobald, "*goes*"); I. i. 3.
Gules, the heraldic term for red; IV. iii. 59.
Gull, properly, an unfledged nestling, here used with play upon this and secondary sense:—*dupe*; II. i. 31.
Gust, taste, relish; III. v. 54.

Habit, exterior; IV. iii. 113.
Half-caps, caps half taken off, slight salutations; II. ii. 219.
Hap, chance, luck; III. ii. 27.
Hard in, hardened to; IV. iii. 269.
Harness, armour; I. ii. 52.
Having, possessions; II. ii. 151.
Heart; "in h.," heartily; *i.e.* I drink to you with all my heart, heartily; (Gould conj. "*your health*"); I. ii. 53.
Heaven, salvation (here = good advice; according to others, "the pleasure of being flattered"); I. ii. 256.
Hew to, shape by cutting (Daniel conj. "*hew out*"); V. iv. 46.
Hinge, bend; IV. iii. 211.
His, its; I. i. 31.
Hoar, make rotten; IV. iii. 155.
Hold, continue; II. i. 12.
Hold taking, bear handling; I. ii. 153.
Honesty, liberality, bounty; III. i. 30.
Horrid, dreadful; V. iv. 13.
Hoy-day, hey-day; I. ii. 131.
Humour, caprice (Folios 1, 2, "*humors*"); III. vi. 115.
Hungerly, hungrily; I. i. 252.
Husbandry, good management, economy; II. ii. 162.
Hyperion, the God of the Sun; IV. iii. 184.

Idle, trifling; I. ii. 154.
——, foolish; IV. iii. 27.
Importunacy, importunity; II. ii. 42.
Incertain, uncertain; IV. iii. 243.
Incontinent, inconstant, unchaste; IV. i. 3.
Infected, diseased (Rowe, "*affected*"); IV. iii. 202.
Inferr'd, alleged; III. v. 73.
Infinite, (?) numberless (Grant White conj. "*infectious*"); III. vi. 102.

Influence (used in the astrological sense); V. i. 66.
Ingeniously, ingenuously, frankly; II. ii. 228.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; IV. ii. 45.
Innocence (?) want of spirit (perhaps used ironically); I. i. 195.
Intending, pretending; II. ii. 217.
Ira furor brevis est, anger is a brief madness; I. ii. 28.
It, its; V. i. 151.

Keep his house, remain within the house; III. iii. 42.

Lag, lowest class (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*legge*"; Anon. *ap.* Rann conj. "*tag*"); III. vi. 84.
Late, lately; II. i. 1.
Lay for, venture for, strive to win; III. v. 115.
Leak'd, leaky; IV. ii. 19.
Leech, physician; V. iv. 8
Legs, used with play upon (i.) limbs, (ii.) bowing; I. ii. 240.
Length; "at l.," at last; II. ii. 156.
Levell'd, aimed; I. i. 47.
Liberty, licentiousness; IV. i. 25.
Limited, circumscribed, confined within bounds; IV. iii. 433.
Lined, stuffed; IV. i. 14.
Lively, to the life; V. i. 85.
Loaden, loaded, laden; III. v. 50.

Made-up, complete, perfect; V. i. 101.
Make, do; III. v. 46.
Many, many of; III. vi. 10.
Marrow, vigour; V. iv. 9.
Mean; "mean eyes," *i.e.* eyes of inferiors (Theobald conj. "*men's*"); I. i. 93.
Means, power, wealth; V. iv. 20.
Meddler, used with quibble upon "*medlar*"; IV. iii. 309.
Medlar, a kind of fruit; IV. iii. 305.
Meed, merit; I. i. 276.
Men, human beings; IV. iii. 534.
Merely, absolutely; IV. i. 32.
Mind, magnanimity; I. ii. 164.
Minion, favourite, darling; IV. iii. 80.
Minute-jacks, time-servers (with perhaps an allusion to "Jacks-of-the-Clock," figures that struck the bell in old clocks); III. vi. 101.
Misanthropos, hater of mankind (Folio 1, "*misantropos*"); IV. iii. 53.
Moe, more; I. i. 41.
Monstrous, unnatural; V. i. 91.
Moss'd, overgrown with moss (Folios 1, 2, "*moyst*"; Folios 3, 4, "*moist*"); IV. iii. 223.
Motives, authors; V. iv. 27.
Multiplying, increasing; IV. i. 34.
Mysteries, trades, professions; IV. i. 18.

Natural, used probably in double sense (i.) genuine, (ii.) a fool; V. i. 88.
Nature, necessities of nature; IV. iii. 231.

Jack o' the clock.
From the specimen formerly at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

Near, nearly; I. ii. 179.
Neighbour, neighbouring; IV. iii. 94.

Objects, things presented to the sight, everything that comes in the way; IV. iii. 122.
Occasion, necessity; III. ii. 26.
Occasions, engagements; III. vi. 10.
Offices, apartments where food was prepared; II. ii. 165.
On, at; I. i. 141.
——, in; IV. iii. 101.
Ope, open; V. iv. 47.
Operant, active; IV. iii. 25.
Opulency, opulence, riches; V. i. 38.
Ort, remnant; IV. iii. 400.
Out, without, outside; IV. i. 38.
Outgoes, exceeds; I. i. 273.
Owed; "o. to you," held at your service; I. i. 151.

Pack, be off; V. i. 115.
Page, follow like a page; IV. iii. 224.
Painfully; "thou hast p. discovered"; *i.e.* thou hast to our distress discovered; V. ii. 1.
Paper, bonds, deeds (Warburton, "*proper*"; Hanmer, "*perpetuum*"; Kinnear conj. "*person*"; Becket conj. "*pauper*"); I. ii. 250.
Part, particular business (S. Walker conj. "*pact*"); V. i. 123.
——, side, part; "in general p.," in the public cause; V. ii. 7.
——, depart; IV. ii. 21.
Particular, personal advantage; IV. iii. 159.
Particularly; "halts not p.," does not stop at particular persons; I. i. 46.
Parts, endowments, qualities; II. ii. 23.
——, virtues; III. v. 76.
Passes, surpasses (Jackson conj. "*surpasses*"); I. i. 12.
Passion, violent emotion; III. i. 59.
Patchery; "botchery intended to hide faults; gross and bungling hypocrisy"; V. i. 99.

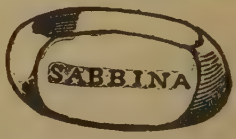
Pawn, pledge; I. i. 147.
Perfect; "for ever p.," arrived at the perfection of happiness; I. ii. 86.
Perfection, highest excellence; (? "perfect image"); III. vi. 94.
Perfumes; "diseased p." = "diseased perfumed mistresses"; IV. iii. 207.
Periods, puts an end to; I. i. 99.
Personating, representing; V. i. 35.
Pill, pillage, plunder; IV. i. 12.
Plain-dealing, an allusion to the proverb, "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars"; I. i. 209.
Ports, gates; V. iv. 55.
Prefer, show, lay before; III. v. 34.
Preferr'd, showed, presented; III. iv. 49.
Present; "p. slaves," *i.e.* immediate slaves (S. Walker conj. "*peasant slaves*"); I. i. 71.
Presentment; "upon the heels of my p., "as soon as my book has been presented to its patron"; I. i. 27.
Proof, test; II. ii. 164.
——, resisting power; IV. iii. 124.
Properties, makes the property of; I. i. 57.
Prosperous, favourable; V. i. 186.
Protest, vow; IV. iii. 439.
Purposes, plans, intentions; V. i. 17.
Pursy, "fat and short-winded"; V. iv. 12.
Push, pshaw! (Theobald, "*Psha*"; Hanmer, "*Pish*"); III. vi. 112.

Quick, living; IV. iii. 44.
Quillets, nice, subtle distinctions; IV. iii. 155.
Quit, rid of you; IV. iii. 400.
Quittance, requital; I. i. 279.

Rag, shabby, beggarly person; IV. iii. 271.
Rampired, barricaded; V. iv. 47.
Rank'd, crowded; I. i. 65.
Rapt, beside myself; V. i. 67.
Rarely, admirably, excellently; IV. iii. 473.
Recoverable, possible to be brought back to a better condition; III. iv. 13.
Regardfully, respectfully; IV. iii. 81.
Remembrance; "better r.," *i.e.* remembrance of better things; III. vi. 46.
Remorse, pity; IV. iii. 122.
Remotion, non-appearance, absence (Grant White conj. "*motion*"); IV. iii. 344.
Render, statement, confession; V. i. 152.
Render back, give back; IV. i. 9.
Render'd, surrendered, given up; V. iv. 62.
Repugnancy, resistance; III. v. 45.
Requite, repay; IV. iii. 529.
Resort; "her r.," to visit her; I. i. 127.

Respect; "in r. of his," in proportion to what he possesses; III. ii. 81.
Respectively, regardfully; III. i. 7.
Restraining, withholding; V. i. 151.
Resumes, assumes; II. ii. 4.
Retentive, restraining; III. iv. 82.
Rother's, ox's (Singer's reading, adopted by Collier; Folios, "*Brothers*"; Rowe, "*beggar's*"; Warburton, "*weather's*"; Farmer conj. "*broader*"; etc.) IV. iii. 12.
Rotten, corrupted; IV. iii. 2.
Round, plain, straight-forward; II. ii. 8.

Sacrificial, full of devotion as to a God; I. i. 81.
Salt, wanton; IV. iii. 85.
Sans, without; IV. iii. 122.
Scope; "conceived to s.," *i.e.* "imagined, appositely, to the purpose"; (Folios, "*conceyu'd, to scope*"; Theobald, "*conceiv'd to th' scope*"); I. i. 72.
Secure thy heart, be reassured; II. ii. 183.
Seen; "is my lord s. yet," *i.e.* to be seen; III. iv. 9.
Semblable, like; IV. iii. 22.
Sequence, succession; "s. of degree"; according to their rank; V. i. 211.
Set; "s. so only to himself," *i.e.* "wrapt up in self-contemplation"; V. i. 120.
Set him clear, make him appear innocent; III. iii. 31.
Set me on, put me to; II. ii. 164.
Shall's, shall us = shall we; IV. iii. 410.
Signet; II. ii. 208. (*Cp.* the subjoined facsimiles of antique specimens.)



Sinner, a cause of sin; I. ii. 58.
Smooth'd, flattered; IV. iii. 17.
So, if only; V. iv. 48.
Solidares, small pieces of money; III. i. 46.
Something, somewhat; IV. iii. 55.
Sour, bitter (Rowe's emendation; Folios, "*four*"; S. Walker conj. "*your*"); V. i. 223.
Spilth, spilling; II. ii. 167.
Spirit, anger, wrath; III. v. 102.
Spital-house, hospital; IV. iii. 39.
Spotted die; V. iv. 34. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Square, suitable; V. iv. 36.
Starve, paralyse (Folio 1, 2, "*sterue*"); I. i. 247.
States, estates; I. i. 67.

(*a*)

(*b*)

From specimens found (*a*) in the neighbourhood of Marsielles and (*b*) at Herculaneum respectively.

Still, always, continually; II. i. 11; IV. iii. 522.
Stint, stop; V. iv. 83.
Stout, strong; IV. iii. 32.
Strain, race; I. i. 249.
——, quality; IV. iii. 213.
Strait, strict; I. i. 96.
Strange, unacquainted; IV. iii. 56.
Strife, emulation; I. i. 37.
Sufferance, suffering, misery; IV. iii. 268.
Suspect, suspicion; IV. iii. 520.
Swath; "first s.," earliest infancy, swaddling clothes; IV. iii. 252.

Take, make; V. i. 213.
Tendance, persons attending, waiting his pleasure; I. i. 80.
That, would that; IV. iii. 281.
Time's flies, "flies of a season"; III. vi. 100.
Tiring, busy; III. vi. 4.
To; "call to you," *i.e.* call on you; I. ii. 221.
Told, counted; III. v. 107.
Touch, touchstone; IV. iii. 393.
Touch; "t. the estimate," pay the price at which it is estimated; I. i. 14.
Touch'd, tested with the touchstone; III. iii. 6.
Toward, at hand; III. vi. 60.
Towardly, docile; III. i. 36.
Tract, track; trace; I. i. 50.
Traversed, crossed, folded, (?) reversed; V. iv. 7.
True, honest; IV. iii. 464.
Trump, trumpet; I. ii. 119.
Try, trial; V. i. 10.

Unagreeable, unsuitable; II. ii. 41.
Unbolt, reveal, explain; I. i. 51.
Uncharged, unassailed; V. iv. 55.
Unclew, undo, ruin; I. i. 168.
Unctuous, oily; IV. iii. 195.
Under; "u. praise," by being praised so much (not "*underpraise*" as the jeweller understands it); I. i. 165.
Under, under pretence of; III. iii. 33.
Undergo, undertake; III. v. 24.
Unmatched, matchless; IV. iii. 524.
Unnoted, (?) imperceptible (perhaps = undemonstrative); III. v. 21.
Unpeaceable, quarrelsome (Collier MS., "*unappeasable*"); I. i. 269.
Unremoveably, fixedly; V. i. 227.
Untirable, untiring, indefatigable; I. i. 11.
Use, customary; I. i. 279.
Uses, necessities; II. i. 20.

Window-bars.
From the "Herodiade" print by Israel Van Mechlin (c. 1500).

Vantages, opportunities; II. ii. 136.
Virtuous, "caused by his virtue"; (?) strong, forcible; III. ii. 45.
Visitations, visits; I. ii. 223.
Voiced, proclaimed; IV. iii. 81.
Void, emit; I. ii. 137.
Votarist, votary; IV. iii. 27.

Wafts, beckons; I. i. 70.
Wappen'd, beaten, worn out, stale; IV. iii. 38.
Wards, bars, bolts; III. iii. 38.
Warm, heated to a moderate degree; IV. iii. 223.
Whittle, small clasp-knife; V. i. 183.
Willing, willingly; III. vi. 32.
Window-bars, cross-bar lacing of the bodice; IV. iii. 116. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Witch, bewitch; V. i. 158.
Without, outside; V. iv. 39.
Wreakful, revengeful; IV. iii. 229.

Yet, still; IV. ii. 17.
Yield, grant; I. ii. 196.

Enter Apemantus and Fool Stage Directions, II. ii.).
From a small bronze statuette of Roman workmanship. The arms, when whole, probably displayed some comic gesture.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 21. '*gum, which oozes*'; Johnson's reading; Folios read '*gown, which uses*'; Pope, '*gum which issues.*'

I. i. 24-25. '*flies Each bound it chafes*'; Folios, '*chases*'; Becket conj. '*flies. Eche* (*bound*) *it chafes*'; Schmidt, '*chafes with.*'

I. i. 30-31. '*grace Speaks his own standing*'; Johnson conj. '*standing . . . graces* or *grace Speaks understanding*'; Mason conj. '*Grace speaks its own standing*'; Jackson conj. '*grace Speaks! 'tis on standing*'; Orger conj. '*grace . . . seeming.*'

I. i. 40. '*happy man*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*happy men.*'

I. i. 47. '*sea of wax*'; Bailey conj. '*sweep of taxing*'; Collier MS., '*sea of verse,*' etc.; but there is evidently a reference to writing-tablets covered with wax.

I. i. 87. '*slip*'; Folios, '*sit*'; Delius conj. '*sink.*'

I. i. 129. The line is supposed by some to be corrupt, and many emendations have been proposed, but Coleridge's interpretation commends itself:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!' —True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its reward."

I. i. 233. '*That I had no angry wit to be a lord*'; Blackstone conj. '*Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord*'; Malone conj. '*That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!*'; Anon. conj., '*That I had no ampler wit than be a lord*'; Warburton, '*That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord*'; Heath conj. '*That . . . so wrong'd my wit to be a lord,*' etc., etc.

I. ii. 45. Alluding to the then custom of each guest bringing his own knife to a feast.

I. ii. 71. '*sin*'; Farmer conj. '*sing*'; Singer conj. '*dine*'; Kinnear conj. '*surfeit.*'

I. ii. 122-127. The arrangement of these lines was first suggested by Rann, and followed by Steevens in his edition of 1793.

I. ii. 129. '*Music, make their welcome*'; Pope reads '*Let musick make their welcome*'; Capell, '*Musick, make known their welcome.*'

I. ii. Direc. '*A mask of ladies as Amazons.*' (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a plate illustrating the Imperial Festivities at Venice, 1560.

II. i. 10. '*And able horses*'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*An able horse*'; Theobald, '*ten able horse*'; Jackson conj. '*Ay, able horses*'; Collier MS., '*a stable o' horses*'; Singer conj. '*Two able horses.*'

II. i. 13. '*found his state in safety*'; Hanmer's reading; Folios, '*sound . . .*'; Capell, '*found . . . on safety*'; Capell conj. '*find . . . in safety.*'

II. ii. 6. '*Was to be*'; Heath conj. '*Was made to be*'; Long MS., '*Was*'; Mason conj. '*Was formed*'; Singer MS., '*Was truly*'; Collier MS., '*Was surely.*'

II. ii. 75. '*mistress*' (so line 107).

II. ii. 149. '*loved lord*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*dear lov'd lord*'; S. Walker conj. '*belov'd.*'

II. ii. 150. Folios read '*Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The*'; Hanmer, '*Though . . . yet now's too late a time*'; Collier MS., '*Though . . . yet now's a time too late.*

II. ii. 169. '*wasteful cock*'; Pope reads '*lonely room*'; Collier MS., '*wasteful nook*'; Jackson conj. '*wakeful cock*'; Jervis conj. '*wakeful couch*'; Keightley, '*wasteful cock-loft*'; Daniel conj. '*wakeful cot*'; Jackson's conjecture seems best, '*wakeful cock,*' *i.e.* 'cock-loft,' unless '*cock*' = wine-tap.

III. i. 50. '*And we alive that lived*'; *i.e.* in so short a time.

III. i. 55. '*Let molten coin be thy damnation*'; *cp.* the old ballad, "*The Dead Man's Song*":—

> "*And ladles full of melted gold*
> *Were poured down their throats.*"

III. i. 59-60. '*slave, Unto his honour,*' Steevens' reading; Folios, '*Slave unto his honour*'; Pope, '*slave Unto this hour*'; Collier MS., '*slave unto his humour*'; Staunton, '*slave Unto dishonour*'; but the words are probably spoken ironically.

III. ii. 13. '*so many*'; changed by Theobald to '*fifty*'; so, too, in line 41; but the figures are very doubtful, and '*fifty-five hundred talents,*' in line 43, is obviously a mere exaggeration.

III. ii. 25. '*mistook him,*' etc., *i.e.* 'made the mistake and applied to me'; Hanmer, '*o'erlooked*'; Warburton, '*mislook'd*'; Johnson conj. '*not mistook.*'

III. ii. 50. '*for a little part*'; Theobald, '*for a little dirt*'; Hanmer, '*a little dirt*'; Heath conj. '*for a little profit*'; Johnson conj. '*for a little park*'; Mason conj. '*for a little port*'; Jackson conj. '*for a little part*'; Bailey conj. '*for a little sport*'; Kinnear conj. '*for a little pomp.*' Steevens explains the passage thus:—"By purchasing what brought me little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend."

III. ii. 70. '*spirit,*' Theobald's correction of Folios, '*sport*'; Collier MS., '*port.*'

III. ii. 79. '*in respect of his*'; Staunton conj. '*this.*'

III. iii. 12. '*Thrive, give him over*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*That thriv'd, give him over*'; Pope, '*Three give him over?*'; Hanmer, '*Tried give him over*'; Theobald, '*Thriv'd, give him over?*'; Tyrwhitt conj. '*Shriv'd give him over:*'; Johnson conj. '*Thrice give him over,*' etc.

III. iii. 14. '*sense*'; Collier conj. '*'scuse.*'

III. iv. 112. '*Sempronius: all:*', so Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, '*Sempronius Vllorxa: All*'; Folio 2, '*Semprovius: All*'; Malone, '*Sempronius: Ullorxa, all*'; Grant White suggested that '*Vllorxa*' was a misprint for '*Ventidius.*'

III. v. 22. '*behave his anger, ere 'twas spent*'; Folios, '*behooue*

his . . .'; Johnson conj. '*behold his adversary shent*'; Steevens conj. '*behave, ere was his anger spent*'; Becket conj. '*behave; his anger was, 'ere spent*'; Hanmer, '*behave in's . . .*'; Malone conj. '*behave his . . .*'; Collier MS., '*reprove his . . .*,' etc.

III. v. 63. '*I say, my lords, has*'; Pope reads '*I say my lords h'as*'; Folio 1, '*Why say my Lords ha's*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Why I say my lords ha's*'; Folio 4, '*Why, I say my Lords h'as*'; Capell, '*Why, I say, my lords, he has*'; Dyce, '*Why, I say, my lords, has*'; Globe edd., '*I say, my lords, he has.*'

III. v. 102. '*And, not to swell our spirit,*' *i.e.* 'not to swell our spirit with anger, not to become exasperated'; Theobald, '*And note, to swell your spirit*'; Capell, '*And, not to swell your spirit*'; Singer, '*quell.*'; Kinnear, '*quail.*'

III. v. 105. '*Only in bone,*' *i.e.* 'as a mere skeleton'; Staunton conj. '*Only at home,*' or '*Only in doors*'; Ingleby conj. '*only in bed*'; Hudson conj. '*only alone.*'

III. v. 116. '*most lands*'; Warburton, '*most hands*'; Malone conj. '*most lords*'; Mason conj. '*my stains*'; Becket conj. '*most brands*'; Jackson conj. '*most bands.*'

III. vi. 37. '*harshly o' the trumpet's*'; Rowe, '*harshly as o' the Trumpets*'; Steevens (1793), '*harshly on the trumpet's*; Grant White conj. '*harshly. O, the trumpets,*' etc.

III. vi. 95. '*you with flatteries*'; so Folios; Warburton, '*with your flatteries*'; Keightley, '*by you with flatteries*'; Folio 2 reads '*flatreries*'; S. Walker conj. '*flattery.*'

III. vi. 115, 116. '*He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.*' The annexed example of a hat with a jewel fashioned like a bird holding in its claws a pearl, is copied from the rare portrait of Thomas Lant, 1587.

IV. i. 21. '*let,*' Hanmer's emendation of Folios, '*yet.*'

IV. ii. 35. '*what state compounds*'; S. Walker conj. '*state comprehends*'; Grant White conj. '*that state compounds*'; Watkiss Lloyd conj. '*whate'er state comprehends.*'

IV. iii. 9. '*deny't*'; Warburton, '*denude*'; Hanmer, '*degrade*'; Heath conj. '*deprive*'; Steevens conj. '*devest*'; Collier MS., '*decline*'; etc.; the indefinite '*it*' refers to the implied noun in '*raise,*' *i.e.* 'give elevation to.'

IV. iii. 12. '*pasture lards the rother's sides*'; '*rother*,' Singer's emendations for Folios '*brothers*.' Folio 1, '*Pastour*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*pastor*'; Farmer and Steevens conj. '*pasterer*': '*lards*'; Rowe's reading, Folio 1, '*Lards*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Lords*.'

IV. iii. 18. '*all is oblique*'; Pope's emendation; Folio 1, '*All's obliquie*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Alls obliquy*'; Folio 4, '*All's obliquy*'; Rowe, '*all's obloquy*'; Lettsom conj. '*all, all's oblique*.'

IV. iii. 38. '*wappen'd*'; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, '*wapen'd*'; Warburton, '*waped*'; Johnson conj. '*wained*'; Malone conj. '*wapper'd*'; Anon. conj. '*Wapping*'; Steevens conj. '*weeping*'; Seymour conj. '*vapid*'; Staunton conj. '*woe-pin'd*'; Fleay, '*wop-eyed*'; *i.e.* having waterish eyes (*vide* Glossary).

IV. iii. 106. '*conquer my country*'; Kinnear conj. '*confound my countrymen*'; Hanmer, '*make conquest of my country*'; Capell, '*conquer thy own country*'; S. Walker conj. '*scourge thy country*'; Hudson, '*scourge my country*.'

IV. iii. 116. '*window-bars*'; Johnson conj.; Folios, '*window Barn*'; Pope, '*window-barn*'; Warburton, '*window-lawn*'; Tyrwhitt conj. '*widows's barb*.'

IV. iii. 153. '*spurring*'; Hanmer, '*sparring*'; Long MS., '*spurning*'; Seymour conj. '*springing*'; there is no need to emend the text.

IV. iii. 215. '*bade*'; Folio 1, '*bad*'; Folios, 2, 3, 4, '*bid*.'

IV. iii. 225. '*when*'; S. Walker conj. '*where*.'

IV. iii. 243. '*Outlives incertain*'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1 reads '*Out-lives: incertaine*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Out-lives: in certaine*'; Hanmer, '*Out-strips incertain*'; Capell, '*Out-vies uncertain*.'

IV. iii. 254. '*drugs*'; Folios 1, 2, '*drugges*'; Mason conj. '*drudges*'; Collier MS., '*dugs*'; Capell conj. MS. '*dregs*'; '*drugs*' = '*drudges*.'

IV. iii. 283. '*my*'; Rowe's correction of Folios, '*thy*.'

IV. iii. 312. '*after his means*,' *i.e.* '*after his means were gone*.'

IV. iii. 421. '*meat*'; Theobald, '*meet*' (*i.e.* 'what you ought to be'); Hanmer, '*men*'; Steevens conj. '*me*,' etc.

IV. iii. 422-426. '*Behold, the earth hath roots*,' etc.; *cp.* Hall's *Satires, III.* 1 (pub. 1598):—

> "*Time was that, whiles the autumn full did last,*
> *Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast*," etc.

IV. iii. 439. '*villany*'; Rowe's correction of Folios 1, 2, '*villaine*.'

IV. iii. 445. '*moon*'; Theobald, '*mounds*'; Capell, '*earth*'; Tollet conj. '*main.*'

IV. iii. 500. '*dangerous nature mild*'; Thirlby conj.; Folios, '*wild*'; Becket conj. '*nature dangerous-wild*'; Jackson conj. '*dolorous nature wild.*'

V. i. 47. '*black-corner'd,*' *i.e.* 'hiding things in dark corners'; Hanmer, '*black-corneted*'; Warburton conj. '*black-cornette*'; Farmer conj. MS. '*black-coroned*'; Mason conj. '*black-crowned*'; Jackson conj. '*dark-horned*'; Singer conj. '*black-curtain'd,*' etc.

V. i. 116. '*You have work*'; so Folios; Hanmer, '*You have work'd*'; Malone, '*You have done work*'; Steevens conj. '*You've work'd.*'

V. i. 136. '*as a cauterizing*'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, '*as a Cantherizing*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*as a Catherizing*'; Pope, '*cauterizing*'; Capell, '*cancerizing.*'

V. i. 147. '*general, gross:*'; Pope's emendation of Folios, '*generall grosse:*'; S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, '*general-gross.*'

V. i. 213. '*haste*'; Pope, '*taste*'; Warburton conj. MS. '*tatch*'; Collier MS. '*halter.*'

V. ii. 7. '*whom,*' instead of '*who,*' owing to confusion of constructions; Pope, '*Who*'; Hanmer, '*And*'; Singer, '*When,*' etc.

V. ii. 8. '*made a particular force*'; Hanmer reads '*had . . . force*'; Staunton conj. '*took . . . truce*'; Bailey conj. '*had . . . force with,*' etc.

V. iii. 3-4. These words are in all probability the reflection of the soldier; this view is certainly more acceptable than to believe them to be an inscription placed by Timon somewhere near the tomb. Nor is it necessary, with Warburton, to change '*read*' into '*rear'd.*' The soldier, seeing the tomb, infers that Timon is dead, but he cannot read the inscription; 'some beast read this! there does not live a man able to do so' (*v. Preface*).

V. iv. 28. '*Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess*'; Theobald's emendation ('extreme shame for their folly in banishing you hath broke their hearts'); Folio 1 reads '(*Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse*)'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Shame* (*that they wanted cunning in excesse*)'; Johnson conj. '*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess.*'

V. iv. 62. '*render'd to your*'; the conj. of Chedworth, adopted by Dyce; Folio 1 reads '*remedied to your*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*remedied by your*'; Pope, '*remedied by*'; Johnson, '*remedied*

to'; Malone, '*remedy'd, to your*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*remitted to your.*'

V. iv. 79. '*On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead*'; the reading of Folios; Theobald reads '*On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead*'; Hanmer, '*On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* In *Timon*, as in *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare put his own thoughts and feelings into the mouths of the various characters of the play. Falseness and ingratitude are the subjects of the most frequent allusion. They were uppermost in Shakespeare's mind at the time, and the changes are rung upon these vices by the Epicurean and the Cynic, by servants and strangers, before and after the climax. Even the fickle Poet serves as spokesman for the all-prevailing idea; and the Painter is every whit as worthless.

30, 31. This picture, it would seem, is a full-length portrait of Timon, in which the gracefulness of the attitude expresses the habitual standing or carriage of the original.

37. *artificial strife*:—The excellence of an artist was often set forth by representing him as the tutor or the competitor of nature. "The execution of the pencil emulating Nature," says Heath, "displays a life in those touches which is livelier than even life itself." So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis*:—

> "Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
> In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
> His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
> As if the dead the living should exceed."

47-50. *no levell'd malice*, etc.:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "My poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levell'd* at any single person: I fly, like an eagle, into a general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage."

59. *To Apemantus*:—Ritson thinks that the Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was as much of a courtier as the other guests.

171. *prized by their masters*:—Johnson explains: "Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held." For the use of *by*, compare *Coriolanus*, III. ii. 52-54:—

"Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you," etc.

180. *When thou art Timon's dog*, etc.:—"That is," explains Rolfe, "till you become a dog, and these knaves become honest—a far-off *morrow* to wait for." Hanmer read "When I am Timon's dog"; and Johnson interpreted the passage thus: "When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation."

185. Here, according to the judgement of most of the latest commentators, begins the anonymous workmanship. Hudson (Harvard ed.) indicates what he regards as the anonymous portions of the play by asterisks placed before the lines. From this indication it appears that Hudson assigns about three-fifths of the play to Shakespeare, including nearly the whole of Act. I. i., all of Act II. i., most of Act II. ii., almost the whole of Act III. vi., all but about thirty lines of Act IV., and all except a dozen lines of Act V. White's interesting opinion may be summarized as follows: Act I. Sc. i., Shakespeare's until the entrance of Apemantus; Sc. ii., not Shakespeare's; Act. II. Sc. i., Shakespeare's; Sc. ii., Shakespeare's, except where the Fool appears; Act III. Sc. i., not Shakespeare's, except, perhaps, the last speech; Sc. ii., probably not Shakespeare's; Sc. iii., not Shakespeare's; Sc. iv., not Shakespeare's; Sc. v., not Shakespeare's; Sc. vi., mostly not Shakespeare's; Act IV. Sc. i., Shakespeare's; Sc. ii., mostly Shakespeare's; Sc. iii., Shakespeare's, "and in his largest style"; Act. V. Sc. i., partly Shakespeare's; Scs. ii. and iii., not Shakespeare's; Sc. iv., Shakespeare's beyond question.

195. *for the innocence*:—Rolfe says that "it may be a question

whether this is to be taken literally or ironically." Crosby surmises that "the cynic means that the picture has *no spirit, no expression*; and dog-like he prefers it on that account."

233. *That I had no angry wit to be a lord*:—In Clarke's opinion, this bears "the interpretation, 'That, being a lord, I should have no angry wit,' no faculty for acrimonious satire—such as Apemantus prides himself upon possessing. The sentence also includes the effect of 'that I had given up (Apemantus's) angry wit in order to be a lord.'" "This," adds Rolfe, "is perhaps the best of the attempts to explain the text, but it seems rather forced. If we simply strike out *angry*, we doubtless get the real meaning of the passage. The adjective is almost certainly wrong, but it is difficult to replace it satisfactorily."

Scene II.

12, 13. *If our betters*, etc.:—That is, the faults of rich persons, as the world goes, are thought fair; still they are faults.

22. *confess'd it! hang'd it*:—Perhaps an allusion to a proverbial saying of Shakespeare's time, "Confess and be hanged."

35, 36. *I myself would have no power*:—Tyrwhitt explains thus: "I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat make thee silent. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests."

37, 38. *'twould choke me, for*, etc.:—"I could not swallow thy meat, for *I* could not pay for it with flattery." So Johnson interprets.

51. *my windpipe's dangerous notes*:—"The *notes* of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is." Thus Johnson. Of course the *windpipe's notes* are "the sounds or motions made by the throat in drinking." There appears to be, as Steevens observes, a quibble on *windpipe* and *notes*.

109. *Thou weep'st*, etc.:—On this rather obscure passage, Johnson remarks: "The covert sense of Apemantus is, 'what thou losest, they get.'" Heath's explanation is: "The words *Thou weep'st* do not only refer to the tears then actually shed, but to those future ones for which Timon was laying the foundation; . . . implying a prediction that the excess of drinking to which he was now encouraging his false friends would prove the source of tears to him flowing from real regret." Rolfe finds

neither of these interpretations satisfactory, and observes that "perhaps the expression is nothing more than a cynical sneer at the incongruity of making his tears an occasion for their drinking."

111. *like a babe*:—"That is, a weeping babe," says Johnson. Compare Heywood, *Love's Mistress*: "Joyed in his looks, look'd babies in his eyes"; also *The Christian Turned Turk*, 1612: "She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and babies in his eyes."

114. *Much* was a not uncommon ironical expression of denial, contempt, etc.

132. The writer probably borrowed this idea from the Puritanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583: "*Dauncers thought to be madmen.*" Again: "And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extream of all other vice." Once more: "There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who, when they saw men daunce, ran away, marvellously affraid, crying out and thinking them mad."

133, 134. *Like madness*, etc.:—The glory of this life is *just such* madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when compared with the frugal repast of a man feeding on oil and roots.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

10. *no porter at his gate*:—Johnson believed that a line after this descriptive of a surly porter has been lost. Staunton conjectured *grim porter*, and so reads Hudson (Harvard ed.).

32. *Which flashes now a phœnix*:—*Which* (for *who*) refers to Timon; according to the common practice of Shakespeare's day.

Scene II.

17. *we 'll forth again*:—That is, to hunting; it was then the custom to hunt after dinner as well as before. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592: "He means this evening in the park to hunt." Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, hunted in the afternoon.

73, 74. *She's e'en*, etc.:—Alluding to the *scalding* of chickens,

to get the feathers off. And with this is joined a reference to a certain disease and to the *sweating-tub* used for the curing of it; which tub, according to Randle Holme, persons "were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl*."

94. *to Lord Timon's*:—They are already in Timon's house. Here is some blunder hard to explain. In Clarke's opinion the presence-chamber or banqueting-room of Timon is meant.

117, 118. *artificial one*:—Meaning the great object of all alchemical research, the philosopher's stone, in the author's time much talked of.

138. *that unaptness made*, etc.:—The construction is, and you made that unaptness your minister—you made my indisposition serve you.

194-202. *you to Lord Lucius . . . hum!*—Hudson (Harvard ed.) agrees with Fleay in regarding this as non-Shakespearian, and in giving the next speech to a servant. Furnivall, on the contrary, argues that "the Steward, in answer to this request, says that he has already asked the senators; and he gives Timon their answer, that they will not lend the money. Timon, however, does not get angry about their refusal; he merely explains it and excuses it:—

> 'These old fellows
> Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
> Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows.'

Thus the refusal of these old curmudgeons does not affect Timon, does not anger him at all. It is his own personal friends that he relies on, and whose refusal he thinks impossible. Again, if Shakespeare only sent to the senators and Ventidius, he would have left, as the cause of the entire and terrible change in Timon's nature, nothing but the refusal of one false friend, Ventidius; and this, when the refusal is not given in the play, except by reference. I cannot believe that Shakespeare would make the ingratitude of one man the sole cause of Timon's entire change of character. This would not be motive enough; we *must* have refusal and ingratitude from more friends than one; and I therefore believe that Shakespeare wrote these few prose words ordering the servants to go to Lucius and Lucullus (and possibly to Sempronius), as well as the Steward to go, first to the senators, and then—that having been already tried—to Ventidius. It is quite possible that the expander of the play put in the sentence, 'You to Sempronius' (the third friend), for Shakespeare

has not introduced a third servant by name. But this is not certain, as the direction of the Folio is '*Enter three Servants*,' and a fourth false friend, and a fourth refusal, help to strengthen the motive for Timon's change of character."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

47. *solidares*:—"I believe," says Steevens, "this coin is from the mint of the Poet." Florio describes an Italian coin called a *solido* as being of the value of a shilling, which may have been the origin of the dramatist's coinage.

67. *His* for *its*, as in I. i. 31.

Scene II.

24-26. *had he mistook him*, etc.:—Lucius means that though it would have been a mistake in Timon to apply to him, who had received but few favours from him in comparison to those bestowed on Lucullus, yet he could not have denied him.

88. *I would have put my wealth into donation*:—The meaning evidently is, "Though he has never given me anything, I would have regarded my wealth as a gift from him, and returned him the best part of it."

Scene III.

7. *How! have they denied him?*—This speech is given with the verse-like arrangement of lines with which it is printed in the Folio; "but, if it were ever constructed in verse," says White, "only the irreparable wreck remains." Hudson, both in earlier and later editions, prints it, all but the closing couplet, as prose.

31. *set him clear*:—The commentators have had much to say on this passage. According to Warburton it means to "baffle the devil, outdo him at his own weapons." *Him*, of course, refers to *man*. *Crossed*, as Johnson and others have thought, means exempted from evil; and in their view it is the devil who is to be *set clear* of the guilt of tempting man. "Servilius," says Mason, "means to say that the devil did not foresee the advantage that

would arise to himself from thence, when he made man politic: he redeemed himself by it, for men will, in the end, become so much more villainous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared with them." Steevens gives "the notes of all the commentators," and then declares himself to be "in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil—puzzled, instead of being *set clear* by them." Hudson explains it thus: "In making man *crafty,* or *full of cunning shifts,* the devil overreached or *thwarted* himself; for man is likely to outdo him so far in wickedness as to pluck his laurels from him, and make him seem but a poor devil after all."

Scene IV.

16. *one may reach deep enough,* etc.:—Steevens expounds this as follows: "Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow."

91. *Knock me down with 'em*:—There is here an implied play upon words: *bills* formerly meant, in one use, a weapon. The name was given especially to certain weapons carried by foresters, watchmen, etc.

Scene V.

55. *by mercy*:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "I call Mercy herself to witness that defensive violence is just." Malone's interpretation is: "Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable."

116. *'Tis honour,* etc.:—"That is," explains Heath, "governments are in general so ill administered that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose." Clarke's opinion is that the general means merely to say, "the more war the more glory." But Heath's explanation seems to suit the context better.

Scene VI.

102, 103. *Of man and beast the infinite malady,* etc.:—"I suspect," says White, "that there is corruption here. Why should the *infinite* malady *crust*? Did not Shakespeare write 'the *infectious* malady'? See *Coriolanus,* Act I. Sc. 4:

'—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one *infect* another
Against the wind a mile!'"

123. As Timon has in fact thrown nothing at his guests but warm water and dishes, it is not altogether clear why *stones* should be thus mentioned in this place. The things thrown may, it is true, have had much the same effect as stones, and thus led the speaker to mistake them for such missiles. On the other hand, the common use of stones in such a way may have caused other missiles to be designated by that term. Or the need of something to rhyme with *bones* may have suggested the word. But the most probable explanation is found in an old play on the subject, in which Timon invites his false friends to a feast, but, instead of warm water, sets before them stones painted to look like artichokes, which he afterwards throws at them, and drives them out. The date of this play is not fully ascertained, but the play is supposed to have been written before Shakespeare's.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Timon is unable to accept his sorrow, and hold his nature strenuously under command until it can adjust itself to the altered state of things. He flings himself from an airy, unreal philanthropy into passionate hatred of men. He is a revolter from humanity. He foams at the mouth with imprecation. He shakes off the dust of Athens from his feet, and strives to maintain himself in isolation, the one protester in the world against the cruelty and selfishness and baseness of the race.

Scene II.

8-11. *As we do turn . . . away*:—Mason, very speciously, as White thinks, suggested that we should transpose *from* and *to* in this sentence, and read—

"As we do turn our backs
To our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars *from* his buried fortunes
Slink all away."

"Undoubtedly," says White, "when we leave the graves of our friends, we turn our backs *to* or on them, and Timon's parasites did slink away *from* his fallen fortunes. But this sentence is written in a freer style than perhaps would be permissible nowadays. Here *turn our backs* is used as the equivalent of *go away*; and the conduct of Timon's familiars is spoken of in *its relation to* his buried fortunes." Hudson adopts Mason's transposition.

Scene III.

3-8. *Twinn'd brothers . . . nature*:—Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow creatures, above whom accident has elevated them.

30, 31. Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus.

32. This alludes to a practice ascribed to some nurses of brutally drawing away the pillow from under the heads of the dying to hasten their departure.

63, 64. *the rot returns*, etc.:—This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infector free. "I will not," says Timon, "take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee." In this scene we trace the dramatist's reading to Plutarch's *Alcibiades*, North's translation; there being no mention made of the courtesans in either of the sources whence the other materials of the play were drawn. Thus in Plutarch: "Now was Alcibiades in a certaine village of Phrygia with a concubine of his called Timandra. So he dreamed one night that he had put on his concubines apparell, and how she had dressed his head, frizeled his haire, and painted his face, as he had bene a woman; and the voice goeth, this vision was but a litle before his death. Those that were sent to kill him durst not enter the house where he was, but set it on fire round about. Alcibiades, spying the fire, got such apparell and hangings as he had, and threw it on the fire, thinking to put it out; and so, casting his cloke about his left arme, tooke his naked sword in his other hand, and ranne out of the house, himselfe not once touched with the fire, saving his clothes were a litle singed. These murtherers, so soone as they spied him, drew backe, and stood asunder, and durst not one of them come neere him, to stand and fight with him; but afarre off they bestowed so many arrowes and darts on

him, that they killed him there. Now, when they had left him, Timandra went and tooke his body, which she wrapped up in the best linen she had and buried him as honourably as she could."

133. Brandes says: "Compare this scene with the latter part of Plutarch's *Alcibiades*, to which Shakespeare had referred, and see what the Poet's acrimony has made of Timandra, the faithful mistress who follows Alcibiades to Phrygia. They are together when his murderess sets fire to the house, and it is Timandra who enshrouds his body in the most costly material she possesses, and gives him as splendid a funeral as her isolated position can secure."

133, 134. *Enough to make . . . bawd*:—That is, "enough to make whores leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."

144, 145. *thatch your poor thin roofs*, etc.:—The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us "were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris," seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. In *A Mad World My Masters*, 1608, the custom is decried as unnatural: "To wear periwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?" So Drayton, in his *Mooncalf*:—

> "And with large sums they stick not to procure
> *Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean;
> To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

151 *et seq.* Brandes says: "They shout to him for more gold; they will 'do anything for gold.' Timon answers them in words which Shakespeare, for all the pathos of his youth, has never surpassed, words whose frenzied scathing has never been equalled."

177-179. *Common mother*, etc.:—This image would almost make one imagine that Shakespeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia.

183. *crisp*:—This epithet probably has about the same meaning here as that conveyed by *the curl'd clouds* in *The Tempest*, I. ii. 192. In Milton's *Comus*, 984, we find "the *crisped* shades and bowers," apparently referring to the curling tendrils or leaves of vines.

252 *et seq.* "There is in this speech," says Johnson, "a sullen

haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach is natural and graceful. There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe, every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence: 'God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you that knoweth what it is you now enjoy, and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as seamarks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*' "

263-266. *as leaves*, etc.:—Somewhat of the same imagery is found in the LXXIII. *Sonnet* of Shakespeare:—

> "That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

275, 276. *If thou hadst not . . . flatterer*:—Johnson says: "Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble."

531. *Thou singly honest man*:—Wilkes finds in Timon's praise of Flavius "the second instance, only, out of twenty-nine plays, in which a man of less rank than a noble, or a knight, is spoken of with approbation and respect. The first instance is that of

old Adam in *As You Like It.* It is worthy of observation, however, that one of the characters, at the opening of the next Act, reports that Timon had given to his steward *a mighty sum.* And here it should be remarked that the stewards of great lords and millionaires, like Timon, were often of exceedingly good families, as we see by the steward of Goneril in *King Lear,* who is almost a cabinet minister."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter Poet and Painter.*] The Poet and Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. But Shakespeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if he and the audience knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

208 *et seq.* This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius,* where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the market-place.

Scene III.

3. *Timon is dead*:—The scholiast of Aristophanes has the story that Timon died from the mortification of a limb, broken by an accident in the country, and lacking the contemned attendance of a surgeon.

Scene IV.

[*Alcibiades.*] Although possessed of none of the potential nobleness of Timon, Alcibiades has one faculty—that of perceiving such things as lie within the range of his limited observation. He does not see the whole world, but he sees the positive limited half of it rightly in the main. He is less than Timon, and yet greater; for Timon miserably fails through want of the one gift which Alcibiades has. In like manner, Hamlet failed for want

of the gift which Fortinbras possessed; and yet Hamlet's was beyond all measure a larger and rarer soul than that of the Prince of Norway. Alcibiades has, at least, not been living in a dream; he lays hold of the positive and coarser pleasures of life, and endures its positive, limited pains, definite misfortunes which lie within appreciable bounds. No absolute, ideal anguish like that of Timon can overwhelm him.

70-73. *Here lies*, etc.:—What is here given as one epitaph is really a combination of two, as may be seen by consulting North's *Plutarch*. The reader will of course observe the inconsistency between the two couplets, the first saying, "Seek not my name"; the second, "Here lie I, Timon." How the two got thus thrown together, it were vain to speculate: possibly the dramatist was in doubt which to choose, and so copied them both, and then neglected to erase the one which he meant to reject. In *The Palace of Pleasure* the epitaph is given thus:—

> "My wretched catife dayes expired now and past,
> My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde,
> In waltering waves of swelling sea by surges cast:
> My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confounde."

Questions on Timon of Athens.

1. To what period of the Poet's career is *Timon of Athens* assigned? With what other plays is it associated in the time scheme?

2. What has been said by critics about the doubtful authorship of parts? What parts are assigned to Shakespeare? Who have been suggested as co-authors?

3. From what sources were the materials of the play probably derived?

4. Is it recorded that *Timon of Athens* was ever played upon the stage in Shakespeare's era? Do you see any reason that makes it unsuitable for a stage-play?

ACT FIRST.

5. Interpret the meaning of the expression concerning the world, in line 3, *It wears, sir, as it grows.*

6. What does the opening Scene convey of the atmosphere in which the life of Timon is passed?

7. Give some estimate of the character of the Poet as indicated by his account of his art beginning line 20.

8. What standard of excellence is assumed for the judging of the art of printing in the conversation of the Poet and the Painter?

9. How does the Poet describe the people who surround Timon? What does he say of Apemantus? What is foreshadowed by the allegory that he draws for the Painter? How is the Painter himself affected by the recital?

10. Show what the Ventidius episode contributes to the plot. Comment on the naturalism of the subsequent colloquy with the Old Athenian concerning the marriage of his daughter.

11. Show the dramatic purpose in introducing Apemantus at this stage of the play. What is there in this colloquy from line 184 onward that has led to its condemnation as the work of Shakespeare? From previous hints is it not likely that Shakespeare designed the character?

12. In Sc. ii. what does Timon say about the return of gifts?

13. How does Apemantus reveal himself in the grace he offers to the gods?

14. Does Timon's speech upon *friendship* show him to be a bad observer of men?

15. Does the generosity of Timon strike you as fulsome? Is this impression conveyed aside from the fact that the speech of Flavius soon apprises us of his approaching bankruptcy?

16. What has Act I. established as the underlying idea of the plot? What are the positive elements of Timon's character? Do they win admiration? Does the Act fail to present certain elements concerning him that might aid in a higher appreciation?

ACT SECOND.

17. Show the turn in the tide indicated by the Senator's speeches in Sc. i. How is prudence here weighed against friendship, marking a sharp contrast with parts of the first Act?

18. For what does Flavius's speech at the opening of Sc. ii. prepare? How does Flavius prove himself a resourceful servant? What dramatic expedient is served by his manner of disposing of the servants of Timon's creditors?

19. Why are lines 45-126 judged non-Shakespearian?

20. What is Timon's proposal when he hears that his treasury is exhausted? How does he extenuate his past conduct? Upon what does he place reliance?

21. To what does Timon refer in line 204 when he speaks of the Senators, *of whom, even to the state's best health,* he has deserved a hearing?

22. What is the state of Ventidius's fortune when Timon applies to him for aid?

ACT THIRD.

23. How does Flaminius, Timon's servant, fare at the house of Lucullus? How does he reflect upon the ingratitude of Lucullus?

24. What type of man is portrayed in Lucius in Sc. ii.?

25. Is there any ironic intention in the words of the First Stranger; or do you interpret his words as a sincere utterance like those of Flaminius at the close of the first Scene?

26. What is the excuse made by Sempronius?

27. How is Timon affected in body and in mind by the treatment of his false friends? What does he finally determine upon?

28. Does the episode which is brought out in Sc. v. seem to invalidate the unity of the play? Would the case be improved by naming *the friend* for whom Alcibiades pleads?

29. Is there not a subtle harmony between the case of Timon in his present distress and that of the man under condemnation by the Senate? Is the unity which at first sight seemed destroyed in respect of this episode partially, at least, restored?

30. What does the Senate visit upon Alcibiades for his persistent pleading? How is this later inwrought into the texture of the story?

31. Sc. vi. is said to be of undoubted Shakespearian authorship. What qualities differentiate it from the rest of the Act?

32. Who were present at Timon's last banquet? Would a lesser dramatist have brought Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius, and Ventidius again upon the stage? Why did not Shakespeare?

33. How does he address them when they sit at the table?

34. Compare the breaking up of assembly with the similar device in the play scene of *Hamlet.*

35. With what final words does Timon quit the scene?

ACT FOURTH.

36. Mention some elements of the picture of human society that Timon draws in his imprecations upon Athens. Are these the words of a sane man? Is a man sane who is possessed by so powerful a passion?

37. How does he compare mankind and the beasts? What does he implore of the gods?

38. What is the purpose of Sc. ii.? Mention some un-Shakespearian qualities of Flavius's speech beginning with line 30.

39. What things are the object of Timon's curse in the opening of Sc. iii.? Does he include himself in his general disdain of humanity? Upon what does he subsist?

40. What does he find in digging in the earth? How does he describe the power of money?

41. How is Alcibiades accompanied upon his entrance? Does Timon recognize him? Why does Timon say, *I do wish thou wert a dog, that I might love thee something*?

42. What does Timon name himself? What does he now say

or imply concerning friendship? When, in his opinion, did he suffer miseries?

43. Against Athens, how has Alcibiades arrayed himself? What injunctions concerning Athens does Timon lay upon him? Notice how at the mention of pity by Alcibiades, Timon turns his invective mainly against pity as a possible accompaniment of war.

44. What attitude to Alcibiades personally does Timon persist in? What is his attitude towards the women who accompany Alcibiades?

45. Indicate the attitude of the dramatist towards women by the way these two curry profit out of Timon's misanthropy?

46. How in line 176 does Timon define his malady?

47. Is Nature included in the curses Timon heaps upon mankind, and if so to what extent is she exonerated?

48. Show the dramatic purpose in bringing Timon and Apemantus together. How do you contrast their respective views of human society?

49. With what arguments does Apemantus try to persuade Timon of the folly of his present course? What is there in Timon that makes such a life as Apemantus recommends impossible?

50. In lines 239 *et seq.* how does Apemantus read Timon? What degree of truth is there in his words?

51. How does Timon retort upon Apemantus? Is there truth in his analysis?

52. Does either man compel admiration?

53. When does Timon resolve to die?

54. How does he apostrophize *gold* in lines beginning with 385?

55. How does Timon meet the Banditti who come out to rob him? What warrant from nature's laws does he give them for practising theft? Compare this view of nature with that of a modern author, Robert Louis Stevenson, in an essay called *Pulvis et Umbra.*

56. What effect have Timon's words upon the Banditti?

57. How is the cause of Timon's misanthropy again sounded in the words of Flavius?

58. In what way does the unselfishness of Flavius cause Timon to modify his new creed? How does Flavius again point out the weakness of Timon?

59. With what admonitions does Timon accompany his gift of gold to Flavius? In this is he consistent?

ACT FIFTH.

60. Does the scene between Timon and the Poet and Painter suggest Hamlet's dialogue with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the method employed in leading them into self-conviction?

61. Who are the last visitors to Timon and by whom are they sent? What inducements are used to persuade Timon to return to Athens? What has led the Senate to make this request? What has the play revealed of Timon's past history to warrant this confidence in him?

62. Indicate the immediate effect upon him of the words of the Senators.

63. In the speech beginning line 171 does Timon show a genuine pity for mankind, assuming his point of view as a just and righteous one? In other words does Shakespeare prove the case of misanthropy as a legitimate moral view-point?

64. Does Timon in his latest speeches reach a pitch of pessimism that seems to involve more than mankind in his arraignment for the evils, to use his words, *that nature's fragile vessel doth sustain in life's uncertain voyage*? Is there ever a hint that men are helpless in the hands of malevolent deities?

65. What is effected by Scenes ii. and iii.?

66. What charges does Alcibiades bring against Athens in Sc. iv.? How do the Senators exonerate Athens and the present inhabitants from blame for that which Alcibiades is bringing punishment? Upon whom do they allow punishment to fall?

67. From whence did Shakespeare derive the epitaph of Timon? Of the two couplets which do you consider the more appropriate?

68. What humour is there in the comment of Alcibiades upon Timon's choice of a resting-place? What sublimity in the fact itself?

69. How does this Scene present a justification of Timon?

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70. The hero of a drama should commend himself to the intellectual approbation if not to the moral affections. Does Timon fulfil either of these demands? Show in what way this is effected, if you decide affirmatively. Has Shakespeare ever before set himself so difficult a problem?

71. Does religion or philosophy set any approval upon misanthropy? Is it a legitimate *motif* for dramatic art? Has any

other of the world's great dramatists treated the *motif*? If so, has it been treated in the spirit of tragedy or comedy?

72. Does the present day development of philosophic thought make it any longer possible to treat misanthropy as a tragic *motif*?

73. Comment on Shakespeare's spiritual state at the time of writing this play. What characters save the play from inculcating absolute pessimism? In what ways do they furnish the reaction from the dominant implications?

74. Support by citation from the play the following criticism by Lloyd: "He speaks and curses in spleen and sarcasm rather than malevolently, and the natural tendency of his suggestions of mischief is from their tone rather to awaken shame and self-mistrust in the vicious than to stimulate to vice, and some notes of lamentation and remonstrance are audible amidst and above his angry complaints."

75. Show the similarity and contrast between Coriolanus and Timon.

76. In what way is Apemantus related to Thersites?

77. Mention some passages of poetry that may be said to possess sublimity and show their dramatic fitness.

78. Had Shakespeare bidden the world farewell with this play what would be assumed as to his knowledge and experience of life? What evidence have we that he attained to higher spiritual levels?

The Tragedy of

Coriolanus

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Coriolanus* was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it was originally placed at the head of the division of "Tragedies," occupying pages 1-30; subsequently, however, *Troilus and Cressida* was placed before it. The text of the play is extremely unsatisfactory, due to the careless transcript put into the printers' hands.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Nov. 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

The Date of Composition. There is no definite external evidence for the date of *Coriolanus*;* general considerations of style, diction, and metrical tests† point to 1608-1610 as the most probable years, and justify us in

* The reference to the "ripest mulberry" (III. ii. 79) was thought by Malone and Chalmers to bear on the date; for in 1609 the King made an attempt to encourage the breeding of silkworms. Similarly, Chalmers found in the references to famine and death allusions to the year 1609. Political allusions have also been found. All these doubtful pieces of evidence seem utterly valueless.

† The light-endings and weak-endings, scanty in all the previous plays (the largest number being 21 of the former, and 2 of the latter, in Macbeth), reach the number of 71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony*; 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*; 78 and 52 in *Cymbeline*; 42 and 25 in *The Tempest*; 57 and 43 in *The Winter's Tale*. All these are plays of Shakespeare's Fourth, or last, Period.

placing it next to *Antony and Cleopatra,* closely connected with it by consideration of subject and source.

The Source of the Plot. *Coriolanus* was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans,*" the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra,* and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens,* and which has been fittingly described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." North's monumental version is one of the masterpieces of English prose, and no better proof exists than a comparison of the play with its original. Shakespeare has borrowed North's very vocabulary, and many of his most striking effects; so closely does he follow the whole history that North's prose may actually assist in restoring a defective passage; *e.g.* in Act II. Sc. iii. ll. 251-253 the folio reads:—

> "And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
> Was his great Ancestor;"

the lines are obviously corrupt, owing to the loss of some words, or of a whole line; the passage is adequately restored simply by "following Shakespeare's practice of taking so many of North's words in their order, as would fall into blank verse," and there is little doubt that it should be printed thus:—

> "[And *Censorinus that was so surnamed,*]
> And nobly named so, *twice being Censor;*"

the words given in italics are those taken from North. As an instance of the closeness of the play to its original the following lines afford an excellent illustration:—

> "Should we be silent *and not speak, our raiment*
> *And state of bodies would bewray what life*
> *We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself*
> *How more unfortunte than all living women*
> *Are we come hither;*"

Shakespeare has here merely touched with the magic of his genius these words of North:—"If we held our peace (my son) and determined *not* to *speak* the *state of* our poor *bodies,* and present sight of *our raiment would* easily *bewray* to thee *what life we have led* at home, *since thy exile* and abode abroad. But *think* how *with thyself, how* much *more unfortunately* than all the women living we are come hither.*" The same correspondence is found in the other great speech of the play; "the two speeches," as Mr. George Wyndham excellently observes, "dressed the one in perfect prose, the other in perfect verse, are both essentially the same under their faintly yet magically varied raiment."

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarised on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer,* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1579."

* "*Unfortunately*" in the editions of 1579, 1595, 1603; but "*unfortunate*" in the 1612 edition; hence some scholars argue that Shakespeare must have used the late edition, and that the play must therefore be dated 1612 or after; the argument may, however, be used the other way round; the emendation in the 1612 edition of North may have been, and probably was, derived from Shakespeare's text.

In this connection it is worth while noting that there is a copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch* in the Greenock Library, with the initials "W. S." In the first place, it is not certain that the signature is genuine; in the second, if it were proved to be Shakespeare's, it would merely seem that Shakespeare possessed this late edition of the work. *Julius Cæsar* is sufficient evidence that he possessed a copy of one of the early editions. It happens that in the Greenock copy there are some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar,* and these seem to me to tell against the genuineness of the initials on the fly-leaf. *Vide* Skeat's "*Shakespeare's Plutarch,*" Introduction.

A worthy tribute to North's memory is the noble edition of his work, now in course of publication, in the "Tudor Translation Series," issued by Mr. Nutt, with an introductory study of rare excellence by Mr. Wyndham; his dedicatory words should be remembered:—"THIS TRANSFIGURATION IN UNFADING ENGLISH OF AN IMMORTAL BOOK."

Duration of Action. The time of this play is eleven days represented on the stage with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Interval.* *Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii. *Interval.* *Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iii. to x. *Interval.* *Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i. *Interval.* *Day* 5, Act II. Sc. ii. to Act IV. Sc. ii. *Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. iv. and v. *Interval.* *Day* 8, Act IV. Sc. vi. *Interval.* *Day* 9, Act IV. Sc. vii. *Interval.* *Day* 10, Act V. Sc. i.-v. *Interval.* *Day* 11, Act V. Sc. vi.

The actual Historical time represented in this play "comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266" (*vide New Shak. Soc. Transactions,* 1877).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. After the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome ensues a famine, which is relieved by a free distribution of corn. This allowance encourages the plebeians to make further demands upon the patricians, from whom they ask corn henceforth at their own price. As a concession, five tribunes elected by themselves are allowed to represent them—two of whom, Sicinius Velutus and Junius Brutus, are demagogues, and, therefore, opposed to Caius Marcius, a high-minded nobleman, who will not curry favour with the populace. Naturally Marcius is unpopular, in spite of a splendid military record; but war breaking out at this time with the Volscians, he is enabled to regain popular favour and win fresh glory. He does such heroic deeds at Corioli that the two other generals and all the army enthusiastically greet him with the title of Coriolanus.

II. A triumph is accorded Coriolanus on his return to Rome; and the senate elects him consul. It is necessary, however, that he should also have the "voice of the people" through open solicitation. To the proud, reserved man the task is a hard one, and his overtures to the citizens are made so awkwardly, that although he is privately given their voice, they are discontented, and it needs only the influence of Sicinius and Brutus to cause them to repent their decision.

III. When it comes to the open choice of Coriolanus for consul the fickle people disavow him. His ire is

aroused, causing him to make vehement statements against the popular rights. The utterances are gladly seized upon and made use of by the two tribunes, who condemn him to exile, by decree of the people.

IV. Deeply wounded at the ingratitude, and thirsting for revenge, Coriolanus goes to Antium where his Volscian foe, Tullus Aufidius, dwells. He makes peace with that general, who is delighted to acquire the aid of the stoutest arm in Italy just at a time when a new campaign against the Romans is being planned, though he soon after begins to dread Coriolanus's power. The expedition proceeds against Rome, to the utter dismay of the tribunes and their adherents.

V. The Roman forces being powerless to cope with the invasion, send peaceful embassies to Coriolanus, now encamped with Aufidius near the capital city. Though Coriolanus's stanchest friends are sent to him, he remains obdurate until his well-beloved mother and his wife come to make powerful entreaty. He cannot withstand their prayers, and raises the siege without striking a blow. The Volscian army returns to Antium. Coriolanus attempts to justify his conduct to the lords of the city, and doubtless would have succeeded on account of his numerous conquests, had not Aufidius used his final action before Rome for a text to charge him with treachery. In the ensuing dispute some conspirators hired by Aufidius assassinate Coriolanus.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Coriolanus—His Strength and His Weakness.

A haughty and passionate feeling, a superb egotism, are with Coriolanus the sources of weakness and of strength. The tragic study of the play is not that of patricians with plebeians but of Coriolanus with his own

self. It is not the Roman people who bring about his destruction; it is the patrician haughtiness and passionate self-will of Coriolanus himself. Were the contest of political parties the chief interest of Shakspere's drama, the figures of the tribunes must have been drawn upon a larger scale. They would have been endowed with something more than "foxship." As representatives of a great principle, or of a power constantly tending in one direction, they might have appeared worthy rivals of the leaders of the patrician party; and the fall of Coriolanus would be signalized by some conquest and advance of the tide of popular power. Shakspere's drama is the drama of individuality, including under this name all those bonds of duty and of affection which attach man to his fellow man, but not impersonal principles and ideas. The passion of patriotism, high-toned and enthusiastic, stands with Shakspere instead of general political principles and ideas; and the life of the individual is widened and elevated by the national life, to which the individual surrenders himself with gladness and with pride.

The pride of Coriolanus is, however, not that which comes from self-surrender to and union with some power or person or principle higher than one's self. It is twofold—a passionate self-esteem which is essentially egoistic, and, secondly, a passionate prejudice of class. His nature is the reverse of cold and selfish; his sympathies are deep, warm, and generous; but a line, hard and fast, has been drawn for him by the aristocratic tradition, and it is only within that line that he permits his sympathies to play. To the surprise of the tribunes, he can accept, well pleased, a subordinate command under Cominius. He yields with kindly condescension to accept the devotion and fidelity of Menenius, and cherishes towards the old man a filial regard—the feeling of a son who has the consciousness that he is greater than his father. He must dismiss Menenius disappointed from the Volscian camp; but he contrives an innocent fraud by means of which the old senator will fancy that he has effected

more for the peace of Rome than another could. For Virgilia, the gentle woman in whom his heart finds rest, Coriolanus has a manly tenderness and constant freshness of adhesion:—

> "O, a kiss
> Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
> Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
> I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
> Hath virgin'd it e'er since!"

. . . The weakness, the inconstancy, and the incapacity of apprehending facts which are the vices of the people, reflect and repeat themselves in the great patrician; his aristocratic vices counterbalance their plebeian. He is rigid and obstinate; but under the influence of an angry egoism he can renounce his principles, his party, and his native city. He will not bear away to his private use the paltry booty of the Volsces; but to obtain the consulship he is urged by his proud mother and his patrician friends to stand bareheaded before the mob, to expose his wounds, to sue for their votes, to give his heart the lie, to bend the knee like a beggar asking an alms. The judgement and blood of Coriolanus are ill commingled; he desires the end, but can only half submit to the means which are necessary to attain that end; he has not sufficient self-control to enable him to dispose of those chances of which he is lord. And so he mars his fortune. The pride of Coriolanus, as Mr. Hudson has observed, is "rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion; insomuch that if a spark of provocation is struck into the latter, the former instantly flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of common sense." Now, such passion as this Shakspere knew to be weakness, and not strength; and by this uncontrollable violence of temper Coriolanus draws down upon himself his banishment from Rome and his subsequent fate.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Coriolanus himself stands out, in Shakespeare, yet more than in Plutarch, as a giant among pigmies. He has the surpassing excellences of the true aristocrat, and seems to embody at once the aristocratic ideals of heroic Greece and of feudal chivalry He scorns money and pain; he has a natural eloquence always at command, and everything he says is impressed with an indefinable greatness. Less "churlish and solitary" than in Plutarch, for Shakespeare gives him the adoring friendship of Menenius and Cominius, he is at bottom more "uncivil," less fit for citizenship, more impracticable in his passionate self-will. This aspect of his character Shakespeare has emphasised with a series of admirably imagined strokes. It is only in the drama that Coriolanus revolts against the traditional ceremony of displaying his wounds, and declaims, with the naïve unreason of a headstrong nature, against the authority of "custom," on which his own patrician privilege ultimately rested. His vengeance is far more sweeping and uncompromising. He comes to burn Rome, not to get reasonable concessions for his allies; far from "keeping the Noble men's lands and goods safe from harm and burning," he sternly dismisses the appeal of his noble friends for discrimination; he cannot stay to pick the few grains of wheat in a pile

Of noisome musty chaff.

Political partisanship is effaced in the fury of personal vengeance. Here and there the egoism of the aristocratic temper triumphs in a trait of sarcastic humour, as in the case of the poor man in Corioli who had befriended him, and whose life he wished to save, but whose name was "By Jupiter! forgot."

Coriolanus, says Mr. Barrett Wendell, owes his fate to "a passionate excess of inherently noble traits, whose very nobility unfits them for survival in the ignoble world about them." He represents "aristocracy as nobly worthy of dominance as in Henry V., and yet as inexorably doomed as in Antony." But the man who pic-

tured Henry before Agincourt among the common soldiers hardly thought that the insolent hauteur of Coriolanus was sufficiently explained and excused by his having to lead a "musty superfluity" of "dissentious rogues." The tribunes themselves are permitted to utter a palpable home-truth, when they tell him:—

> You speak o' the people,
> As if you were a god to punish, not
> A man of their infirmity.

Even Coriolanus's valour is described with a fire chiefly of the imagination. The magnificent battle-poetry of this play betrays no martial enthusiasm, like that which glows so transparently in the choruses of *Henry V*. The career of Coriolanus, with his fabulous, yet, in the sequel, futile valour, is a satire upon militarism; and the sublime images in which his feats are told—he "struck Corioli like a planet"—"as weeds before a vessel under sail, so men obey'd and fell below his stem"—only make the undertone of irony more explicit. Shakespeare had dared to laugh at Achilles and Ajax; but the Homeric grandeur of Coriolanus (communicated through an utterly un-Homeric style) conceals a not less bitter sense of the futilities of heroism.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Volumnia.

He [Coriolanus] is prouder of his mother than of himself; cares more to please her than himself; owns no titles to honour in himself but what he can refer to that honoured source, nor covets any returns but such as will magnify the part she has in him; in brief, he looks up to her as a superior being whose benediction is the best grace of his life; and his profound awe of her person and of her rights in him is itself a principle of such in-

trinsic greatness and energy as would burst asunder the cold, dry ligatures of an ignoble and ungenerous nature. When, upon her coming out to intercede with him, he says, "My mother bows; as if Olympus to a molehill should in supplication nod," we have the sublimity of filial reverence, imaged in a form not more magnificent in itself than characteristic of the speaker.

Volumnia has the same essential greatness of character, and the same high-strung pride; the whole being cast, however, in a perfectly feminine mould, and rendered mellow and considerate by a larger experience and a more disinterested spirit. More firm and steady, too, because less passionate, her pride is never inflamed into any breach of propriety and decorum; on the contrary, she seems to become more dignified and self-possessed when her pride is chafed and galled. And her energy of will and thought, if not greater than her son's, yet in the end outwrestles his, because it proceeds on grounds less selfish and personal. It was a very profound insight of woman's nature that led the Poet to represent her as exhorting her son to temporise with the people, and to use arts for conciliating them which had no allowance in his bosom's truth; for even so woman, as having less of wilfulness and more of sensibility in the reason, naturally judges the quality of an action more by the consequences which she hopes or fears therefrom. What a story does the life of this mother and this son, with their reciprocal action and influence, as set forth in the play, tell us of the old Roman matronage, and of that profound religion toward womanhood which formed so large and powerful an element in the social constitution of republican Rome! And what a comment does this deep awe of motherhood, taken along with the history of that wonderful nation, read upon the precept, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!" for reverence of children to their fathers is the principle that binds together successive generations in one continuous

life. So that the loosening or impairing of this tie is the beginning of national dissolution. For, in forgetting the past, men do but teach the future to forget themselves; and where we find a present that honours not a past, there we may be sure the very genius of nationality is gone.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Virgilia.

This name [of Coriolanus—"My gracious silence"—] for his wife, who, while the others are receiving him with loud rejoicings, meets and welcomes him with speechless happiness looking out from her swimming eyes, is conceived in the very fulness of poetical and Shakespearian perfection. It comprises the gracefulness of beauty which distinguishes her, and the gracious effect which her muteness of love-joy has upon him who shrinks from noisy applause and even from merely expressed approbation; and it wonderfully concentrates into one felicitous word the silent softness that characterizes Virgilia throughout. She is precisely the woman—formed by nature gentle in manner, and rendered by circumstances sparing in speech—to inspire the fondest affection in such a man as Coriolanus; and we accordingly find him a passionately attached husband. The few words he addresses to her in the course of the play are among the most intense utterances of spousal enamouredness that even Shakespeare has written. The dramatic portrait of Virgilia we have always considered to be one of the very finest of the Poet's sketch-productions. It is put in with the most masterly touches; it paints her by very few strokes, very few colours; but they are so true, so exquisitely artistic, that they present her to the life. She is supremely gentle, and, like most women whose gentleness is their chief characteristic, singularly immovable,

not to say obstinate, when once resolved; she is habitually silent, as the wife of such a man as Coriolanus and daughter-in-law of such a woman as Volumnia would assuredly become, being naturally of a gentle disposition; and this combination of gentleness and silence is wonderfully drawn by Shakespeare throughout the character-portrait, and as wonderfully condensed here into one expressive name.

CLARKE: *Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.*

V.

Aufidius.

The varying feelings of Aufidius are such as may be often observed to arise in the contentions of able and ambitious men for honour or power, and are just such as would, under these circumstances, be natural in a mind like that of Aufidius—ambitious, proud, and bold, with many noble and generous qualities, yet not above the influence of selfish and vindictive emotions and desires. The mortification of defeat embitters his rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion, too, finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think that I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

VI.

Menenius.

If there be any person in the play whom the Poet shows a leaning to more than another, it is old Menenius,

a frank, patriotic, liberal soul, who is genially and lovingly humourous towards the people even when his eye is upon their faults, yet free and upright in reproving them, though at the same time sensible of their virtues; who smilingly stoops to play jokes upon them, that so he may soothe and sweeten their exasperated minds; exercising his good-natured wit to heal as fast as his sharpness wounds; and thus standing at an equal remove from the insulting aristocrat and the snaky demagogue.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Aristocracy Against Democracy.

Shakespear has in this play shown himself well versed in history and state affairs. *Coriolanus* is a storehouse of political commonplaces. Any one who studies it may save himself the trouble of reading Burke's *Reflections,* or Paine's *Rights of Man,* or the Debates in both Houses of Parliament since the French Revolution or our own. The arguments for and against aristocracy or democracy, on the privileges of the few and the claims of the many, on liberty and slavery, power and the abuse of it, peace and war, are here very ably handled, with the spirit of a poet and the acuteness of a philosopher. Shakespear himself seems to have had a leaning to the arbitrary side of the question, perhaps from some feeling of contempt for his own origin; and to have spared no occasion of bating the rabble. What he says of them is very true: what he says of their betters is also very true, though he dwells less upon it.

The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor; therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves: therefore they ought to be beaten. They work

hard; therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden. They are ignorant; therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest —that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions; which seek to aggrandize what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny absolute.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

A theatrical audience of those days was, to Shakespeare's eyes at any rate, an uncultivated horde, and it was this crowd which represented to him "the people." He may have looked upon them in his youth with a certain amount of good will and forbearance, but they had become entirely odious to him now. It was undoubtedly the constant spectacle of the "*understanders*," and the atmosphere of their exhalations, which caused his scorn to flame so fiercely over democratic movements and their leaders, and all that ingratitude and lack of perception which, to him, represented "the people."

With his necessarily slight historical knowledge and insight, Shakespeare would look upon the old days of both Rome and England in precisely the same light in which he saw his own times. His first Roman drama testifies to his innately anti-democratic tendencies. He seized with avidity upon every instance in Plutarch of the stupidity and brutality of the masses. Recall, for example, the scene in which the mob murders Cinna, the poet, for no better reason than its fury against Cinna, the conspirator (*Julius Cæsar,* III. iii.).

This point of view meets us again and again in *Coriolanus*; and whereas, in his earlier plays, it was only occasionally and, as it were, accidentally expressed, it has now grown and strengthened into deliberate utterance.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

The humorous scenes which give the play variety were entirely contributed by Shakespeare; and the presentation of the mob is highly characteristic. The Poet hated the irrationality and violence of untrained men. Coriolanus never for a moment conceals his contempt for them:—

> I heard him swear,
> Were he to stand for consul, never would he
> Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
> The napless vesture of humility;
> Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
> To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

This is quite in accord with Casca's contempt for the "rabblement" which "hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath," because Cæsar refused the crown. This contempt finds its most satiric expression in Jack Cade's manifesto:—

"Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass."

In complete contrast with this conception of the common people as a mere rabble, full of passion and devoid of ideas, stands Coriolanus—a typical aristocrat, with the virtues of the aristocrat: courage, indifference to pain, scorn of money, independence of thought, command of eloquence, and natural aptitude for leadership. These great qualities are neutralized by colossal egotism, manifesting itself in a pride so irrational and insistent that, sooner or later, by the necessity of its nature, it must produce the tragic conflict. Coriolanus, in spite of his great faults, has heroic proportions, and fills the play with the sense of his superiority; he lives and dies like a true tragic hero.

MABIE: *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*

VIII.

Dramatic Features.

There is more unity in the tragedy of *Coriolanus* than in either of the other Roman plays; yet, grand and powerful as it is, its tragical interest is less than that of *Julius Cæsar* and its poetical merit less than that of *Antony and Cleopatra.* There is something hard about it, both in sentiment and in style. The delineation of social and personal pride is not a subject to evoke much sympathy or emotion, and although it may in its course reach sublime heights, its sublimity is wholly independent of moral greatness. Of all Shakespeare's greater works, this is the most difficult to construe; the unintelligibility of several passages is doubtless due to some corruption of the text, but besides this, the general style is exceedingly obscure, and overloaded with metaphorical and elliptical expressions. Even the great scene between Coriolanus and his mother is not of uniform excellence.

STAPFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity.*

The Tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune, fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is perhaps too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.
TITUS LARTIUS, } *generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
YOUNG MARCIUS, *son of Coriolanus.*
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*
VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*
VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*
Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.*

The Tragedy of Coriolanus

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict? 10

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the 20

object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he 's a very dog to the commonalty. 30

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly 40 proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol! 50

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He 's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you.
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate;
they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we 60
intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em, in deeds.
They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they
shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them 70
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies. 80

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must 90
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it: 100
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile, 110
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, 120
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?
'Fore me this fellow speaks! what then? what then?

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body—

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. You 're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate, 131
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man, 140
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,'—this says the belly, mark me,—

First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this? 150

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost: 161
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter 170
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are 180
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else 190
Would feed on one another? What 's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,

Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth, 200
And let me use my sword, I 'ld make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds 211
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath! 220
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,

Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't: then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader, 231
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'ld revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars. 240

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius! 250

First Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.
[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon. 260

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he 's well graced, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform 270
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion, 280
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I think
I have the letter here: yes, here it is:
[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great; 10
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.'

First Sen. Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when 20
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They 've not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that; 30

I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Rome. A room in Marcius' house.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how 10 honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,

his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,
I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was
a man-child, than now in first seeing he had
proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam: how 20
then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son;
I therein would have found issue. Hear me
profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in
my love alike, and none less dear than thine and
my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die
nobly for their country than one voluptuously
surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself. 30

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome': his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire. 40

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck. 50

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it! 60

Vol. One on 's father's moods. 70

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I 'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in. 80

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us. 90

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it 's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us. 100

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth. 110

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I 'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I 'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will
For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, 10
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others, on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth! we 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!
[*Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes 20
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you, 30

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe, 39
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I. [*Marcius is shut in.*
First Sol. See, they have shut him in.
All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?
All. Slain, sir, doubtless.
First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, 50
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world 60
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir.
Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

Scene V.

Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, 10
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, 20
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, 10
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart 30
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone; 41
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did

Retire to win our purpose. 50

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set we against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but, 60
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report; 70
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

The gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, Marcius and Aufidius.

Mar. I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge 10
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX.

The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter, from one side, Cominius with the Romans; from the other side, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done; that 's what I can: induced
As you have been; that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know 20
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 40

[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth 50
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we 'll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which, 60
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. Bear
The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you: 70
I mean to stride your steed; and at all times
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate

For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot: 90
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene X.

The camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements, 10
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He 's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He 's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour 's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you— 30
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. 10

Bru. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He 's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting. 20

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud? 30

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could! 40

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give 50

me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: 60 and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps 70 and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the 80 peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you

are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. 90 100

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home? 110

Vir. } Nay, 'tis true.
Val. }

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. 120

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland. 130

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. 140

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow. 150

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh; there 's 160 nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie; 169
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; 180
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady,
pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home: 190
And welcome, general: and ye 're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right. 200

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, 210
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges horsed
With variable complexions, all agreeing 220
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may, 230
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget
With the least cause these his new honours; which
That he will give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he 240
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills, 250
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows 260
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and 270
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of

the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he 's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volsces and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank and to remember

With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state 's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*] Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather 60
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That 's off, that 's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear 70
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people, 80
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That 's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years, 90
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed 100
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot 111
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all 's his:
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate, 120
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards 130
His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend the time to end it.

Men. He 's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them, 140
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus; 150
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested 160
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for 10 the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a

monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass. 20

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward. 30

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man. 40

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility:
mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all
together, but to come by him where he stands,
by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make
his requests by particulars; wherein every one
of us has a single honour, in giving him our
own voices with our own tongues: therefore 50
follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go
by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me, the gods! 60
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I 'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*] So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't. 70

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly. 80

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There 's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown. 90

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not desired nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies,

you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul. 100

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily. 110

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here; 120
To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus. I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe voices.
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That in the official marks invested you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I 'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I 'll keep you company. Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*
He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at 's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
First Cit. He has our voices, sir. 161
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.
First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.
Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure. 170
Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.
Third Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't, 180
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might 190
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to; 200
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement? 211

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,
Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He 's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

Sec. Cit. And will deny him:
I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice 221
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance, 230
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us. 240

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor, 250
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so: almost all 260

Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely 10
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices? 30
First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incensed against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule, 40
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me 51
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely 60
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people, 80
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. 'Shall'! 90
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not spirit
To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured 121
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? 130
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more: 140
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet; 150
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't;
Not having the power to do the good it would, 160
For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet, 170
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, etc. We 'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens! 180

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Senators, etc. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying,* 'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!' 'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'

'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay! hold! peace!'
Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath.
Confusion 's near. I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience! 191
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let 's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
First Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city. 200
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power 210
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him!

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways, 220
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I 'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! 230
All will be naught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

First Sen. The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

Men. Be gone: 240
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone: 250
I 'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.* 260
Here 's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know 270
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul! 280

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid 290
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath 300
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do 't and suffer it
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We 'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 310
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars 320
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer. 330
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place. We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I 'll bring him to you.
[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
First Sen. Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
A Patrician. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads 10
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been 20
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble, 40
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both 50
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and 60
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required

I should do so in honour. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss 71
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them
Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling: or say to them, 80
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst
rather 90

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart 100
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't: 110
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't; 120
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content: 130
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I

Will answer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He 's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready. 10
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine,' if death, cry 'Death,'
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused 20
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.
Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.
Sic. Well, here he comes. 30

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
First Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say! 40

Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show 50
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour 60
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, 70
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind, 81
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I 'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 90
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He 's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome 110
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate 120
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves, 130
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard 140
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let 's see him out at gates; come.
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible 10
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother.
I 'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, 21

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I 'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth 40
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come. 50

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let 's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'ld with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Then when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let 's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she 's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way. 10
Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?
Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens! 20
Vol. Moe noble blows than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go:
Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He'ld make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country 30
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incensed the rabble;
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son— 40
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we 'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself, 50
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let 's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
[*Exeunt Vol. and Vir.*

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor. 30

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended 40 my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am 50 the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? 10

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance, 20

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town. I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where 's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence
are you? Here 's no place for you: pray, go
to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, 10
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to
such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!
Sec. Serv. 'Away!' get you away.
Cor. Now thou 'rt troublesome.
Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I 'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow 's this? 20
First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*
Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.
Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.
Third Serv. What are you?
Cor. A gentleman.
Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am. 30
Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.
Cor. Follow your functions, go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*
Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.
Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*
Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?
Cor. Under the canopy. 40
Third Serv. Under the canopy!
Cor. Ay.
Third Serv. Where 's that?
Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an
ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?
Cor. No, I serve not thy master.
Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?
Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle
with thy mistress: 50
Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher,
hence!
[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?
Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I 'ld have beaten him like a
dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*
Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what 's thy name?
Cor. [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
Auf. What is thy name? 60
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.
Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what 's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may 70

My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be 80
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, thou wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight, 90
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou darest not this and that to prove more fortunes
Thou 'rt tired, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool, 100
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say ''Tis true,' I 'ld not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against 110
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw 120
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat;
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that 130
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take 140
The one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome! 150

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two Servingmen come forward.*

First Serv. Here 's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it. 160

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I 'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

Sec. Serv. Who? my master?

First Serv. Nay, it 's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him. 170

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let 's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; 180
I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?

Third Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself. 190

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd. 200

Sec. Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine. 210

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.

First Serv. Directitude! what 's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him. 220

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war 's a destroyer of men. 230

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another. 240

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

First and Sec. Serv. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Rome. A public place.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.

Enter Menenius.

Is this Menenius? 10

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours. 20

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent, 30
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been 50
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell me not:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir, 61
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't. 70

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news? 80
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing 90
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair
work! 100

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair
hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not, we brought it. 120

Men. How! was it we? we loved him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here comes the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast 130
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity. 140

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye 're goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the Capitol?
Com. O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have 150
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.
First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let 's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong
when we banished him.
Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. I do not like this news.
Sic. Nor I.
Bru. Let 's to the Capitol: would half my wealth 159
Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature 10
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too: 30
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he 'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,

To fail in the disposing of those chances 40
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time; 50
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, and Sicinius and Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops 10
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state 20
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains: 30
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do 40
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I 'll undertake 't:
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined: 50
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him, 60
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise'; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, 70
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Entrance to the Volscian camp before Rome.
Two Sentinels on guard.

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?

Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

First Sen. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First Sen. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embraced with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks 10
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

First Sen. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he 's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general. 30

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant

cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. The glorious gods 70 sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, 80 hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone. 90
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
And would have sent it. [*Gives him a letter.*]
Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,

Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again. 100

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him. 111

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends

That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father, 10
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should 30
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I 'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now 40
I have forgot my part and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show 51
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun, 60
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

VOLUMNIA PLEADS WITH CORIOLANUS.
Coriolanus, Act V., Scene iii.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers, 70
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That 's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you 'ld ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 80
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;

That, if you fail in our request, the blame 90
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife and child, to see 101
The son, the husband and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find 111
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts 121
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A' shall not tread on me;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. 130
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans,
'This we received'; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain, but this certain, 141
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,

To imitate the graces of the gods; 150
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There 's no man in the world
More bound to 's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy; 161
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride 170
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold 's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be a-fire, 181

And then I 'll speak a little.

Cor. [*After holding her by the hand, silent*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me: for my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work 201
Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Ay, by and by:—
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond cornerstone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man? 10

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce 20 a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy

his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you. 30

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, 40
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes, 51
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans

Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'ld not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Music still, with shouts.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next, 60
Accept my thankfulness.

Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them.
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c. passing over the stage, followed by Patricians and others.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Corioli. A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!
First Con. How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it,
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth; 30
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me, gave him way
In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, served his designments
In mine own person, holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till at the last
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if 40
I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post, 50
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords. 60

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him. 70

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours; the commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli? 90
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgements, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him. 110

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for 't. 120

All the People. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds-in

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[*The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus: Aufidius stands on his body.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver 141
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully: 151
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*
A dead march sounded.

Glossary.

Abated, down-trodden, beaten-down (S. Walker conj. "*abased*"); III. iii. 132.
Absolute, perfect; IV. v. 139.
Abused, deceived; III. i. 58.
Addition, title; I. ix. 66.
Advanced, raised, uplifted; I. vi. 61.
Affect, desire, aim at; II. ii. 23.
Affecting, aiming at; IV. vi. 32.
Affection, inclination, tendency; I. i. 107.
Affections, inclinations, desires; I. i. 180.
Affects, aims at; III. iii. 1.
Afric, Africa; I. viii. 3.
After, afterwards; II. ii. 55.
After your way, after you have told his story in your own way; V. vi. 58.
Against, over against, in the way of; III. i. 247.
Age, lifetime; IV. vi. 51.
Ages, time, life; III. i. 7.
Alarum, call to arms; II. ii. 79.
All, any; III. i. 143.
——; "all gaze"; the gaze of every eye; I. iii. 8.
——; "all our lamentation"; *i.e.* "the sorrow of us all"; IV. vi. 34.
Allaying, tempering, diluting; II. i. 49.
Allow, acknowledge; III. iii. 45.
Allowance, acknowledgement, III. ii. 57.
Amazonian chin, chin beardless as that of a female warrior; II. ii. 94.
An, if; II. i. 136.
Ancient, old, former; IV. i. 3; inveterate; II. i. 236; IV. v. 102.
Anon, at once; II. iii. 147, 150.
Answer, meet in battle; I. ii. 19.
——, take advantage; II. iii. 265.
——, punishment, answering of a charge; III. i. 177.
Answering, requiting, paying the debt due to us; V. vi. 67.
Antiates, people of Antium; III. iii. 4.
Antique, old; II. iii. 124.
Appeared, apparent (Hanmer, "*affeer'd*"; Warburton, "*appeal'd*"; Jackson conj. "*apparel'd*"); IV. iii. 9.
Approbation; "upon your a.," for the purpose of confirming your election; II. iii. 150.
Apron-men, mechanics; IV. vi. 96.
Apt, susceptible; III. ii. 29.
Arabia, the Arabian desert; IV. ii. 24.
Are to, belong to; I. i. 276.
Arithmetic, calculation; III. i. 245.

Arm yourself, prepare yourself; III. ii. 138.
Arriving, having reached; II. iii. 187.
Article, condition; II. iii. 202.
Articulate, enter into negotiations; I. ix. 77.
As, as if; I. i. 22, 216.
——, as that; II. i. 239.
——, as that with which; III. iii. 74.
Assembly (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 158.
Assistance, persons assisting (Hanmer, "*assistants*"; Walker, "*assistancy*"); IV. vi. 33.
At, at the price of; V. vi. 46.
At a word, in a word, in short; I. iii. 116.
At home, in my own home; I. x. 25.
Atone, reconciled; IV. vi. 72.
At point, on the point of; III. i. 194.
Attach, arrest; III. i. 175.
Attend, listen; I. ix. 4.
——, await; II. ii. 163.
Attended, waited for; I. x. 30.
Attends, awaits; I. i. 78.
Auburn, probably flaxen (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Abram*"); II. iii. 21.
Audible, quick of hearing; IV. v. 232.
Augurer, soothsayer; II. i. 1.
Austerity and garb, austere demeanour; IV. vii. 44.
Authority, those in power; I. i. 16.
Avoid, quit; IV. v. 25.
——, get you gone; IV. v. 33.
Baes, cries *ba*; II. i. 11.
Bald, senseless; III. i. 165.
——, uncovered, bareheaded; IV. v. 200.
Bale, harm, injury; "must have b.," "must get the worst of it"; I. i. 166.
Bare; "a b. petition" = a mere petition; V. i. 20.
Bats, heavy sticks; I. i. 58.
Batten, grow fat; IV. v. 33.
Battle, army drawn up in battle array; I. vi. 51.
Beam; "below the b. of sight," farther down than the range of sight; III. ii. 5.
Beard to beard, face to face; I. x. 11.
Bear the knave, bear being called knave; III. iii. 33.
Because that, because; III. ii. 52.
Bemock, intensive form of *mock*; I. i. 260.
Be naught, be lost; III. i. 231.
Bended, made obeisance, bowed; II. i. 273.
Be off, take my hat off; II. iii. 105.
Be put, come; III. i. 233.
Best, i.e. best, chief men; I. ix. 77.
Bestrid, bestrode, *i.e.* stood over to defend a fallen soldier; II. ii. 96.
Be that I am, show myself in my true character; I. x. 5.
Bewray, reveal, show, betray; V. iii. 95.
Bisson conspectuities, purblind powers of sight (Folios 1, 2, "*beesome*"; Folios 3, 4, "*beesom*" and "*Besom*"); II. i. 66.

Bleeding, i.e. "without having, as it were, dressed and cured it" (Schmidt); II. i. 79.
Bless'd, happy; II. ii. 61.
Bless from, preserve from; I. iii. 48.
Blood, offspring, son; I. ix. 14.
Blown, swollen; V. iv. 49.
Bolted, sifted, refined; III. i. 322.
Bonnet, cap, hat; III. ii. 73.
Bonneted, i.e. unbonneted, took off their caps or bonnets (Johnson conj. "*unbonneted*"); II. ii. 29.
Bosom multiplied, "the bosom of that many-headed monster, the people" (Malone); III. i. 131.
Botcher, patcher of old clothes; II. i. 92.
Bountiful, bountifully; II. iii. 107.
Brand, stigma; III. i. 304.
Brawn, brawny or muscular part of the arm; IV. v. 123.
Break his neck, cause his downfall, destroy him; III. iii. 30.
Breathe you, take breath; I. vi. 1.
Briefly, a short time ago, lately; I. vi. 16.
Broils, wars; III. ii. 81.
Broke, broken; IV. iv. 19.
Brow-bound, crowned; II. ii. 101.
Budge, flee, flinch; I. vi. 44.
Bulks, the projecting parts of shops on which goods were exposed for sale; II. i. 218.
Bussing, kissing; III. ii. 75.
By, at; I. vi. 5.
By, in comparison with; I. x. 18.
——, next to, near; III. i. 101.

Cambric, a fine white linen stuff; I. iii. 89.
Came off, escaped; II. ii. 115.
Canker'd, corrupted, polluted; IV. v. 94.
Canopy, i.e. the canopy of heaven, the sky; IV. v. 40.
Capital, deadly; V. iii. 104.
Capitulate, make terms; V. iii. 82.
Caps and legs, salutations, obeisance; II. i. 70.
Carbonado, a piece of meat cut and slashed for broiling; IV. v. 194.
Casque, helmet; IV. vii. 43.
Catched, caught; I. iii. 66.
Cats, a term of contempt (Collier MS., "*Curs*"; Staunton conj. "*Bats*"; Gould conj. "*Rats*"); IV. ii. 34.
Cause, occasion, opportunity; II. iii. 200.
——, quarrel; III. i. 235.
——; "as c. will be obey'd," as occasion shall dictate; I. vi. 83.
Cautelous, crafty; IV. i. 33.
Censure, judgement; I. i. 271.
——, sentence; III. iii. 46.
Censured, estimated; II. i. 22.
Centuries, bodies of a hundred men; I. vii. 3.
Centurions, Roman officers who had the command of a hundred soldiers; IV. iii. 47.
Chafed, vexed, angered; III. iii. 27.

Change of honours, fresh honours, variety of honours (Theobald, "*charge*"); II. i. 207.
Charge, cost; V. vi. 68.
Charg'd, would charge; IV. vi. 112.
Charges, troops, companies; IV. iii. 48.
Charter, privilege; I. ix. 14.
Chats, chats of, gossips about; II. i. 216.
Choice; "at thy c.," do as you like; III. ii. 123.
Choose, fail to; IV. iii. 39.
Chose, chosen; II. iii. 160.
Circumvention, the power of circumventing; I. ii. 6.
Clapp'd to, quickly shut; I. iv. 51.
Clean kam, quite from the purpose; *kam* = crooked; III. i. 304.
Clip, embrace; I. vi. 29.
Cluck'd, called, as a hen does (Folio 1, "*clock'd*"); v. iii. 163.
Clusters, mobs; IV. vi. 122.
Clutch'd, if there were clutched; III. iii. 71.
Cockle, weed which grows in cornfields; III. i. 70.
Cog, cheat, cozen; III. ii. 133.
Coign, corner; V. iv. 1.
Come off, come out of the battle; I. vi. 1.
Comfortable, cheerful; I. iii. 2.
Commanded, entrusted with a command; I. i. 265.
Commandment, command; II. iii. 236.
Commend, recommend, introduce; IV. v. 147.
Common, commons, people; I. i. 154.
Common part, share in common; I. ix. 39.
Companions, fellows (used contemptuously); IV. v. 14.
Complexions, temperaments, dispositions; II. i. 220.
Compounded, agreed; V. vi. 84.
Conclude, decide; III. i. 144.
Condemned, (?) damnable; I. viii. 15.
Condition, disposition; II. iii. 101.
Confirmed, determined, resolute; I. iii. 63.
Confound, waste; I. vi. 17.
Confusion, ruin; III. i. 110.
Conies, rabbits; IV. v. 220.
Conn'd, learned; IV. i. 11.
Consent of, agreement about; II. iii. 25.
Constant, true to my word; I. i. 242.
Contrived, plotted; III. iii. 63.
Convented, convened; II. ii. 57.
Converses, is conversant, associates; II. i. 51.
Corioli walls, the walls of Corioli; I. viii. 8.
Cormorant, ravenous; I. i. 124.
Countenance, mere patronage; V. vi. 40.
Counterpoised, equalled, counter-balanced; II. ii. 90.
Country (trisyllabic); I. ix. 17.
Courage, plain speaking (Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*carriage*"); III. iii. 92.
Crack, boy (slightly contemptuous); I. iii. 72.
Cracking, breaking; I. i. 72.

Crafted fair, made nice work of it; IV. vi. 118.
Cranks, winding passages; I. i. 140.
Cry, pack; III. iii. 120.
——, proclaim; III. i. 275.
Cudgel, thick stick; IV. v. 153.
Cunning, knowledge; IV. i. 9.
Cupboarding, hoarding; I. i. 102.
Curded, congealed (Folios, "*curded*"; Rowe, "*curdled*"); V. iii. 66.
Cypress grove, grove of cypress trees (Folios, "*Cyprus grove*"); I. x. 30.

Dances, causes to dance; IV. v. 119.
Daws, jackdaws (daws were considered as emblems of chattering and foolish persons); IV. v. 46.
Debile, weak; I. ix. 48.
Declines, falls; II. i. 170.
Deed-achieving honour, honour gained by achievement; II. i. 182.
Deliver, narrate, tell your tale; I. i. 98.
——, show; V. vi. 141.
Deliver'd, reported; IV. vi. 63.
Demand, ask; III. iii. 43.
Demerits, merits; I. i. 275.
Deserved, deserving; III. i. 292.
Designments, designs; V. vi. 35.
Despite, spite; III. iii. 139.
Determine, terminate, end; III. iii. 43.
Determined of, decided, concerning; II. ii. 40.
Deucalion, the Greek Noah; II. i. 95.
Devour, destroy; I. i. 261.
Dieted, fed up; I. ix. 52.
Differency, difference (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "*difference*"); V. iv. 11.
Directitude, a coined word not understood; IV. v. 216, 217.
Disbench'd, drove from your seat; II. ii. 74.
Discharge, perform (technical term for playing a part upon the stage); III. ii. 106.
Disciplined, thrashed; II. i. 132.
Disease, disturb, spoil; I. iii. 111.
Disgrace, humiliation; I. i. 97.
Dishonour'd, dishonourable; III. i. 60.
Disposition, five syllables; I. vi. 74.
Dispropertied, taken away (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*disproportioned*"); II. i. 256.
Dissentious, seditious, rebellious; I. i. 167.
Distinctly ranges, stands upright; III. i. 206.
Doit, the smallest piece of money, worth half a farthing; a common metaphor for a trifle; I. v. 7.
Dotant, dotard; V. ii. 46.
Doublets, the inner garments of a man; I. v. 7.
Doubt, fear; III. i. 152.
Drachma, an ancient Greek coin (Folios 1, 2, "*Drachme*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Drachm*"; Staunton, "*dram*"); I. v. 6.
Drop, shed; I. v. 19.

Each way, in every way; III. i. 49.
Ears; "by the e.," quarrelling; I. i. 236.
Edge, sword; I. iv. 29.
Effected, achieved; I. ix. 18.
Embarquements, probably embargo, restrain, hinderance (Rowe, "*Embarkments*"; Hanmer, "*Embankments*"; Warburton, "*Embarrments*," etc.); I. x. 22.
Embracements, embraces; I. iii. 4.
Empiricutic, quackish (probably a coined word); Folios 1, 2, "*Emperickqutique*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Empericktique*"; Pope, "*Emperic*"; Collier MS., "*Empiric physic*"); II. i. 121.
Emulation, envious contention; I. i. 217.
End; "for an e.," to bring matters to a crisis (according to some = to cut the matter short); II. i. 252.
End all his, make all his own at last ("end," a provincial term for getting in a harvest) V. vi. 37.
Endure, remain; I. vi. 58.
Enemy (used adjectively; Folio 4, "*enemy's*"); IV. iv. 24.
Enforce, urge, lay stress upon; II. iii. 225.
Enter'd in, acquainted with; I. ii. 2.
Entertainment, engaged for service; IV. iii. 48.
——, reception; IV. v. 10.
Envied against, shown malice, ill-will toward (Becket conj. "*inveigh'd*"); III. iii. 95.
Envy, hatred, malice; III. iii. 3.
Envy you, show hatred against you (Keightley, "*envy to you*"); III. iii. 57.
Estimate, worth; III. iii. 114.
Even, equably; IV. vii. 37.
Ever, ever, always the same; II. i. 201.
Exposture, exposure; IV. i. 36.
Extol, praise, laud; I. ix. 14.
Extremities, urgent necessity; III. ii. 41.

Factionary, taking part in a quarrel; V. ii. 30.
Factions, parties, sides in a quarrel; I. i. 196.
Fail in, fail in granting; V. iii. 90.
Fair, kind, conciliatory; III. iii. 91.
Fairness, best; I. ix. 73.
Falsely, treacherously; III. i. 60.
Fame and envy, detested or odious fame; I. viii. 4.
Fane, temple; I. x. 20.
Fatigate, fatigued, wearied; II. ii. 120.
Favour, countenance, look; IV. iii. 9.
Fear, fear for; I. vii. 5.
Feebling, weakening; I. i. 198.
Fell, cruel; I. iii. 48.
Fellest, cruellest, fiercest; IV. iv. 18.
Fidiused, beaten; "jocularly formed from the name of Aufidius" (Folios, "*fiddious'd*"); II. i. 137.

Fielded, in the field; I. iv. 12.
Fillip, strike, beat; V. iii. 59.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 194.
Fires of heaven, stars; I. iv. 39.
First, first-born (Heath conj. "*fierce*"; Keightley, "*fairest*"; Cartwright conj. "*dear'st*"); IV. i. 33.
Fit o' the time, present distemperature; III. ii. 33.
Fit you, fit yourself; II. ii. 145.
Flamens, priests; II. i. 221.
Flaw, gust; V. iii. 74.
Flouted, mocked; II. iii. 165.
Fob off, trick, cheat; I. i. 97.
Foil'd, defeated; I. ix. 48.
Fold-in, enclose; III. iii. 68.
Fond, foolish; IV. i. 26.
Fool, play the fool; II. iii. 126.
For, as for; I. i. 68.
——, against; II. ii. 91.
Force, urge; III. ii. 51.
Fore-advised, advised, admonished beforehand; II. iii. 197.
'Fore me, an oath; probably used instead of "*'fore God*"; I. i. 123.
Forgot, forgotten; IV. iii. 3.
Forsworn to grant; sworn not to grant; V. iii. 80.
Forth, forth from, out of; I. iv. 23.
——, gone; IV. i. 49.
For that, because; I. i. 116.
Fosset-seller, seller of fossets or taps (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Forset*"; Folio 4, "*Fauset*"); II. i. 73.
Four, (?) used of an indefinite number; I. vi. 84.
Foxship, ingratitude and cunning; IV. ii. 18.
Fragments, a term of contempt; I. i. 225.
Frame, fashion; III. ii. 84.
Free, liberal; III. ii. 88.
Free contempt, unconcealed contempt; II. iii. 206.
Freelier, more freely; I. iii. 3.
From the canon, against established rule (Mason takes the words to mean "according to rule; alluding to the absolute veto of the tribunes"); III. i. 90.
Front, confront; V. ii. 43.
Full quit of, fully revenged upon; IV. v. 86.
Full third part, by a full third; V. vi. 78.
Further, further business; II. iii. 179.

Gall'd, hurt, wounded; II. iii. 201.
Gan, began; II. ii. 118.
Gangrened, mortified, diseased; III. i. 307.
Garland, crown, glory; I. i. 187.
——, *i.e.* the oaken garland, the prize of victory; II. ii. 104.
Gave him way, gave way to him; V. vi. 32.
Gave me, made me suspect; IV. v. 153.
General louts, stupid bumpkins; III. ii. 64.
Generosity; "to break the heart of g.," *i.e.* "to give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson); I. i. 214.
Gentry, gentle birth; III. i. 143.
Giber, scoffer; II. i. 85.

Giddy, thoughtless; I. i. 271.
Gird, taunt, jeer at; I. i. 259.
Give, represent; I. ix. 55.
Give me excuse, excuse me, pardon me; I. iii. 114.
Give me way, yields to me; IV. iv. 25.
Given, given the power; III. i. 93.
Godded, idolized; V. iii. 11.
God-den, good even (Folio 4, "*good-e'en*"); II. i. 97.
Gone, ago; I. ii. 6.
Good, rich, with play upon literal sense of the word; I. i. 16.
——, good quality; I. ix. 32.
——, (used ironically); IV. vi. 70.
Good condition, used in double sense; (1) good terms of treaty; (2) good character; I. x. 6.
Good report, reputation; I. ix. 54.
Got on, won from; III. iii. 4.
Grace, show honour to; V. iii. 15.
Gracious, lovely and loveable; II. i. 184.
Grained ash, rough, tough, ashen spear; IV. v. 111.
Gratify, requite; II. ii. 43.
Greater part, majority; II. iii. 41.
Grief-shot, sorrow-stricken; V. i. 44.
Groat, coin of the value of fourpence; III. ii. 10.
Guard; "upon my brother's g.," under the protection of my brother; I. x. 25.
Guess, think, imagine; I. i. 18.
Gulf, whirlpool; I. i. 100.

Had carried, might have carried (or had in effect carried); V. vi. 43.
Had purpose, intended; IV. v. 122.
Hale, haul; V. iv. 40.
Handkerchers, handkerchiefs; II. i. 272.
Hang by the wall, be useless; I. iii. 12.
Hap, happen, chance; III. iii. 24.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. ii. 75.
Has, he has (Folio 3, "*Ha's*"; Folio 4, "*H'as*"); III. i. 161.
Haver, he who has it, possessor; II. ii. 88.
Have struck, have been striking; I. vi. 4.
Have them into, get themselves into; II. ii. 30.
Have with you, I am with you; come on; II. i. 278.
Havoc, merciless destruction; III. i. 275.
Head; "made new head," raised a fresh army; III. i. 1.
Hear hither, hear the sound here; I. iii. 32.
Heart, sense; II. iii. 210.
Helms, those at the helm, *i.e.* the leaders; I. i. 79.
——, helmets; IV. v. 128.
Helps, remedies; III. i. 221.
Here, "at this point, suiting the action to the word" (Wright); III. ii. 74.
Hereto, hitherto; II. ii. 63.

Hie, hasten; I. ii. 26.
Him, i.e. this one; I. vi. 36.
Hint, occasion, that which gives matter and motive; III. iii. 23.
Hob and Dick, familiar names of clowns; *Hob* diminutive of Robert (*cp.* colloquial use "Tom, Dick, and Harry"); II. iii. 121.
Hold, bear; III. ii. 80.
Holloa, cry hollo! after me, pursue (Folios, "*hollow*"); I. viii. 7.
Holp, helped; III. i. 277.
Home, to the utmost; I. iv. 38.
——, thoroughly; "speak him h.," adequately praise him; II. ii. 106.
Honour'd, honourable; III. i. 72.
Hoo, an exclamation of joy; II. i. 110.
Hoop'd, i.e. whooped, hollowed, hooted; IV. v. 81.
Horse-drench, physic for a horse; II. i. 123.
Hospitable canon, sacred law of hospitality; I. x. 26.
Hours, time (Rowe [ed. 2], "*honours*"); I. v. 5.
Housekeepers, keepers, stayers at home; I. iii. 54.
Hum, to make a sound expressive of contempt or anger (Quartos, "*hem*"); V. i. 49.
Humorous, full of whims and humours; II. i. 47.
Hungry, sterile; V. iii. 58.
Husbandry, management; IV. vii. 22.
Huswife, housewife; I. iii. 74.
Hydra, the fabulous serpent with many heads killed by Hercules; III. i. 93.

Impediment; "your i.," "the obstacles opposed by you"; I. i. 74.
Imperfect, faulty (as a magistrate); II. i. 50.
In, of; II. ii. 14.
——, into; II. iii. 264; III. ii. 91.
——, by; III. i. 210.
——, on; III. iii. 102.
Incorporate, forming one body; I. i. 133.
Infirmity, weakness; "of their i.," subject to the same faults and failings as they; III. i. 82.
Information, the source of information, informant; IV. vi. 53.
Ingrate, ungrateful; V. ii. 89.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. ii. 34.
Inheritance, possessor; III. ii. 68.
Inherited, realised, enjoyed; II. i. 207.
Injurious, insulting; III. iii. 69.
Injury, sense of wrong; V. i. 64.
Innovator, one who changes things for the worse; III. i. 175.
Interims, intervals; I. vi. 5.
Interjoin, cause to intermarry; IV. iv. 22.
Issues, children; IV. iv. 22.
It is, he is (used contemptuously); IV. v. 46.

Jack guardant, a Jack on guard; V. ii. 64.
Jealous queen of heaven, i.e. Juno, the guardian of conjugal fidelity; V. iii. 46.
Judicious, judicial; V. vi. 127.
Jump, risk, hazard (Pope, "*vamp*"; Singer [ed. 2], "*imp*"); III. i. 154.

Kick'd at, scorned, spurned; II. ii. 127.
Knee, go on your knees; V. i. 6.

Lack'd, had lost; III. ii. 23.
Lamentation; "to all our l.," to the sorrow of us all; IV. vi. 34.
Larum, alarm, the call to arms; I. iv. 9.
Late, lately; III. i. 196.
Lay, lodged; I. ix. 82.
Leads, leaden roofs of the houses; IV. vi. 82.
Leash, the string or chain by which a greyhound is held; I. vi. 38.
Leasing, falsehood; V. ii. 22.
Leave, leave off; I. iii. 90.
Leaves, leave; IV. v. 136.
Lenity, mildness, want of severity; III. i. 99.
Lesser, less (Folios 1, 2, "*lessen*"; Rowe, "*Less for*"); I. vi. 70.
Lesson'd, taught by us; II. iii. 183.
Let go, let it go, let it pass; III. ii. 18.
Lets, he lets; II. ii. 15.
Lies, lodges, dwells; IV. iv. 8.
Lies you on, is incumbent upon you; III. ii. 52.
Lieve, lief, gladly (Folios 2, 3, "*live*"; Folio 1, "*liue*"; Capell, "*lief*"); IV. v. 181.
Like, equal; I. i. 103.
——, likely; I. iii. 14.
Liking, good opinion, favour; I. i. 198.
Limitation, required time; II. iii. 144.
List, listen, hear; I. iv. 20.
——, pleasest; III. ii. 128.
Lockram, coarse linen; II. i. 217.
Long of you, owing to you; V. iv. 32.
'Longs, belongs; V. iii. 170.
Looks, seems likely, promises (Hanmer, "*works*"); III. iii. 29.
Lose, waste, by preaching to them in vain; II. iii. 64.
Lots to blanks = all the world to nothing (lots = prizes in the lottery; the reference is to the value of the lots, not to the number); V. ii. 10.
Lover, loving friend; V. ii. 14.
Lurch'd, robbed; II. ii. 104.

Made doubt, doubted; I. ii. 18.
Made fair hands, made good work; IV. vi. 117.
Made head, raised an army; II. ii. 91.
Maims of shame, shameful, disgraceful injuries; IV. v. 89.
Make a lip, curl up my lip in contempt; II. i. 120.

Make good, hold, defend; I. v. 13.
Malice, hatred; II. i. 236.
Malkin, kitchen-wench; probably contraction of Matilda; II. i. 216.
Mammocked, tore in pieces; I. iii. 69.
Man-entered, initiated into manhood; II. ii. 102.
Manifest, notorious; I. iii. 54.
Mankind (i.) masculine; (ii.) a human being; IV. ii. 16.
Many, multitude (Folio 1, "*meynie*"; Folios 2, 3, "*meyny*"; III. i. 66.
Mark, power; II. ii. 92.
Match, bargain; II. iii. 85.
Measles, scurvy wretches; III. i. 78.
Meed, reward; II. ii. 100.
Memory, memorial; IV. v. 74.
Mercy; "at m.," at the mercy of the conquered; I. x. 7.
Merely, absolutely; III. i. 305.
Met, are met (Hanmer, "*meet*"; Capell, "*are met*"; Anon conj. "*we've met*"); II. ii. 50.
Microcosm, little world; II. i. 64.
Minded, reminded; V. i. 18.
Minnows, small fry; III. i. 89.
Mirth; "our better m.," "our mirth, which would be greater without her company" (Schmidt); I. iii. 111.
Misery, wretchedness, poverty; II. ii. 130.
Mock'd, scoffed at; II. iii. 164.
Modest, moderate; III. i. 275.
Moe, more; II. iii. 130.
Monster'd, exaggerated; II. ii. 80.
More, greater; III. ii. 124.
Mortal, fatal; II. ii. 114.
——, mortally; V. iii. 189.
Motion, motive; II. i. 51.
——; "your loving m. towards," "your kind interposition with" (Johnson); II. ii. 56.

(*a*) (*b*)

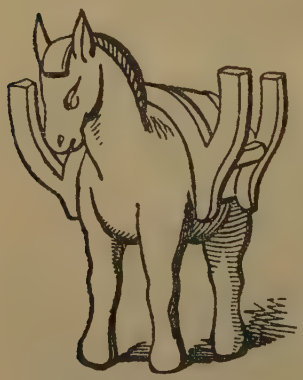
Mummers.
(*a*) From the *Romance of Fauvel* in the National Library, Paris.
(*b*) From a MS. in the Bodleian Library copied by Strutt.

Mountebank their loves, play the mountebank to win their love; III. ii. 132.
Movers, loafers in search of plunder; I. v. 5.
Mull'd, flat, insipid; IV. v. 233.
Multitudinous tongue, the tongues of the multitude; III. i. 156.
Mummers, maskers, masqueraders; II. i. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Muniments, supplies of war; I. i. 121.
Murrain; "a m. on't," a plague upon it (an oath); I. v. 3.
Muse, wonder; III. ii. 7.
Mutiners, mutineers; I. i. 253.
My horse to yours, I'll wager my horse to yours; I. iv. 2.

Name, credit; II. i. 142.
Napless, threadbare; II. i. 242.
Native, origin, source (Johnson and Heath conj. "*motive*"); III. i. 129.
Nature, natural disposition; IV. vii. 41.
Navel, centre; III. i. 123.
Needer, the man needing the advantage; IV. i. 44.
Nerves, sinews; I. i. 141.
Nervy, sinewy; II. i. 169.
Never-needed; "so n.n.," *i.e.* never so needed; V. i. 34.
Nicely-gawded, daintily bedecked (Lettsom conj. "*nicely-guarded*"); II. i. 225.
Noble, nobles; III. i. 29.
Noble touch, tested nobility; IV. i. 49.
Noise and horn, noisy horn; III. i. 95.
Nose, to scent; V. i. 28.
Not, not only (Hanmer, "*not only*"); III. iii. 97.
Note, notice; I. ix. 49.
Nothing, not at all; I. iii. 105.
Notion, understanding; V. vi. 107.
Now, just; I. ix. 79.

Object, sight; I. i. 20.
Occupation; "the voice of o.," *i.e.* "the votes of the working men"; IV. vi. 97.
O'er-beat, overwhelm (Folios, "*o're-beat*"; Rowe, "*o'er-bear*"; Becket conj. "*o'er-bear't*"); IV. v. 134.
O'er-peer, rise above; II. iii. 126.
Of, from; II. iii. 243.
——, concerning; I. i. 272.
——, by; I. ii. 13.
Offer'd, attempted; V. i. 23.
——, about, of the value of; IV. iv. 17.
——, on; II. iii. 213.
Office me from, use your office to keep me from; V. ii. 65.
Official marks, tokens of office; II. iii. 146.
On, of (Folios 1, 2, "*one*"); I. ii. 4.
Once, once for all; II. iii. 1.
——, once when; II. iii. 16.
One danger, (?) "constant source of danger" (Theobald, "*our*"); III. i. 288.
Only, sole; I. ix. 36.
On's, of his; I. iii. 70.
On't, of it; III. i. 152.

Ope, open; I. iv. 43.
Opinion, public opinion; I. i. 274.
Opposer, opponent; IV. iii. 36.
Opposite, opponent; II. ii. 22.
Orange-wife, woman who sells oranges; II. i. 72.
Ordinance, rank; III. ii. 12.
Osprey, the fishing hawk or eagle, supposed to have the power of fascinating fish (Folios, "*Aspray*"); IV. vii. 34.
Our, from us (Hanmer, "*their*"; Ingleby conj. "*for*"; Lettsom conj. "*a*"; Kinnear, "*as*"); III. i. 121.
Out, thoroughly, out and out; IV. v. 124.
Outdares, exceeds in bravery; I. iv. 53.
Out o' door, out of doors (Folio 1, "*out a doore*"); I. iii. 114.



From a terra-cotta figure found at Moulins-sur-Allier, France.

Out of; "out of daily fortune," *i.e.* "in consequence of uninterrupted success"; IV. vii. 38.
Overta'en, come up with, equalled; I. ix. 19.
Owe, own; III. ii. 130.
Owe you, exposed you to; V. vi. 139.

Pack-saddle; II. i. 93. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Palates; "the greatest taste most p. theirs," the predominant taste savours most of theirs (Johnson, "*must palate*"); III. i. 104.
Paltering, equivocation, trifling; III. i. 58.
Parcel, part; IV. v. 225.
Parcels, portions; I. ii. 32.
Part, side; I. x. 7.
Parted, departed; V. vi. 73.
Participate = participating; I. i. 106.
Particular, personal; IV. v. 89.
——, private interest; IV. vii. 13.
——, personal relation; V. i. 3.
Particularize, specify, emphasize; I. i. 21.
Particulars; "by p.," one by one; II. iii. 48.
Party, side, part; I. i. 237.
Pass, pass by, neglect; II. ii. 142.
Pass doubt, without doubt; II. iii. 263.
Patience; "by your p.," by your leave; I. iii. 78.
Pawn'd, pledged; V. vi. 21.
Penelope, the wife of Ulysses; I. ii. 92.

Pent, the sentence of being pent; III. iii. 89.
Perceive's, perceive his; II. ii. 159.
Peremptory, firmly resolved; III. i. 286.
Pestering, thronging; IV. vi. 7.
Physical, salutary; I. v. 19.
Pick, pitch; I. i. 203.
Piece, piece of money, coin; III. iii. 32.
——, add to; II. iii. 218.
Piercing, sharp, severe; (?) mortifying; I. i. 86.
Pikes, (i.) lances, spears, (ii.) pitch-forks (used with play on both senses); I. i. 23.
Place; "his p.," *i.e.* the consulship; II. i. 158.
Please it, if it please; V. vi. 140.
Plebeii, plebeians (Rowe, "*plebeians*"); II. iii. 190.
Plot; "single p.," my own person, body; III. ii. 102.
Points, commands (as if given by a trumpet); IV. vi. 125.
Poison, destroy; V. ii. 89.
Poll, number, counted by heads (Folios, "*pole*"); III. i. 134.
Polled, bared, cleared (originally *cut the hair*); IV. v. 209.
Poorest, smallest; III. iii. 32.
Portance, bearing, demeanour; II. iii. 230.
Ports, gates; I. vii. 1.
Possessed, informed; II. i. 139.
Post, messenger; V. vi. 50.
Pot; "to the p.," to certain death; I. iv. 47.
Potch, poke; I. x. 15.
Pother, uproar; II. i. 226.
Pound up, shut up as in a pound; I. iv. 17.
Power, army, armed force; I. ii. 9.
Pow, wow, pooh, pooh; II. i. 150.
Practice, stratagem; IV. i. 33.
Prank them, deck themselves (used contemptuously); III. i. 23.
Precipitation, precipitousness; III. ii. 4.
Preparation, force ready for action; I. ii. 15.
Present, present time, opportunity; I. vi. 60.
——, immediate, instant; III. i. 212.
Presently, immediately, at once; IV. v. 223.
Press'd, impressed, forced into service; I. ii. 9.
Pretences, intentions; I. ii. 20.
Progeny, race; I. viii. 12.
Pronounce, pronounce the sentence; III. iii. 88.
Proof; "more p.," more capable of resistance; I. iv. 25.
Proper, own; I. ix. 57.
Properly, as my own personal matter; V. ii. 87.
Proud; "p. to be" = proud of being; I. i. 262.
Provand, provender (Pope, "*provender*"); II. i. 259.
Prove, put to the proof; I. vi. 62.
Puling, whining, whimpering; IV. ii. 52.

Pupil age, pupilage, minority (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Pupil-age*"); II. ii. 101.
Purpose; "our p. to them," of announcing our intention to them (*i.e.* the people); II. ii. 155.
Put in hazard, risked; II. iii. 262.
Put upon, incited, urged; II. i. 264.
Put you to 't, put you to the test; I. i. 232.
Put you to your fortune, reduce you to the necessity of making the chances of war; III. ii. 60.
Putting on, instigation; II. iii. 258.

Quaked, made to shudder; I. ix. 6.
Quarry, technically, game alive or dead; here, a heap of dead (a hunting term); I. i. 201.
Quarter'd, slaughtered; I. 202.
Quired, sang in harmony; III. ii. 113.

Rack'd, strained to the utmost; V. i. 16.
Rakes, (i.) instruments for raking, (ii.) good for nothing men (used with play on both senses of the word); I. i. 24.
Rapt, enraptured; IV. v. 119.
Rapture, fit; II. i. 215.
Rascal, originally, a lean and worthless deer; with play on both meanings of the word; I. i. 162.
Reason = "there is reason for it"; IV. v. 241.
——, argue for; V. iii. 176.
——, converse; I. ix. 58.
Reasons, arguments; V. vi. 59.
Receipt; "his r.," that which he received; I. i. 115.
Receive to heart, take to heart; IV. iii. 22.
Reckless, thoughtless; III. i. 92.
Recommend, commit the task; II. ii. 154.
Rectorship, guidance; II. iii. 211.
Reechy, dirty (literally *smoky*); II. i. 217.
Reek, vapour; III. iii. 121.
Rejourn, adjourn; II. i. 73.
Remains, it remains; II. iii. 145.
Remove; "for the r.," to raise the siege; I. ii. 28.
Render, render up, give; I. ix. 34.
Repeal, recall from banishment; IV. vii. 32.
Repetition, utterance, mention; I. i. 47.
Report, reputation; II. i. 122.
——; "give him good r.," speak well of him; I. i. 33.
Request, asking the votes of the people; II. iii. 148.
Require, ask; II. ii. 159.
Rest, stay; IV. i. 39.
Restitution; "to hopeless r.," so that there were no hope of restitution; III. i. 16.
Retire, retreat; I. vi. (direc.).
Rheum, tears; V. vi. 46.
Ridges horsed, ridges of house-roofs with people sitting astride of them; II. i. 219.

Ripe aptness, perfect readiness; IV. iii. 23.
Road, inroad; III. i. 5.
Rome gates, the gates of Rome; IV. v. 208.
Roted, learned by rote; III. ii. 55.
Rub, impediment; a term taken from the game of bowls; III. i. 60.
Ruth, pity; I. i. 200.

Safe-guard; "on s.," under protection of a guard; III. i. 9.
Sat, if there sat; III. iii. 70.
Save you, i.e. God save you (a common form of salutation); IV. iv. 6.
Say, say on, speak; III. iii. 41.
Scabs, a term of extreme contempt; here used quibblingly; I. i. 169.
Scaling, weighing, comparing; II. iii. 255.
Scandal'd, defamed; III. i. 44.
Scarr'd, wounded; IV. v. 112.
Scorn him, disdain to allow him; III. i. 268.
Scotched, cut, hacked; IV. v. 192.
'Sdeath, a contraction of *God's death,* a favorite oath of Queen Elizabeth; I. i. 220.
Season'd, "established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use" (Johnson); "well-ripened or matured and rendered palatable to the people by time" (Wright); "qualified, tempered" (Schmidt); III. iii. 64.
Seeking, request, demand; I. i. 191.
Seld-shown, seldom seen; II. i. 221.
Self; "Tarquin's self," Tarquin himself; II. ii. 97.
Sennet, a particular set of notes played on the cornet or trumpet; II. i. 170.
Sensible, sensitive; I. iii. 89.
Sensibly, endowed with feeling; sensibility; I. iv. 53.
Servanted to, subject to; V. ii. 86.
Set down before 's, besiege us; I. ii. 28.
Set on, incited, instigated (? go on!); III. i. 58.
Set up the bloody-flag, i.e. declare war (a red flag was the signal for battle); II. i. 77.
Several, separate; IV. v. 125.
Sewing, embroidering; I. iii. 55.
Shall, shall go; III. i. 31.
Shall's, shall we go; IV. vi. 148.
Shame, be ashamed; II. ii. 70.
Shent, reproved, rated; V. ii. 101.
Shop, workshop; I. i. 136.
Should, would; II. iii. 25.
Show'd, would appear; IV. vi. 114.
Show'st, appearest; IV. v. 65.
Shrug, shrug the shoulders as not believing the story; I. ix. 4.
Shunless, not to be shunned or avoided; II. ii. 115.
Side, take sides with; I. i. 196.
Silence, silent one; II. i. 184.
Since that, since; III. ii. 50.

Single, insignificant, simple (used quibblingly); II. i. 37.
Singly, by a single person; II. ii. 90.
Singularity; "more than s.," *i.e.* independently of his own peculiar disposition; I. i. 281.
Sithence, since; III. i. 47.
Sits down, begins the siege; IV. vii. 28.
Slight, insignificant; V. ii. 106.
Slightness, trifling; III. i. 148.
Slip; "let s.," let loose (a hunting term); I. vi. 39.
Small, clear and high; III. ii. 114.
Smote, struck at; III. i. 319.
Soft, gentle; III. ii. 82.
Soldier (trisyllabic); I. i. 119.
Solemness, gravity; I. iii. 114.
So made on, made so much of; IV. v. 197.
So many so, as many as are so; I. vi. 73.
Some certain, some; II. iii. 59.
Something, somewhat; II. i. 49.
Sometime, at one time, formerly; III. i. 115.
Sooth'd, flattered; II. ii. 76.
Soothing, flattery; I. ix. 44.
——, flattering; III. i. 69.
Sort, manner; I. iii. 2.
South; "all the contagion of the s. light on you," the south was regarded as the quarter from which diseases and noxious vapours came; I. iv. 30.
Sowl, pull by the ears; IV. v. 207.
Speak, proclaim themselves; III. ii. 41.
Speed, turn out; V. i. 61.
Spices, samples; IV. vii. 46.
Spirit (monosyllabic); II. i. 169.
Spot, figure, pattern; I. iii. 56.
Spritely, lively; IV. v. 231.
Stain, eclipse; I. x. 18.
Stale't, make it stale (Folios, "*scale't*"); I. i. 95.
Stamp'd, given the impress of truth to; V. ii. 22.
Stand, stop; V. vi. 128.
Stand to, uphold; III. i. 208.
——, stand by; V. iii. 199.
Stand upon, insist upon; I. ix. 39.
Stand with, be consistent with; II. iii. 90.
State, government; IV. iii. 11.
Stay upon, wait but for; V. iv. 8.
Steep Tarpeian death, death by being hurled from the high Tarpeian rock; III. iii. 88.
Stem, the forepart of a ship; II. ii. 110.
Sticks on, is fixed on like an ornament; I. i. 274.
Stiff, obstinate (perhaps = unable to move); I. i. 244.
Still, always, constantly; II. i. 254.
Stitchery, stitching, needlework; I. iii. 73.
Stocks. (The specimen here engraved was discovered at Pompeii, and is now preserved in the Museo Borbonico at Naples); V. iii. 160.

Stocks.

Stood, stood up in defence of; IV. vi. 45.
Stood to 't, made a stand, stood firm; IV. vi. 10.
Store; "good store," good quantity; I. ix. 32.
Stout, proud; III. ii. 78.
Stoutness, pride; III. ii. 127.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 119.
Stretch it out, extending its power to the utmost; II. ii. 54.
Stride, bestride; I. ix. 71.
Strucken, struck; IV. v. 152.
Stuck, hesitated; II. iii. 17.
Subdues, subjects him to punishment; I. i. 179.
Subtle, smooth and deceptive; V. ii. 20.

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground.
From Strutt's copy of an illumination in a *Book of Prayers* belonging to Douce.

Sudden, hasty; II. iii. 257.
Sufferance, suffering; I. i. 22.
——, endurance; "against all noble s.," beyond the endurance of the nobility; III. i. 24.
Suggest, prompt; II. i. 253.
Summon the town, i.e. to surrender; I. iv. 7.
Surcease, cease; III. ii. 121.
Surer; "no s.," no more to be depended upon; I. i. 175.
Surety, be sureties for; III. i. 178.
Sway, bear sway; II. i. 212.
Swifter composition, making terms more quickly; III. i. 3.
Sworn brother; people who had taken an oath to share each other's fortunes were called *fratres jurati,* sworn brothers; II. iii. 100.

Tabor, a small drum of mediæval origin, usually strapped upon the left arm between wrist and elbow and beaten by the right hand; I. vi. 25. (*Cp.* illustration).

From a XIVth cent. MS. in the National Library, Paris.

Ta'enforth, chosen, selected; I. ix. 34.
Ta'en note, noticed; IV. ii. 10.
Tag, rabble; III. i. 248.
Taints, infects; IV. vii. 38.
Take in, subdue, capture; I. ii. 24.
Take up, cope with; III. i. 244.
Taken well, interviewed at a favourable time; V. i. 50.
Tame, ineffectual; IV. vi. 2.
Target, a small shield; IV. v. 123.
Tauntingly, mockingly, disparagingly (Folio 1, "*taintingly*"; Folios 2, 3, "*tantingly*"); I. i. 113.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; III. iii. 28.
Tent, probe; I. ix. 31.
——, probe (verb); III. i. 236.
——, tent, encamp; III. ii. 116.
Tetter, infect with tetter, *i.e.* eruption on the skin; III. i. 79.
Than those, than she is to those; I. v. 25.
That's, that has; II. ii. 82.
That's off, that is nothing to the purpose; II. ii. 63.
Thread, file through singly; III. i. 124.
Tiber, figurative for water; II. i. 49.
Tiger-footed, tiger-like, "hastening to seize its prey"; III. i. 312.
Time, immediate present; present time; II. i. 277.
——, "the t.," *i.e.* the age in which one lives; IV. vii. 50.
'Tis right, it is true, it is just as you say; II. i. 244.
To, according to; I. iv. 57.
——, compared to; II. i. 121.
——, against; IV. v. 130.
——, "to his mother" = for his mother; V. iii. 178.
Told, foretold; I. i. 230.
Took, took effect, told; II. ii. 111.
To's power, to the utmost of his ability, as far as lay in his power; II. i. 254.
To't, upon it; IV. ii. 48.
Touch'd, tested, as metal is tested by the touchstone; II. iii. 197.
Traducement, calumny; I. ix. 22.
Traitor; "their t.," a traitor to them; III. iii. 69.
Translate, transform; II. iii. 195.
Transport, bear, carry; II. i. 232.
Treaty, proposal, tending to an agreement; II. ii. 58.
Trick, trifle; IV. iv. 21.
Triton, Neptune's trumpeter; III. i. 89.

Troth; "o' my t.," on my word (a slight oath); I. iii. 62.
——, faith; IV. ii. 49.
——, truth; IV. v. 192.
True purchasing, honest earning; II. i. 148.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. v. 4, 5.
Tuns, large casks, IV. v. 102.
Turn, put; III. i. 284.
Twins, are like twins; IV. iv. 15.

Unactive, inactive; I. i. 101.
Unbarb'd sconce, unarmed, bare, head (*sconce,* used contemptuously; Becket conj. "*imbarbed*"; Nicholson conj. "*embarbed*") III. ii. 99.
Unborn; "all cause u.," no cause existing; III. i. 129.
Undercrest, wear as on a crest; I. ix. 72.
Under fiends, fiends of hell; IV. v. 95.
Ungravely, without dignity; II. iii. 231.
Unhearts, disheartens; V. i. 49.
Unlike, unlikely; III. i. 48.
Unmeriting, as undeserving; II. i. 43.
Unproperly, improperly; V. iii. 54.
Unscann'd, inconsiderate; III. i. 313.
Unseparable, inseparable; IV. iv. 16.
Unsever'd, inseparable; III. ii. 42.
Upon, laid upon; III. ii. 141.
——, on account of, in consequence of; II. i. 236.
Upon, against; III. iii. 47.
Used; "as 'twas used," as they used to do; III. i. 114.
Ushers, forerunners; II. i. 167.

Vail, let fall, lower; III. i. 98.
Vantage, advantage, benefit; I. i. 163.
Vantage; "v. of his anger," *i.e.* the favourable opportunity which his anger will afford; II. iii. 266.
Variable, various, all kinds; II. i. 220.
Vaward, vanguard; I. vi. 53.
Vent, get rid of; I. i. 228.
——; "full of v.," keenly excited, full of pluck and courage (a hunting term); IV. v. 232.
Verified, supported the credit of (or spoken the truth of); V. ii. 17.
Vexation, anger, mortification; III. iii. 140.
Viand, food; I. i. 102.
Virginal, maidenly; V. ii. 44.
Virgin'd it, been as a virgin; V. iii. 48.
Virtue, valour, bravery; I. i. 41.
Voice, vote (verb); II. iii. 240.
Voices, votes; II. ii. 143.
'Voided, avoided (Folios "*voided*"); IV. v. 85.
Vouches, attestations; II. ii. 122.
Vulgar station, standing room among the crowd; II. i. 223.

Wail, bewail; IV. i. 26.
Want, am wanting in; I. iii. 85.
Warm at's heart, i.e. he is gratified; II. iii. 148.

Warrant, measures; III. i. 276.
War's garland, laurel wreath, the emblem of glory; I. ix. 60.
Watch'd, kept guard; II. iii. 132.
Waved, would waver; II. ii. 18.
Waving, bowing; III. ii. 77.
Waxed, grew, throve (Folio 2, "*wated*"; Folios 3, 4, "*waited*"); II. ii. 103.
Weal, good, welfare; I. i. 154.
——, commonwealth; II. iii. 187.
Wealsmen, statesmen; II. i. 55.
Weeds, garments; II. iii. 159.
Well-found, fortunately met with; II. ii. 47.
What, why; III. i. 317.
——, exclamation of impatience; IV. i. 14.
Wheel, make a circuit; I. vi. 19.
Where, whereas; I. i. 103.
Where against, against which; IV. v. 110.
Which, who; I. i. 191.
Whither (monosyllabic); IV. i. 34.
Who, he who; I. i. 179.
——, whom; II. i. 7.
——, which; III. ii. 119.
Wholesome, suitable, reasonable; II. iii. 66.
Whom, which; I. i. 267.
Wills; "as our good w.," according to our best efforts; II. i. 250.
Wind, advance indirectly, insinuate; III. iii. 65.
Win upon, gain advantage, get the better of (Grant White conj. "*win open*"); I. i. 223.
With, by; III. iii. 7.
Withal, with; III. i. 141.
With us, as we shall take advantage of it; III. iii. 30.
Wives, women; IV. iv. 5.
Woollen, coarsely clad; III. ii. 9.
Woolvish toge, "rough hirsute gown" (Johnson); *v.* Note; II. iii. 120.
Word, pass-word, watch-word; III. ii. 142.
Worn, worn out; III. i. 6.
Worship, dignity, authority; III. i. 141.
Worst in blood, in the worst condition; I. i. 162.
Worth; "his w. of contradiction," "his full quota or proportion of contradiction" (Malone); III. iii. 26.
Worthy; "is w. of," is deserving of, deserves; III. i. 211.
——, justifiable; III. i. 241.
Wot, know; IV. v. 167.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. v. 88.
Wrench up, screw up, exert; I. viii. 11.

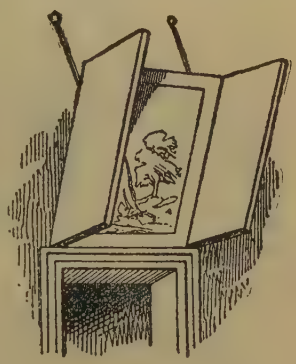
Yield, grant; II. ii. 57.
You may, you may, go on, poke your fun at me; II. iii. 39.
Youngly, young; II. iii. 242.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 177, 179. '*your virtue,* etc.; "your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson).

I. iii. 12. '*Picture-like to hang by the wall.*' "Ancient wall pictures were usually paintings in fresco . . . but the Pompeian wall-paintings furnish us with the annexed curious example of a portable picture (protected by folding leaves) placed over a door, and inclining forward by means of strings secured to rings after the fashion of those in our own houses."



I. iii. 16. '*bound with oak,*' as a mark of honour for saving the life of a citizen.

I. iii. 46. '*At Grecian sword, contemning,*' etc.; Folio 1 reads, 'At Grecian sword. *Contenning,* tell *Valeria,*' etc.; the reading in the text is substantially Collier's; many emendations have been proposed; perhaps a slightly better version of the line would be gained by the omission of the comma.

I. iv. 14. '*that fears you less*'; Johnson conj. '*but fears you less*'; Johnson and Capell conj. '*that fears you more*'; Schmidt, '*that fears you,—less.*' The meaning is obvious, though there is a confusion, due to the case of the double negative in '*nor*' and '*less.*'

I. iv. 31. '*you herd of—Boils,*' Johnson's emendation. Folios 1, 2, '*you Heard of Byles*'; Folios 3, 4, '*you Herd of Biles*'; Rowe, '*you herds of biles*'; Pope (ed. 1), '*you herds; of boils*';

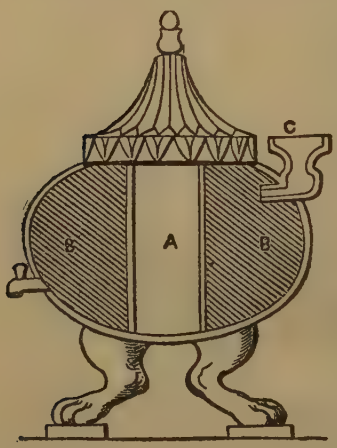
Pope (ed. 2), Theobald, '*you! herds of boils*'; Collier MS., '*unheard of boils*'; etc., etc.

I. iv. 42. '*trenches followed*'; so Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*trenches followes*'; Collier (ed. 1), '*trenches follow*'; (ed. 2), '*trenches. Follow!*'; Dyce, Lettsom conj. '*trenches: follow me*'; etc.

I. iv. 57. '*Cato's*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Calues*' and '*Calves*'; Rowe, '*Calvus.*'

I. vi. 6. '*ye*'; Folios, '*the.*'

I. vi. 76. Folios, '*O, me alone! make you a sword of me?*'; the punctuation in the text is Capell's. Clarke's explanation, making the line imperative, seems the most plausible:—"O take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me."



I. ix. 41-53. The chief departure from the folios in this doubtful passage is the substitution of '*coverture*' for '*overture,*' as conjectured by Tyrwhitt; '*him*' is seemingly used here instead of the neuter '*it.*'

II. i. 52. '*A cup of hot wine.*' *Cp.* the subjoined drawing of an urn discovered at Pompeii. *A* is a cylindrical furnace, *B B* spaces for holding the liquor to be warmed. This is poured in at *C*, and drawn out by a cock on the other side.

II. i. 221-2. '*the bleared sights are spectacled to see him.*' Spectacles were not known till the XIVth century. An early form of them may be seen in the subjoined cut copied from a painting dated 1490.

II. i. 233. '*end,*' *i.e.* to where he should end.

II. i. 263. '*touch,*' Hanmer's emendation; Folios, '*teach*'; Theobald, '*reach.*'

II. iii. 63-64. *'virtues Which our divines lose by 'em,' i.e.* which our divines preach to men in vain'; but the line is possibly corrupt.

II. iii. 120. *'wolvish toge'*; Steevens' conj., adopted by Malone: Folio 1 reads *'Wooluish tongue*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Woolvish gowne'*; Capell, *'wolfish gown'*; Mason conj. *'woollen gown,'* or *'foolish gown'*; Beckett conj. *'woolish gown'*; Steevens' conj. *'woolvish tongue'*; Grant White conj. *'foolish togue'*; Clarke (?) *'wool-'nish,' i.e. 'woolenish.'*

II. iii. 249-251. *vide* Preface.

III. i. 93. *'Hydra here'*; *i.e.* 'the many-headed multitude'; so Folio 2.

III. i. 98-101. *i.e.* "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clarke).

III. i. 230. *'your'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'our.'*

III. ii. 21. *'thwartings of'*; Theobald's reading; Folios, *'things of'*; Rowe, *'things that thwart'*; Wright conj. *'things that cross.'*

III. ii. 32. *'to the herd'*; Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald; Folios, *'to the heart'*; Collier MS., *'o' th' heart'*; etc.

III. ii. 56. *'though but bastards and syllables'*; Capell, *'but bastards'*; Seymour conj. *'although but bastards, syllables'*; Badham conj. *'thought's bastards, and but syllables.'*

III. ii. 64. *'I am in this'*; Warburton, 'In this advice I speak as your wife, your son,' etc.

III. ii. 69. *'that want,' i.e.* the want of that inheritance.

III. ii. 78. *'Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart'*; Johnson, *'With often,'* etc.; Capell, *'And often'*; Staunton conj. *'While often'*; Nicholson conj. *'Whiles-often'*; Warburton, *'Which soften.'*

III. iii. 35. *'among's,' i.e.* among us; Folio 1, *'amongs'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'amongst you'*; Pope, *'amongst you'*; Capell, *'among us.'*

III. iii. 36. *'throng,'* Theobald's and Warburton's emendation of Folios, *'Through.'*

III. iii. 55. *'accents,'* Theobald's correction of Folios, *'actions.'*

III. iii. 130. *'not'*; Capell's correction of Folios, *'but.'*

IV. i. 7-9. *'fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning'*; *i.e.* "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clarke). Pope, *'gently warded'*; Hanmer, *'greatly warded'*; Collier MS., *'gentle-minded.'*

IV. iv. 23. *'My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon'*; Capell's emendation. Folio 1 reads, *'My Birth-place have I, and my loues upon'*; Folios 2, 3, *'My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon'*;

Folio 4, '*My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon*'; Pope, '*My birth-place have I and my lovers left*'; Beckett conj. '*My country have I and my lovers lost,*' etc.

IV. v. 63. '*appearance*'; Folio 1, '*apparance*' (probably the recognised form of the word, representing the pronunciation at the time.

IV. vii. 51-53. The sense of the lines should be to this effect:—"Power is in itself most commendable, but the orator's chair, from which a man's past actions are extolled, is the inevitable tomb of his power." The passage is crude, and many suggestions have been advanced.

IV. vii. 55. '*falter,*' Dyce's ingenious reading; the Camb. ed. following Folios '*fouler.*'

V. i. 69. Many emendations have been proposed to clear up the obscurity of the line. It appears to mean either (i.) that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; or (ii.) that Coriolanus was bound by an oath as *to what he would not,* unless the Romans should yield to his conditions. Johnson proposed to read—

"What he would not,
Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions,"—

the rest being omitted. Many attempts have been made to improve the passage, but no proposal carries conviction with it.

V. ii. 77. '*your*'; so Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, '*our.*'

V. ii. 86-88. '*though I owe My revenge properly,*' *i.e.* 'though revenge is my own, remission belongs to the Volscians.'

V. vi. 152. '*Trail your steel pikes*'; a mode of showing honour pertaining to the Shakespearian rather than to the classic era. The subjoined illustration is copied from a plate in a volume descriptive of the funeral ceremony of the Prince of Orange at Delft, 1647.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Citizens.*] Gervinus thinks that if we observe closely we shall not find the people here represented as so very bad. We must distinguish between the way in which they really act and the way in which the mockers and despisers of the people represent them; we may then soon find that the populace in *Julius Cæsar* appear much worse than in *Coriolanus.* In *Antony and Cleopatra,* where the people had ceased to be of any importance, they no longer appear; in *Julius Cæsar,* where their degeneracy ruined the republic, they are shown in all their weakness; in *Coriolanus,* where they can oppose but not stop the progress of Rome's political career, they appear equally endowed with good and bad qualities.

40. Thus in North's *Plutarch*: "But touching Martius, the only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable, as that his mother might hear every body praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy."

99 *et seq.* The fable of *The Belly and the Members* has been traced far back in antiquity. It is found in several ancient collections of Æsopian fables so that there is as much reason for making Æsop the author of this as of many others that go in his name. Shakespeare was acquainted with a very spirited

version of it in Camden's *Remains*; but he was chiefly indebted for the matter to North's *Plutarch*, where it is very interestingly given.

139. *the seat o' the brain*:—According to the old philosophy, the heart was the seat of the understanding; hence it is here called *the court*. So in a previous speech (line 119): *The counsellor heart*.

162. *Thou rascal*, etc.:—The meaning seems to be, "thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself."

208. *proverbs*:—Trench, speaking of proverbs, says that "in a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'no man of fashion,' as I think is his exact phrase, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who, with all his greatness, is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the people, to utter his scorn of them in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these."

Scene II.

9. *press'd*:—The use of *press'd* in this place is well explained by a passage in North's *Plutarch*: "The common people, being set on a broile and bravery with these words, would not appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *presse* them for the warres. Martius then, who was now growne to great credit, and a stout man besides, rose up and openly spake against these flattering tribunes: but to the warres the people by no means would be brought or *constrained*."

14. *Titus Lartius*:—North's *Plutarch* has been closely followed in this Scene: "In the country of the Volsces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city and of most fame, that was called Corioles, before the which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore all the other Volsces, fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The Consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two parts; and taking the one part with himself,

he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country: and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time) to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them."

Scene III.

[*Volumnia and Virgilia.*] Of this "very graceful scene, in which the two Roman ladies, the wife and mother of Coriolanus, are discovered at their needle-work, conversing on his absence and danger," Mrs. Jameson says that over it "Shakespeare, without any display of learning, has breathed the very spirit of classical antiquity. The haughty temper of Volumnia, her admiration of the valour and high bearing of her son, and her proud but unselfish love for him, are finely contrasted with the modest sweetness, the conjugal tenderness, and the fond solicitude of his wife Virgilia."

16. *bound with oak*:—This incident is related with much spirit in North's *Plutarch*: "The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the Proud did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latines, and many other people of Italy; even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battel by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe; not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romaines, whose greatnesse they both feared and envied. In this battel, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator; and, a Romaine soldier being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slue the enemie with his owne hands, that had before overthrowne the Romaine. Hereupon, after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever saveth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

Scene IV.

53. *Who sensibly outdares,* etc.:—Hudson reads "sensible, outdares." Whitelaw interprets: "The endurance of the man is more wonderful than that of the sword, because he can feel and

the sword cannot, and yet he endures the longer." Sidney's *Arcadia* has a similar thought: "Their very armour by piecemeal fell away from them: yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senseless armour."

56, 57. *a soldier even to Cato's wish*:—Thus North's *Plutarch*: "For he was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sound of his voice and grimnesse of his countenance." Cato was not born till some 255 years after the death of Coriolanus. The Poet was perhaps led into the anachronism by not observing the difference between historical narrative and dramatic representation.

Scene V.

4. *their hours*:—Several commentators have changed *hours* to *honours*, but *hours* is ascertained to be the right reading by referring to the authority which the Poet followed: "The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the souldiers began incontinently to spoile, to carry away, and to looke up the bootie they had wonne. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cryed out on them, that *it was no time now to looke after spoile*, and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves."

Scene VI.

41 *et seq.* "The author of *Coriolanus*," says Bagehot, "never believed in a mob, and did something towards preventing anybody else from doing so." Shakespeare, he adds, had a disbelief in the middle classes, and no opinion of traders. "You will generally find that when a citizen is mentioned, he is made to do or to say something absurd."

Scene VII.

1. *keep your duties*:—The picture of the commotions of the republic exhibits also the qualities that, restraining those commotions within limits, excluded the last violences of faction and allowed the progress of the state in its imperial career notwith-

standing. We see the regulating as well as the exciting powers and principles—we see the more clearly therefore what danger is ever in waiting, and by the relaxation of what moral restraint it will be fatally admitted, with equal misery, whether by the popular or the patrician side.

Scene VIII.

12. *the whip of your bragg'd progeny*:—The whip or scourge with which your boasted progenitors (*progeny* used, singularly for this) punished their enemies.

14. [*They fight . . . driven in breathless.*] Brandes says: "The hero's bodily strength and courage are strained to the mythical. He forces his way single-handed into a hostile town, holds his own there against a whole army, and finally makes good his retreat, wounded but not subdued. Even Bible tradition, in which divine aid comes to the rescue, cannot furnish forth such deeds. Neither Samson's escape from Gaza (Judges xvi.) nor David's from Keilah (1 Samuel xxiii.) can compare with this amazing exploit."

Scene IX.

10, 11. The meaning appears to be that what he has done here is but as a morsel compared to Marcius's full feast of battle at Corioli.

19. *Hath overta'en mine act*:—"That is, has done as much as I have done, insomuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wished." So says Malone. "The meaning," as Rolfe thinks, "seems rather to be: he that has done his best has come up with me, for that is all I have done."

82 *et seq. I sometime . . . freedom*:—The Poet found this incident thus related in *Plutarch*: "Onely this grace, said he, I crave, and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volsces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liveth now a poore prisoner in the hands of his enemies; and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure, if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave."

Scene X.

10 *et seq.*:—Upon this speech of Aufidius Coleridge remarks: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take for granted that this is in nature; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling, which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment. However, I perceive that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius's character." In connection with this note see Verplanck's observations upon Aufidius (originally made upon these remarks of Coleridge) in the Critical Comments prefixed to this play.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

39-41. The allusion here is to the fable, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults; and another behind him, in which he stows his own.

48, 49. *a cup of hot wine,* etc.:—There is a similar expression in Lovelace's little song, *To Althea, from Prison*:—

> "When flowing cups run swiftly round,
> With no *allaying Thames*;
> Our careless heads with roses bound,
> Our hearts with loyal flames."

51-53. *converses more . . . morning*:—Rather a late lier-down than an early riser. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i. 88, 89: "In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon."

87-89. *Our very priests . . . you are*:—Brandes says: "That Shakespeare held the same political views as Coriolanus is amply shown by the fact that the most dissimilar characters approve of them in every particular, excepting only the violent and defiant manner in which they are expressed. Menenius's description of the tribunes of the people is not a whit less scathing than that of Marcius."

121. *Galen*:—Certain critics have made merry at the Poet for thus making Menenius refer to Galen, the person speaking having lived about 650 years before the person spoken of. Upon whom

does it devolve to determine whether the anachronism were perpetrated in ignorance or in contempt of historical accuracy?

184. *Gracious silence* probably means "thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamorous applause of the rest." Thus in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Gracious* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *grateful, acceptable.*

271 *et seq.* Here we have another anachronism; the Romans being represented as doing what, in the days of chivalry, was done at tiltings and tournaments in honour of the successful combatant.

Scene II.

[*Enter two Officers,* etc.] Brandes observes that even the voice of one of the two serving-men of the Capitol exalts Coriolanus and justifies his scorn for the love or hatred of the people, the ignorant, bewildered masses. "We perceive," he adds, "that the Poet has taken no particular pains to disguise his own voice."

86-88. *It is held that valour,* etc.:—This thought was evidently borrowed from Plutarch: "Now in those daies, valiantnes was honoured in Rome above all other vertues; which they call by the name of vertue it selfe, as including in that generall name all other specially vertue besides."

98. *struck him on his knee*:—Not that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as made him *fall on his knee.*

Scene III.

55-60. When his friends insist upon his conforming to custom and appearing in person as applicant, Shakespeare, who has hitherto followed Plutarch step by step, here diverges, in order to represent this step as being excessively disagreeable to Marcius. According to the Greek historian, Coriolanus at once proceeds with a splendid retinue to the Forum, and there displays the wounds he has received in the recent wars; but Shakespeare's hero cannot bring himself to boast of his exploits to the people, nor to appeal to their admiration and compassion by making an exhibition of his wounds. He finally yields, but has hardly set foot in the Forum before he begins to curse at the position in which he has placed himself.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Plutarch was by no means prejudiced against the people, and the subject had to be entirely refashioned by Shakespeare before it would harmonize with his mood. The historian may be guilty of serious contradictions in matters of detail, but he endeavours, to the best of his ability, to enter into the circumstances of times which were of hoary antiquity, even to him. The main drift of his narrative is to the effect that Coriolanus had already attained to great authority and influence in the city, when the Senate, which represented the wealth of the community, came into collision with the masses. The people were overridden by usurers, the law was terribly severe upon debtors, and the poor were subjected to incessant distraint; their few possessions were sold, and men who had fought bravely for their country and were covered with honourable scars were frequently imprisoned. In the recent war with the Sabines the patricians had been forced to promise the people better treatment in the future, but the moment the war was over they broke their word, and distraint and imprisonment went on as before. After this the plebeians refused to come forward at the conscription, and the patricians, in spite of the opposition of Coriolanus, were compelled to yield.

103, 104. *the great'st taste,* etc.:—Whitelaw explains the passage thus: "The prevailing flavour of the whole smacks rather of their voice than of yours.' Judged by results—the taste it leaves in the mouth—this dualized government of compromise gives expression to the popular, rather than to the patrician, will: the tribunicial *nay* is stronger than the consular *yea.*"

275, 276. *Do not cry havoc,* etc.:—*Havoc,* the signal for general slaughter, was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority. Thus in the Statutes and Ordynaunces of Warre, 1513: "That no man be so hardy to crye *havoke,* upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll." The meaning of the text is, do not give the signal for no quarter when more moderate action may suffice.

304. *clean kam*:—Cotgrave has: "All goes cleane contrarie, quite *kamme.*" The word occurs in Richard Hooker's sermon on *The Nature of Pride*: "Where is, then, the obliquity of the mind of man? His mind is perverse, *kam,* and crooked, when it

bendeth so, that it swerveth either to the right hand or to the left, by excess or defect, from that exact rule whereby human actions are measured." *Clean kam* appears to have been corrupted into *kim-kam*; of which word Holland's *Plutarch* furnishes several instances: "First mark, I beseech you, the comparison, how they go clean *kim-kam*, and against the stream, as if rivers run up hills."

Scene II.

13. [*Enter Volumnia.*] Mrs. Jameson says that "in Volumnia, Shakespeare has given us the portrait of a Roman matron, conceived in the true antique spirit, and finished in every part. Although Coriolanus is the hero of the play, yet much of the interest of the action and the final catastrophe turn upon the character of his mother, Volumnia, and the power she exercised over his mind, by which, according to the story, 'she saved Rome and lost her son.' Her lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness, her maternal pride, her eloquence, and her towering spirit, are exhibited with the utmost power of effect; yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigour, is without harshness."

Scene III.

68 *et seq.* Coriolanus's fierce outburst when the name of *traitor* is flung at him proves, as Brandes thinks, that Shakespeare did not look upon treason as a pardonable crime.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1, 2. *the beast with many heads*:—That is, the many-headed multitude. Coriolanus is by no means free from personal pride and ambition, and yet his foremost wish at all times is but the good of his country. A plebeian government, in his eyes, is the greatest of misfortunes. He considers all political rights as connected with birth, because it includes all virtues—love of country, valour and nobility of mind. He is the pure embodiment of the aristocratic principle. Hence the harshness, the stubbornness and the passionate vehemence with which he rejects every com-

promise, every demand which he regards as derogatory; this is the cause of his contempt of the common herd. This contempt is as immoderate, as exaggerated, as his pride and admiration of true personal dignity and virtue.

Scene II.

1. *he's gone, and we'll no further*:—Rome is preserved from cleaving in the midst by the virtues of the state, the reverence for the political majesty which pervades both the contending parties. The senate averts the last evil by timely concession of the tribunitian power first, and then by sacrifice of a favourite champion of their own order, rather than civil war shall break out and all go to ruin in quarrel for the privilege and supremacy of a part. Rather than this they will concede, and trust to temporizing, to negotiating, to management, to the material influence of their position and the effect of their own merits and achievements, to secure their power or recover it hereafter. Among the people, on the other hand, there is also a restraining sentiment, a religion that holds back from the worst abuses of successful insurrection or excited faction. The proposition to kill Marcius is easily given up. Even the tribunes are capable of being persuaded to forego the extremity of rancour against the enemy of the people, and of their authority.

Scene IV.

The matter of this short scene is more fully presented in North's *Plutarch*: "Now in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honoured among the Volsces as a king. Martius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him than he did all the Romans besides: because that many times, in battles where they met, they were ever at the encounter one against another, like lusty courageous youths striving in all emulation of honour, and had encountered many times together. Insomuch as, besides the common quarrel between them, there was bred a marvellous private hate one against another. Yet notwithstanding, considering that Tullus Aufidius was a man of great mind, and that he above all other of the Volsces most desired revenge of the Romans, for the injuries they had done unto them: he did an act that confirmed the words of an ancient poet to be true, who said:—

'It is a thing full hard, man's anger to withstand,
If it be stiffy bent to take an enterprise in hand.
For then most men will have the thing that they desire,
Although it cost their lives therefore, such force hath wicked ire.'

And so did he. For he disguised himself in such array and attire, as he thought no man could ever have known him for the person he was, seeing him in that apparel he had upon his back: and as Homer said of Ulysses:—

'So did he enter into the enemies' town.'

It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius's house."

Scene V.

68 *et seq.* The quick change that takes place in the demeanour of Coriolanus, after his sentence of banishment, is most expressive: his nature is now in truth subjected by a deeper feeling than it ever owned before. He who could not soothe either populace, tribunes or patricians, is seen an actual dissimulator for the time, as he urges composure—himself apparently composed, on his wailing and indignant family and mourning friends. For the first time he has embraced a bold counsel, and holds it concealed. In the presence of his former hated enemy Tullus, he learns such deliberate and impressive speech that gains him over immediately, and the feelings of the Volscian are the subject of a revulsion as sudden as those of Coriolanus himself.

216, 217. *directitude*:—"The third servant," says Clarke, "wishing to use a fine long word and intending to coin some such term as *discreditude* from *discredit*, or *dejectitude* from *dejectedness* (Shakespeare using the words *discredit, deject,* and *dejected* in such a way as to countenance either of these suggestions), blunders out his grandiloquent *directitude*. The author's relish of the joke is pleasantly indicated by his making the first servant repeat the word amazedly, as if not knowing what to make of it, and ask its meaning; and then making the third servant avoid the inconvenient inquiry by not noticing it, but running on with his own harangue."

Scene VI.

1. *We hear not of him,* etc.:—The expulsion of Coriolanus is proof and witness of the young vitality of the body politic, which is able thus harmlessly and decisively to thrust out an element that is hostile; for Coriolanus is a type of all the trouble and mischief that befel the republic in ensuing years, from the traitorous selfishness of otherwise well-meriting servants that it retained within its bosom.

Scene VII.

34. *osprey*:—This fine allusion is well explained by the following from Drayton's *Polyolbion,* xxv. 134:—

> "The *ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
> Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
> But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
> Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
> They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw."

And in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar,* 1594:—

> "I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
> That, as she flieth over fish in pools,
> The fish shall turn their glistening bellies up,
> And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen,* i. 1:—

> "Your actions
> Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
> Subdue before they touch."

37-43. *whether 'twas pride . . . cushion*:—"Aufidius," says Johnson, "assigns three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion,* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war."

49, 50. *So our virtues,* etc.:—Whitelaw explains the passage as follows: "Our virtues are virtues no longer if the time interprets

them as none. The soldier who is all soldier is misinterpreted in time of peace; for his unfitness for peace is seen, his fitness for war is not seen."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

50. This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings.

59, 60. "In the last Act," says Lloyd, "when old Menenius consents to try his influence, the tribune assures him, 'You know the very road into his kindness, and cannot lose your way'; and whatever oddity there may be in the way he attempts, I do not doubt it was that which he thought, and justly, gave him the best chance. 'Shakespeare wanted a buffoon,' says Johnson in reference to Menenius, 'and he went into the senate-house for that with which the senate-house would most certainly have supplied him.' Johnson had not reported and written debates for the Lords' house without making some observations; but as regards Menenius, it is unfair to call him a buffoon, for he evinces so much sober earnestness in the scenes of the senate-house, that he would not have failed had the occasion invited such a display again."

Scene III.

22 et seq. Mrs. Jameson says: "When the spirit of the mother and the son are brought into immediate collision, he yields before her; the warrior who stemmed alone the whole city of Corioli, who was ready to face 'the steep Tarpeian death, or at wild horses' heels,—vagabond exile—flaying,' rather than abate one jot of his proud will—shrinks at her rebuke. The haughty, fiery, overbearing temperament of Coriolanus, is drawn in such forcible and striking colours, that nothing can more impress us with the real grandeur and power of Volumnia's character than his boundless submission to her will—his more than filial tenderness and respect."

94 *et seq.* Again Mrs. Jameson: "The triumph of Volumnia's character, the full display of all her grandeur of soul, her patriotism, her strong affections, and her sublime eloquence, are reserved

for her last scene, in which she pleads for the safety of Rome, and wins from her angry son that peace which all the swords of Italy and her confederate arms could not have purchased. The strict and even literal adherence to the truth of history is an additional beauty." This famous speech, ending with line 182, closely follows the spirit and letter of Plutarch, as rendered by North: "My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty [an honour] for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? Dost thou take it honourable for a nobleman to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest nobleman's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally showest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy. And, therefore, it is not only honest [honourable], but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?" And with these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him.

Scenes IV.-V.

With scarcely the intervention of any speaker of superior gravity to Menenius, the return and reception of the successful embassy of ladies and their demeanour are set before us with such simple force as to excite our veneration for the state deservedly destined to be imperial. The last encounter of the ladies and the city was marked by the mad petulance of Volumnia enraged at her loss, and the pettish lamentations of Virgilia; they now pass along after a still greater private loss—for hope of the return of Coriolanus is over—silent and dignified, and all the members of the state that were before opposed, unite to accompany them with honour, and senators and patricians, tribunes and people, forget all past disputes in joy and gratitude for the salvation of the state which none was false to in its hour of utmost peril.

Scene VI.

132. *Kill*:—In the concluding Scene we appear to see the supremacy of Rome assured, by her former faults and excesses appearing to be expelled with the banished Coriolanus to her enemies. In the capitol of the Volscians is perpetrated the assassination from the disgrace of which the better spirit of the Romans preserved their city; Aufidius and his fellows with equal envy and ingratitude take the place of the plotting tribunes, and the senators are powerless to control the conspirators and the mob of citizens who abet them. For Coriolanus himself it cannot be said that his mercy to his native city either sprung from or engendered a nobler sentiment of patriotism than he had shown himself capable of entertaining before; he returns the soldier of the Volscian as he went, and the only alleviation that his fate admits is that it is at least by an outburst of his original nature, faulty as it might be, that he provokes it, and that, carried away by passion and impatience, he dies at least in declared exultation at an exploit performed when he was the glorious soldier of Rome.

Questions on Coriolanus.

ACT FIRST.

1. Why does the play open with a scene presenting the common people?

2. In what respects does this mob resemble the Jack Cade mob presented in 2 *Henry VI.*?

3. What opinion of Caius Marcius is held by the citizens?

4. How does Menenius make application of the fable of *The Belly and the Members*?

5. Mention some of the things that Caius Marcius says about the common people in his first speech. What does he say about the use of proverbs? What said Lord Chesterfield about the same?

6. Is it Shakespeare's usual method to introduce a character in this way? Does the situation develop the attitude of Caius Marcius, or does he seem to come forth as the possessor of an habitual mood?

7. Why does Caius Marcius welcome the news of the belligerency of the Volscians? What is foreshadowed in what he says of Tullus Aufidius?

8. What is the comment on Marcius made by the tribunes after his withdrawal?

9. What is effected by Sc. ii.?

10. In Sc. iii., where Volumnia first appears, what is the subject of her discourse and what national trait does it display? How is Virgilia contrasted with her? What interests her imagination?

11. How is cruelty as a trait ascribed to Marcius?

12. How is the iron temper of the times indicated by the domestic picture shown in Sc. iii.? For what does Virgilia stand?

13. Describe the battle incidents of Sc. iv. and indicate their effect upon Marcius.

14. How is Marcius presented in Sc. v.; how in Sc. vi.?

15. Does Sc. viii. bear out the reality of all the boasting of Marcius? Is the incident suitable for representation?

16. How does Marcius receive the honours of war? Compare Plutarch's account of the incident of the prisoner for whom Coriolanus begged release with Shakespeare's presentation of it.

17. What terms are granted to the Volscian city? How does Aufidius speak of Coriolanus?

ACT SECOND.

18. What account of himself does Menenius give in Sc. i.? Has he humour; has he patrician arrogance? Compare him with Lafeu in *All's Well that Ends Well.*

19. How does he contrast with Coriolanus in his opinion of the plebeian orders?

20. Indicate the purpose of the scene between Menenius and the women. Is Volumnia indifferent to the honours that proceed from the common people?

21. How is Coriolanus welcomed home by his mother; how by his wife?

22. What of his courtesy to women?

23. Where does Coriolanus first go in the city?

24. In what spirit does Brutus describe the crowd (lines 213-229) that go out to meet Coriolanus?

25. What do the tribunes fear from Coriolanus's elevation? What dramatic purpose is effected by lines 232-234?

26. What had Coriolanus said about the manner of suing for the consulship? What schemes for his defeat do the two tribunes meditate?

27. How is the enveloping atmosphere of the play indicated in the dialogue of the two Officers in Sc. ii.?

28. What provocation did Brutus give for the outbreak of Coriolanus in the senate?

29. Against what prerogative of the commons does Coriolanus inveigh? What motive prompts him? Do his words react against him?

30. How (Sc. iii.) do the citizens reason? How does the preliminary of the Scene prepare for the public appearance of Coriolanus?

31. What feelings bred by his egotism does Coriolanus show at the outset? How are the three scenes of petitioning differentiated? Has Coriolanus any better excuse than personal repugnance to deter him from asking the people for their voices?

32. How are the commons wrought upon to withdraw the promises they have given?

ACT THIRD.

33. With what ominous sounds does Sc. i. open? Is there irony in lines 19, 20?

34. What does Coriolanus say of the free distribution of corn? What measure of political wisdom does he utter during his indignant rejoinder to Sicinius?

35. Were not the commons right in rejecting him as consul?

36. How is the brawl fomented? Does Coriolanus bear himself with dignity? Is there heard ever a word of criticism of him from his fellow patricians?

37. What influence has Menenius upon the crowd?

38. Does Volumnia in Sc. ii. council prudence? Is she superior to her son in mental power?

39. Comment upon the ethics of her speech beginning line 52. What motive impels her to urge her son to conciliate the angry people?

40. What leads Coriolanus to yield? With what presage of success does he go forth?

41. How does Sicinius prepare for the appearance of Coriolanus?

42. What instinct leads Coriolanus to turn inquisitor first? What stirs up his anger again?

43. Was there consideration in the sentence passed upon him?

44. Indicate the effect of his final speech. Being the apotheosis of egotism, what does it need behind it to carry conviction?

ACT FOURTH.

45. What is the unconscious irony of Coriolanus's words, Sc. i. 4?

46. Was it maternal love or disappointed ambition that caused Volumnia to forget her patriotism?

47. How does Sc. ii. present Volumnia? How is the action advanced by Sc. iii.?

48. How does Coriolanus philosophize in Sc. iv.? What connecting link in the action is here supplied?

49. Characterize the humour of the scene of the parley of Coriolanus with the servants of Aufidius.

50. In Coriolanus's account of himself to Aufidius what injustice does he do the nobles of Rome? How does this show his egotism and the narrowness of his vision?

51. In the reply of Aufidius how much is due to poetic passion and how much to manners now made obsolete?

52. What future action do they determine upon?

53. Point out the humour of the servants' talk following.

54. What truth and irony are expressed in Sicinius's speech opening Sc. vi.? How is the speech translated into action?

55. Compare the manner in which the news of the Volscian prisoner is received by Menenius and by Sicinius and Brutus. What traits of class are illustrated thereby?

56. How does Menenius misunderstand Coriolanus?

57. What effect is made upon nobles and upon commons by the news that the Volscians approach, led by Coriolanus? How is the general drift of the play as a comment on democracy subserved?

58. What is the nature of the complaint of Aufidius against Coriolanus? Does he point the defect in the latter?

59. Show the underlying irony of this Act as exhibiting the falling action.

ACT FIFTH.

60. How in the report of Cominius is Coriolanus shown to feel towards Rome? What has he done with friendship; with filial and family affections?

61. How does Menenius plan to prepare him for his own requests? How is he received in the Volscian camp?

62. Where is Sc. iii. prepared for? What yielding was there towards Menenius? What does Coriolanus say at the entrance of his mother and his wife?

63. How is he finally affected by their appearance?

64. Trace the stages of emotion in Volumnia's plea. What passion is supreme in her? What is the effect of the two lines spoken by young Marcius?

65. In yielding to his mother what does Coriolanus surrender?

66. What is the effect of the comments of Menenius in Sc. iv.?

67. What cover has Aufidius for his jealous perfidy?

68. What report does Coriolanus make to the lords of the Volscians? What trait is exhibited in his taking up Aufidius's insult, *Boy*?

Questions

69. Does the play close with the note of optimism observable in some of Shakespeare's tragedies?

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70. What is the underlying philosophy of this play?

71. Comment on the perfection as well as simplicity of its construction.

72. Hazlitt has called Coriolanus "a perfect character." Other critics have spoken of him as the personification of a mood. Is there disagreement between the two; and which, in your opinion, is right?

73. Does this play suggest the methods in which Marlowe usually worked?

74. Does this play more than some others suggest a set purpose on the part of the dramatist to inculcate something of his own political philosophy? What constructive peculiarities seem to bear out the view?

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